As 1900 dawned I sat reading
Caesar. I was reading Antony's
speech as the guns could be
heard in the City and that
evening finished Three men in a
Boat

Bey Roberts
Centreville
Jan 1/1900
Midnight

[illegible]

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Mrs. T. W. Naylor

Logan,

THE STUDENTS' HANDY EDITION.

THE WORKS

OF

SHAKESPEARE:

THE TEXT CAREFULLY RESTORED ACCORDING TO
THE FIRST EDITIONS; WITH INTRODUCTIONS,
NOTES ORIGINAL AND SELECTED, AND
A LIFE OF THE POET;

BY THE

REV. H. N. HUDSON, A.M.

REVISED EDITION, WITH ADDITIONAL NOTES.

IN TWELVE VOLUMES.

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INTRODUCTION

TO

THE LIFE OF TIMON OF ATHENS.

THE LIFE OF TIMON OF ATHENS, as it is called in the original edition, is among the most difficult of Shakespeare's plays for an editor to deal with; which difficulty grows partly from the characteristics of the play itself, and partly from the lack of any contemporary notices concerning it. The only information we have respecting it is, that it was published in the folio of 1623, where it stands the fifth in the division of Tragedies, and that it was entered the same year at the Stationers' by Blount and Jaggard as one of "the plays not formerly entered to other men;" which latter circumstance naturally infers that the play had not been published before. The original edition is without any marking of the acts and scenes, save that at the beginning we have "*Actus Primus, Scæna Prima;*" and at the end is given a list of the persons represented, headed "The Actors' Names."

The original text is in divers respects very remarkable: some parts are set forth in a most irregular manner, being full of short and seemingly-broken lines, with many passages printed as verse which cannot possibly be made to read as such; yet the sense is generally so complete as to infer that the irregularity came from the writer, not from the printer. In these parts, moreover, along with Shakespeare's peculiar rhythm and harmony, we miss also, and in an equal degree, his characteristic diction and imagery: the ruggedness and irregularity are not those of one who, having mastered the resources of harmony, knew how to heighten and enrich it with discords, but of one who was ignorant of its laws and incapable of its powers. Other parts, again, exhibit the sustained grandeur of the Poet's noblest and most varied music. And in these parts the true Shakespearian cast of thought and imagery comes upon us in all its richness gushing, apparently, from the deepest fountains of his genius, and steeped in its most characteristic potencies.

As to the date of the composition we have no external evidence whatsoever; and the internal evidence, so far as there is any, all makes for a place somewhere in the period between 1600 and 1606; the same period which gave us Measure for Measure, Hamlet, Othello, and Lear. Wherever Shakespeare's hand is most clearly traceable in Timon of Athens, the peculiarities of style, of thought, and sentiment, as in the other plays just mentioned, refer us to a time when, for some unknown cause, the Poet's mind seems to have dwelt, with a sort of melancholy, self-brooding earnestness, among the darker issues of human life and passion, as if his spirit were haunted and oppressed by the mystery of evil as residing in the heart of man. We had occasion to enlarge somewhat on this point in our Introduction to Measure for Measure; so that there is the less need of pursuing it here. We there remarked, however, that there was no proof of Timon having been written during the period in question; a remark which a much closer study of that play has since convinced us was unadvisedly made. The texture of the diction, — which is about midway between the mellow, gliding smoothness of the Poet's second period, and the stern, rugged energy of his last, ever and anon striking in flashes of light and glory by the very quickness and abruptness of its movements, — this, no less than the tone and bias of feeling manifested in Timon of Athens, certainly shows a strong resemblance to that of the other plays known to have been written during the time specified.

As regards the fact of Shakespeare's having been for some time in a melancholy, not to say morbid, state of mind, such as may have disposed him to hang over the fiercer passions of our nature, and to speak as the "stern censurer of mankind," perhaps the strongest argument is furnished by the play in hand. For the subject is certainly ill-adapted to dramatic uses, has very few capabilities of sound and legitimate stage-effect. This lack of any thing in the matter that should have determined the Poet's choice to it, may well lead us to suspect that the determining cause lay in himself. So that the most likely conclusion in this case seems to be, that some ill-starred experience, such as human life offers to most men who are observant and thoughtful enough to be capable of it, had planted in him so strong a sympathy with the state of feeling predominant in Timon, as to turn the scale against his better judgment as a dramatic poet and artist. Such, or something such, appears to us the most probable account why he should have pitched upon a theme so manifestly unsuited to his purpose, and so barren of those qualities that would recommend it for dramatic treatment. In our Introduction to Measure for Measure we quoted a passage of some length from Hallam, wherein that judicious critic assigns much the same reason for what is stated by him in the words following: "The fable, if fable it can be called, is so extraordinarily deficient in action, — a fault of

which Shakespeare is not guilty in any other instance, — that we may wonder a little how he should have seen in the single delineation of Timon a counterbalance for the manifold objections to this subject." Mr. Verplanck, also, a critic of equal soundness and rectitude of judgment, holds to the same view; and Mr. Collier informs us that Coleridge in 1815 gave it as his opinion that the subject had been taken up by the Poet "under some temporary feeling of vexation and disappointment."

We have already intimated a belief that Shakespeare is not responsible for the whole of this play. Some parts are in his best manner, while others are not above his worst, or rather are not in his manner at all. In this nearly all the critics and commentators are agreed, though they differ much in their ways of accounting for it. One theory is, that Shakespeare wrote the whole of the play as we have it, but left some parts in a very crude and unfinished state, giving indeed little more than a loose sketch or outline of what he intended to make them. To this there are insuperable objections. For the parts in question are nowise in a sketchy state; the outline is generally filled up, but not with the Poet's genuine stuff; the fault lies not in a defect of execution, such as it is, but rather in an uncharacteristic style of workmanship: in short, they are in no sort like an unfinished work of the same hand which finished the other parts, but show a totally different cast of thought, of diction, and imagery, from what we find in any other of the Poet's plays, or in those parts of this play where the authorship is not and cannot be questioned. Take, for instance, the fifth scene in Act iii., which is highly episodical in its character, insomuch that if entirely thrown out it would scarce be missed in the action of the play. Now, it is precisely in such an episode that we should naturally expect to find the work left either in a most finished or in a most sketchy state, because it is the very part of all others that could best be worked out by itself. Accordingly we have nothing of mere outline here: the filling-up is apparently complete, but it has to our taste no relish of Shakespeare: perhaps there is no part of the drama less unfinished, nor any more un-Shakespearian, than this scene.

Another theory is, that the manuscript of this play underwent in some parts much corruption and mutilation at the hands of the players, and that the edition of 1623 was printed from a copy thus mutilated and deformed. Such, Mr. Collier tells us, was the view given out by Coleridge in his lectures in 1815; his opinion being, that the play was Shakespeare's throughout, and that, as originally written, it was one of his most complete performances; but that the players had done the Poet great injustice, and that the ruggedness and inequality of the versification were owing to the fact that only a corrupt and imperfect copy came into the hands of the original editors. The objections to the former theory hold, for ught we can see, equally good against this. Besides,

the play, as we have seen, is preëminently unsuited to the stage and the failure of modern diligence to discover any contemporary notices of its performance strongly argues that it was so regarded at the time: all which would naturally render it the less likely to suffer, in the manner supposed, from being "clapper-clawed with the palms of the vulgar:" not to mention, that in case of such mutilation and corruption the fault would be apt to lie mainly, if not wholly, in the expression of the thought; whereas it here lies rather in the very spirit and substance of the thought itself.

A third view — suggested, we believe, by Farmer, and argued out with much ability and learned diligence in Knight's edition — is, that Shakespeare did not originate the play, but took the workmanship of some inferior writer, recast certain of the scenes, enriched others with some touches of his own, and supplied the part of Timon, as we have it, entirely from himself: all which is thought to account for the circumstance of the man-hater's character being "left standing apart in its naked power and majesty, without much regard to what surrounded it." To this theory Mr Verplanck objects, that great as is the discrepancy of style and execution, yet, in the plot, the characters, and the incidents, there is an entire unity of thought and purpose, as if the whole proceeded from a single mind. The objection seems to us far from conclusive, as we are not aware of any sufficient reason for presuming that Shakespeare could not rewrite parts of a drama, without losing or marring the proper unity of plot and characterisation. A much more likely objection, as it appears to us, is this, that Shakespeare's approved severity of taste and strength of judgment at that period of his life, together with his fulness and availability of resource, would hardly have endured to retain certain parts in so crude and feeble a state as we here find them. For the parts supposed to be borrowed are so grossly inadequate in style and spirit to those acknowledged to be his that it seems not easy to conceive how the instincts of his genius should have suffered him to let them pass. So that we can scarce help thinking, that if he had thus undertaken to remodel the work of another, his mind would not have rested from the task, till he had informed the whole with a larger measure of that surpassing energy and grace of thought and diction which mark the part of Timon himself, showing that the powers and resources of the Poet were then in their most palmy state.

The fourth, and, in our view, the most probable, theory is that proposed by Mr. Verplanck; who thinks that Shakespeare planned the whole drama substantially as we have it, made an outline of all the parts, including the entire course and order of the action, wrote out the part of Timon in its present form, added, besides, some whole scenes as they now stand, and furnished some passages for others; but, perceiving more and more, as he went on, the unfitness of the subject for his purpose, finally gave up the

work, and threw it aside in an unfinished state: that this was afterwards taken up by some inferior hand, who retained all that Shakespeare had written, and wrote out the other parts in accordance, as nearly as might be, with the original plan. Whatsoever may be judged of this theory in other respects, it seems to make clear work with the question why there should be in this case so great discrepancy of style and execution joined with such general unity of purpose and movement. And it legitimates the supposal, that in this instance the Poet's choice of subject was determined by personal sympathy with the mood and temper of mind here exhibited, not by his judgment of dramatic fitness. For, supposing such choice to have proceeded on the former ground, his interest would naturally draw first to those parts which struck in with and gave vent to his overruling passion; and then begin to flag and fall away as soon as, upon coming to those where such personal respects had no place, his dramatic judgment regained the upper hand. At all events, we must needs think that both the subject and the workmanship were here governed by somewhat else than poetical or artistic inspiration; in which case his interest would be apt to break down when he reached a point where nothing but such inspiration would suffice to keep it up and carry it along.

It is nowise improbable, therefore, that in one of these two latter theories is to be found the true solution of divers questions that have been raised touching this play. And there are at least two instances of incompleteness, resulting, apparently, from oversight, which may be in this way satisfactorily explained. One is in Act ii., where there seems a want of due connection between the first and second scenes, since we have the Fool speaking of his mistress, and the Page out on her errands, while as yet no hint has been given as to who or what their mistress is. Dr. Johnson saw this gap, and remarked upon it thus: "I suspect some scene to be lost, in which the entrance of the Fool and the Page was prepared by some introductory dialogue, wherein the audience was informed that they were the fool and page of Phrynia, Timandra, or some other courtesan, upon the knowledge of which depends the greater part of the ensuing jocularity." The other is in the fifth scene of Act iii., where we have Alcibiades pleading with the Senate in behalf of a condemned soldier whose name has not been mentioned, nor has any representation or statement been made of the act for which the Senate are passing upon his life. The whole matter comes in most abruptly, insomuch that our thoughts can hardly choose but revert to some scene or dialogue which has been omitted.

Now, upon the supposal, — which bears such and so many marks of likelihood that we have little doubt of its truth, — that different parts of the play were from different hands; whether certain parts were borrowed from an earlier drama; or whether certain were

supplied by a later hand; or whether, according to a frequent usage of the time, the play were the joint production of several hands working out a preconcerted plan; in either case these instances of abruptness and seeming omission may be easily accounted for; as any one can understand, whose experience in composition has taught him how difficult it is for one mind to reproduce, in all its details and the proper order of its parts, the conception of another. Indeed it is scarce possible, in such a case, that all the parts of a work should duly remember each other; or that any one, having some portions done to his hand, should so work in and adjust others of his own but that somewhat of connection and continuity will be lost.

As we have been arguing that different parts of this play were by different hands, the reader may naturally hold us bound to make some sign towards discriminating what parts belong to the Poet. This, certainly, is a somewhat delicate and hazardous undertaking, and one in which some approximation to the truth is the utmost that can be reached. Of course we can more confidently affirm what parts are Shakespeare's, than what are not; it being easier for him to fall below his height, than for another to raise himself up to it. And perhaps the line may be indicated the more safely in the present instance, forasmuch as some portions of the play which relish least of Shakespeare are written with a good deal of vigour and spirit; but the vigour and spirit are thoroughly different from his: so that we may justly affirm that the nearer such portions come up in these respects to the level of his, the more appreciable is the difference between them.

Not to be too positive, then, in the matter, our own judgment runs something thus: The first scene in Act i., down to the entrance of Apemantus; the first scene in Act ii., and the latter half of the second scene, from the re-entrance of Timon and Flavius; the first and third scenes in Act iv., with the exception of Flavius' first speech in the latter scene; the first and second scenes in Act v.;—these portions, we should say, are wholly Shakespeare's. Besides these, there are divers passages scattered here and there, in which we distinctly taste the Poet's hand; as in the latter half of the first scene in Act i., after the entrance of Alcibiades; also, in the second scene of the same act, especially just after Apemantus' Grace; again, in the latter part of the sixth scene in Act iii.; in the first half of the second scene in Act iv.; and in the fifth scene in Act v. There are, also, several portions which we should set down as of doubtful authorship; such as the dialogue between Apemantus, the Merchant, the Jeweller, the Poet, and Timon, in the first scene of the play; the first half of the second scene in Act ii.; some parts of the second and fourth scenes in Act iii.

It may be worth the while to mention, as further evidence of different hands in the play, that in the sixth scene of Act iii., the stage-direction of the original is, "Enter divers friends at several

doors," and the prefixes to the speeches are 1 Lord, 2 Lord, and 3 Lord, where the course of the action renders it all but certain that Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius are the persons meant. These, be it observed, are the three friends named by Timon, when he is sending out servants to borrow money, in the latter half of the second scene in Act ii., which we have assigned to Shakespeare. The same persons are also named, near the close of the fourth scene in Act iii., as the chief of those whom Timon orders to be invited to the banquet. Our belief is, that in both these instances we have the Poet's hand; and that in the sixth scene of Act iii. the giving of thanks, and the subsequent speech of Timon's, is all that can be set down as Shakespeare's. At all events, it can scarce be denied that these incoherences in the naming and ordering of the persons strongly argue that the whole of the play did not proceed from one and the same mind. And a like inference may be fairly drawn from the confusion in regard to Timon's epitaph, in the last scene of the play.

It is also worth noting, that in those parts of the play which relish clearly of Shakespeare there is little if any difficulty in distinguishing what is meant for verse and what for prose; while in the other parts the two are often hardly possible to be distinguished. For instance, the speech of Apemantus in the first scene of Act i., — "Aches contract and starve your supple joints," &c., is printed in the original as prose; yet any good ear accustomed to Shakespeare's language can hardly fail to pronounce it verse, and such verse as carries the mind at once to the greatest of poets. The other parts, on the contrary, abound in speeches, which are given in the original as verse, but which run in so hobbling, disjointed, and unrhythmical a fashion that neither the ear nor the mind can possibly receive or read them as such. Several of these we have set forth as prose, — though good prose they certainly are not, — in order to save the reader from the vexation of endeavoring to read as verse what cannot be so read; as, for example, the first speech of Ventidius, the second and fourth speeches of Timon, the first speech of Apemantus after the Masque of Ladies, and the speech of Flavius beginning, — "What will this come to?" — in the second scene of Act i.; also, the speech of Sempronius in the third scene of Act iii.

The story of Timon the Misanthrope seems to have been something of a common-place in the literature of Shakespeare's time. We have an allusion to it in Love's Labour's Lost, Act iv. sc. 3: "And critic Timon laugh at idle toys." And in a collection of Epigrams and Satires, entitled Skialetheia, and published in 1598, occurs the line, — "Like hate-man Timon in his cell he sits." Also, in the anonymous play called Jack Drum's Entertainment, 1601, is found the following: "But if all the brewers' jades in the town can drag me from the love of myself, they shall do more than e'er the seven wise men of Greece could. Come, come;

now I'll be as sociable as Timon of Athens." But by far the most note-worthy use of the subject is in the form of a play which has come down to our time in manuscript, supposed to have been written or transcribed about the year 1600. The original manuscript was consulted by Steevens, being then in the possession of Mr. Strutt the engraver. Some years ago it passed into the hands of Mr. Dyce, who set forth an edition of it for the Shakespeare Society, in 1842. The play is referred to by Malone in the following terms: "Here Shakespeare found the faithful steward, the banquet-scene, and the story of Timon's being possessed of great sums of gold which he had dug up in the woods; a circumstance which he could not have had from Lucian, there being then no translation of the dialogue that relates to this subject." Mr. Dyce thinks the play "was evidently intended for the amusement of an academic audience," and that there is "strong presumptive proof" of its having been really acted. Touching the point affirmed by Malone, he speaks thus: "I leave to others a minute discussion of the question, whether or not Shakespeare was indebted to the present piece. I shall merely observe, that I entertain considerable doubts of his having been acquainted with a drama, which was certainly never performed in the metropolis and which was likely to have been read only by a few of the author's particular friends, to whom transcripts of it had been presented."

It is not our purpose to enter upon the "minute discussion" which Mr. Dyce has left to others. In the incidents of the play there are certainly divers close resemblances to Shakespeare's Timon. But beyond this there is not the slightest trace of similarity; and the resemblance here is such as to infer nothing more than a drawing from a common source. The anonymous play, as a whole, is indescribably flat and worthless, thoroughly charged with a kind of sophomoric pedantry, and with the most lame and abortive attempts at wit and humour: Timon himself being but a debauched and low-minded spendthrift and prodigal, unredeemed by a single noble or even respectable quality; and the whole characterisation, if such it can be termed, being in a style of vulgar and vapid extravagance mistaking itself for something brilliant and spirited, like the unwitting caricatures of a boyish awkwardness. The material of the piece was evidently borrowed from Lucian, all that is properly characteristic of the Greek satirist being lost in the borrowing.

The most common authority for the character of Timon in Shakespeare's time was Paynter's Palace of Pleasure, in the first volume of which, published before 1567, "the strange and beastly nature of Timon of Athens" is briefly set forth, the matter being professedly derived from Plutarch's Life of Mark Antony. We subjoin the passage relating to Timon, as given in Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch, which came out in 1579:

"Antonius forsook the city and company of his friends, and built him a house in the sea, by the isle of Pharos, and dwelt there as a man that banished himself from all men's company; saying he would lead Timon's life, because he had the like wrong offered him that was before offered unto Timon; and that, for the unthankfulness of those he had done good unto, and whom he took to be his friends, he was angry with all men, and would trust no man. This Timon was a citizen of Athens, that lived about the war of Peloponnesus, as appeareth by Plato, and Aristophanes' comedies; in the which they mocked him, calling him a viper, and malicious man unto mankind, to shun all other men's companies but the company of Alcibiades, a bold and insolent youth whom he would greatly feast and make much of, and kissed him very gladly. Apemantus, wondering at it, asked him the cause what he meant to make so much of that young man alone, and to hate all others. Timon answered him, 'I do it, because I know that one day he shall do great mischief unto the Athenians.' This Timon sometimes would have Apemantus in his company, because he was much like of his nature and conditions, and also followed him in his manner of life. On a time when they solemnly celebrated the feast called Choæ at Athens, where they make sprinklings and sacrifices for the dead, and that they two feasted together by themselves, Apemantus said unto the other, 'O, here is a trim banquet, Timon.' Timon answered again, 'Yea, so thou wert not here.' It is reported of him also, that this Timon on a time, the people being assembled in the market-place about despatch of some affairs, got up into the pulpit for orations, where the orators commonly used to speak unto the people; and silence being made, every man listening to hear what he would say, because it was a wonder to see him in that place, at length he began to speak in this manner: 'My lords of Athens, I have a little yard at my house where there groweth a fig-tree, on the which many citizens have hanged themselves; and, because I mean to make some building on that place, I thought good to let you all understand it, that before the fig-tree be cut down, if any of you be desperate, you may there in time go hang yourselves.' He died in the city of Hales, and was buried upon the sea-side. Now, it chanced so, that the sea getting in compassed his tomb round about, that no man could come to it; and upon the same was written this epitaph:

'Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched soul bereft:
Seek not my name; a plague consume you wicked wretches left.'

It is reported that Timon himself, when he lived, made this epitaph: for that which is commonly rehearsed was not his, but made by the poet Callimachus:

Here lie I Timon, who alive all living men did hate:
Pass by, and curse thy fill; but pass, and stay not here thy gait.'

Many other things could we tell you of this Timon, but this little shall suffice at this present."

The account as given in the Palace of Pleasure agrees in all material respects with this. Of course there can be no doubt that one of these sources furnished the idea of Apemantus, as also of the "tree which grows here in my close," and of the "everlasting mansion upon the beached verge of the salt flood;" neither of these being found in the place from whence other materials of the drama were drawn.

The rest of the story was derived, directly or indirectly, from Lucian's dialogue entitled "Timon, or the Man-hater." Malone, in the remarks quoted above, thinks the Poet could not have borrowed directly from Lucian, because there was then no English translation of the dialogue in question. In the first place, however, it would be something hard to prove this, the only evidence being, that no such translation of that date has come down to us. In the second place, there is known to have been both a Latin and an Italian version of Lucian at that time, and there can be little doubt that Shakespeare understood enough of both those languages to be able to read a piece of that description. We subjoin such a sketch and abstract of the dialogue as will exhibit the nature and amount of the Poet's indebtedness to the Greek satirist.

The piece opens with an address of Timon to Jupiter, the guardian of friendship and hospitality, complaining that his godship has grown sleepy or indifferent; so that he no longer punishes the baseness and ingratitude of men, but has suffered his firebrands to dwindle into nothing, a mere poetical smoke, a heap of idle names, so that nobody fears being burned by them; that he neither hears the perjured nor observes the wicked, being blind to every thing about him, and having his ears stopped, like an old dotard. He calls on the god to make ready those far-shooting thunderbolts, which have been so much beversed, against the guilty, lest he be at last dethroned by their violence. He then comes to his own case: "I, who have raised so many from poverty to riches, helped the needy, and spent my substance to make my friends happy am now left poor and destitute: those, who once adored me and hung upon my nod, will not so much as look upon me; but if I chance to meet any of them, they pass by me, as if they had never seen me, or turn away as from a loathsome spectacle. Reduced, at length, to the utmost misery, and clothed with skins, I dig this little spot of earth. Here I philosophise, in the desert, with my spade, all my happiness being that I no longer behold the prosperity of the wicked."

Jupiter, being thus berated, asks Mercury who it is that bellows

so from the foot of Hymettus, speaks of him as some bold prating fellow who seems to be digging, and infers him to be a philosopher from his uttering such profane speeches. Mercury answers that he is Timon, the rich man who so often has offered whole hecatombs to the gods. That his goodness of heart and kindness to the poor, or rather his folly and want of judgment in the choice of friends, have been the ruin of him; he having never discovered that he was lavishing his all on wolves and vultures. That, having ate his bones bare, and, if there was any marrow in them, sucked it all out, they left him, and, so far from relieving him in turn, would not even look upon him. That for this cause he has turned digger, refusing to show himself in the city, and venting his rage against those who, having been enriched by him, now proudly pass along, not knowing whether his name be Timon.

Jupiter forthwith orders Mercury and Plutus to visit Timon and bestow new wealth upon him; at the same time apologising for his remissness of late, that he has been kept busy with thieves and plunderers, and that his ears have been so stunned with the noisy disputes and squabbles of philosophers blabbing about virtue and spirituality and he knows not what, that he could not hear the prayers of mortals; and promising to give those ungrateful parasites their due, as soon as he shall have repaired his damaged lightning: whereupon Mercury remarks how necessary 'tis to be impudent; for this Timon has now got Jupiter over to his side by dint of clamour and abuse, while, if he had said nothing, he might have kept on digging through life, without being noticed. Plutus is very loth to do the bidding of Jupiter, because Timon has so recklessly squandered his gifts on the unworthy, and lest, if restored to wealth, he should again become the prey of parasites.

Here follows at some length a keen encounter of wits between Mercury and Plutus, touching the use of riches and the folly of men in regard to them. On coming near the place of Timon, Plutus hearing a noise like the clinking of iron against stone, and asking what it is, Mercury answers, "It is Timon, digging up a piece of rocky land hard by us;" adding, "And see, along with him are Poverty, Labour, Courage, Wisdom, and all the virtues that go in the train of indigence; a stronger body-guard, I fear, than yours." Plutus thereupon begs to be off at once, alleging that they can do no good to a man who has such an army about him. The god of riches being held to the task by Mercury, Poverty then interferes in behalf of her charge: "Shall Plutus, then," says she, "come to Timon, after I have taken him under my discipline, spoiled as he was with luxury and sloth? Will you thus rob me of the man whom, with so much care, I have formed to virtue, and put him into the hands of Plutus, who will soon make him as idle and wicked as ever, and, when he is spoiled give him back to me again? Soon shall he know the worth of her whom he has lost; who has blessed him with a sound mind

and a healthy body, taught him to live as he ought, and to look upon things as they really are."

At first Timon rejects the offer of their godships, calls them rascals, upbraids them for disturbing him, and threatens to pelt them handsomely with stones: whereupon Plutus entreats for heaven's sake to be gone, declaring that the fellow appears to be stark mad. Being further urged and exhorted, Timon persists that he has no need of them; that his spade is all the riches he desires; and that he shall deem himself the happiest of men, if none come near him. That Plutus had been the cause of all his past troubles, having given him up to flatterers, undermined him with temptations, made him an object of envy and hate, and then basely deserted him; while Poverty, on the other hand, had been his best friend, exercising him with wholesome labours, supplying him with what was needful, and teaching him what true riches were, such as neither time-servers, nor sycophants, nor tyrants could ever wrest from him. But the arguments of Plutus, backed up by the prospect which Mercury holds out, of making his rascally flatterers burst with envy, prove too much for him; and he at last consents to be rich again, since the gods will have it so; though still fearing that so much wealth, on a sudden, and so much care will make him miserable.

The gods thereupon leave him, Plutus having first exhorted him to keep on digging, and having commanded treasure to put itself in his way. Timon then resumes his spade, and presently overnauls a mass of treasure, whereupon he breaks forth as follows: "It is, it must be gold, fine, yellow, noble gold; heavy, sweet to look upon. Burning like fire, thou shinest day and night: come to me, thou dear delightful treasure! Now do I believe that Jove himself was once turned into gold: what virgin would not spread forth her bosom to receive so beautiful a lover? You, my spade and blanket, shall be hung up as my votive acknowledgement to the great deity. I will purchase some retired spot, and there build a tower to keep my gold in: this shall be my habitation, and, when dead, my grave also. From this time forth I will despise acquaintance, friendship, compassion; to pity the distressed, to relieve the indigent, I shall hold a crime: my life, like the beasts of the field, shall be spent in solitude; and Timon alone shall be Timon's friend: all others I will treat as enemies and betrayers; to converse with them, or to herd with them, were a sin: accursed be the day that brings them to my sight; I will make no truce, have no dealings with them. Kindred, friends, and country are empty names, respected by none but fools. Let Timon only be rich, and despise all the world besides: abhorring praise and flattery, I will have pleasure in myself alone; alone I will sacrifice to the gods, feast alone, be my own neighbour and companion; and, when I am dead, the fairest name I would be distinguished by is misanthrope. Asperity of manners, moroseness, cruelty, savageness

these are my virtues. were I to see a man perishing in the flames, I would throw on pitch or oil, to increase them; or, if I saw one overwhelmed with the winter flood and stretching out his hands to me for help, I would plunge him in deeper, that he might never rise again. This is Timon's law, this hath Timon ratified; and thus shall I be revenged on mankind. Yet I would that all might know how rich I am, as this would heighten their misery. But hush! whence all this noise and hurry? what crowds are here, all covered with dust, and out of breath? They have smelt out the gold! Shall I mount this hill, and pelt them with stones, or shall I for once hold some parley with them? It will make them more unhappy, when they find how I despise them; therefore I will stay and receive them."

He is then approached, first, by Gnathon, a parasite, who brings him a new song; and of whom he says.—"The other day, when I asked him for a supper, he held out a rope, though he had emptied many a cask with me." Next comes Philiades, a flatterer; "to whom," says Timon, "I gave a large piece of ground, and two talents for his daughter's portion; yet, afterwards, when I was sick and begged his help, the wretch fell upon me and beat me." The third comer is Demeas, an orator: "He," says Timon, "was bound to the state for seventeen talents, and, being unable to pay it, I took pity on him and redeemed him; yet, when he was distributing the public money to our tribe, and I asked him for my share, he declared he did not know me." The fourth is Thrasycles, a philosopher, of whom Timon speaks thus: "This fellow, if you meet him in the morning, shall be well clad, modest and humble, and will talk to you by the hour about piety and virtue, condemn luxury and praise frugality; but, when he comes to supper in the evening, will forget all he has said in the morning, devour every thing before him, crowd his neighbours, and lean upon the dishes, as if he expected to find the virtue he talked so much of at the bottom of them. Then he gets drunk, dances, sings, scolds, and abuses every body; always talking in his cups, and haranguing others about temperance, though himself so drunk as to be the laughing-stock of all about him. Even when sober, he is the most sordid, imprudent, lying fellow on earth; the meanest of flatterers, notorious for oaths, insolence, and imposture; and, on the whole, a most perfect character." To these succeed Laches, Blepsias, Gniphon, and "a whole heap of scoundrels;" and all of them are treated to thwackings with the spade or pelting with stones, till they are content to leave him alone; whereupon the dialogue closes.

It may be observed that neither Lucian nor Plutarch furnishes any hint towards the banquet which Timon gets up for his false friends. In the old anonymous play, mentioned above, Timon is represented as inviting them to a feast, and setting before them stones painted to look like artichokes, with which he afterwards

pelts them and drives them out. How Shakespeare's Timon came to resemble the other in respect of this incident, is a question for those who have the curiosity and the leisure to pursue it On the other hand, the resemblance between Lucian and Shakespeare is especially close in the apostrophe of Timon upon finding the gold; and as the anonymous play has no such resemblance, this argues that the Poet's borrowings from Lucian were not made through that medium.

In the Shakespearian gallery of art, the Timon of Athens forms a distinct class by itself. Of dramatic merit, the piece, as already observed, has very little, though probably as much as could well be made out of the subject. Nevertheless, the play is one that we would not willingly be without; and its chief value in respect of the Poet lies in that it exhibits him in an entirely new character, and yields fresh argument of the seemingly unlimited scope and variety of his genius; displaying in him a set of powers which he has elsewhere kept unused, but which, even though possessed in a lower degree, have sufficed to render several other writers immortal. "The satirist's terrible scourge" has been often wielded with a power that still defies the eatings of time; divers authors live and will live, whose greatest excellence stands in this: in Shakespeare it is among the least, if not the least; yet literature has nothing that comes up to Timon in the eloquence of invective and denunciation; wherein we have satire idealized up to the highest pitch of sublimity and awfulness, yet so glorified with the interfusings of imagination as to charm and fascinate while it causes to shudder.

The life of the play is almost wholly concentrated in Timon himself; indeed there is little else that deserves to be regarded as a representation of character, unless an exception should be made in favour of Apemantus. The character of Timon was substantially formed from the Poet's own mind acting upon hints and materials drawn from the sources we have indicated; so that the whole cast and impression of it is original. His bearing, at first, is full of manly grace and nobleness, showing the spirit of an accomplished, high-minded, most disinterested gentleman. His free heartedness and open-handedness, though undiscriminating, are without any touch of selfishness; he is ready, and even eager, to knit himself into a friendship with any or with all, who hold out an occasion for the lavishing of his bounty, regardless of their personal qualities. But his profuse and unrespective liberality proceeds altogether upon an ideal and perhaps somewhat self-willed view of mankind: he speaks and acts like one whose powers of experience are overborne by the impulses of an undisciplined imagination; thus evermore attributing, not finding, the character which he loves: so that perhaps the worst we can say of him is, that he seems to be moved by an ambition such as would have the reasons or the causes of his generosity rest en

tirely in himself, and not in any worthiness in the receiver thereof. And because his love thus proceeds upon ideal grounds, therefore, when the revulsion comes, he is equally undiscriminating and self-willed in his ha'e: both growing purely from an imaginative, not from an experimental source, there is of course as little respect of persons in the one as in the other. In either case, the causes of his action are wholly in himself, and not at all in the objects of it: for even so, where one's life is thus "of imagination all compact," the first crossings and thwartings of personal experience are apt to upset and revolutionize his whole scheme and conception of human character: as his confidence is without any real ground in the experienced differences of men, so he has nothing to rescue him from the ideal consequences of a single disappointment.

This is evidently the true root and basis alike of his overflowing bounties and his all-withering imprecations. Hence, when the occasion comes, he flies at once from one extreme to its farthest opposite: in hatred as in love, he must still be treating men as if there were nothing to choose between them; and when the exception of his faithful Steward is forced upon him, he prefers to die rather than retreat from the extreme ground of imagination to the medium ground of experience. Nevertheless, in his misanthropy we can discover no signs of a reaction, (if it ought not rather to be called a continuation,) such as not seldom occurs in actual life, from a profligate and unprincipled companionship. For his unrespective blastings of reproof are poured forth, fresh and full of spirit, from the depths of an enraged imagination; and have nothing of the stale and musty sourness which often supervenes upon the fermentings of a beastly and sensual life.

The character of Apemantus seems designed, in part, on purpose to illustrate the difference between the intense hearty misanthropy of Timon and the low vulgar cynicism of an outworn profligate or superannuated debauchee. For in Apemantus we have a specimen of the cynic proper, who finds his pastime in, a sort of scowling buffoonery and malignant slang; at first setting himself to practise the arts of a snarling scorner of men, because this feeds his distempered conceit; and then by dint of such exercise gradually working himself up into a corresponding passion. For it is easy to see that the cynicism which now forms his character originated in sheer affectation. Timon justly despises the sincere cant of one who thus drives contempt of mankind as a trade; for he knows it to be the offspring of disappointed vanity, seeking to indemnify its own baseness by making reprisals on others. He sees that Apemantus never had in himself a single touch of the goodness, the alleged want of which he so much delights to bark at; and that his superiority to the common passions of men is all because he has not virtue enough left to be vicious.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

TIMON, a noble Athenian.

LUCIUS,
LUCULLUS,
SEMPRONIUS, } Lords, and Flatterers of Timon.

VENTIDIUS, one of Timon's false Friends.

APEMANTUS, a churlish Philosopher.

ALCIBIADES, an Athenian General.

FLAVIUS, Steward to Timon.

FLAMINIUS,
LUCILIUS,
SERVILIUS, } Timon's Servants.

CAPHIS,
PHILOTUS,
TITUS,
LUCIUS,
HORTENSIUS, } Servants to Timon's Creditors.

Servants of Varro, Ventidius, and Isidore, three of Timon's Creditors.

CUPID and Maskers. Three Strangers.

Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant.

An old Athenian. A Page. A Fool.

PHRYNIA,
TIMANDRA, } Mistresses to Alcibiades.

Other Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers, Thieves, and Attendants.

SCENE, Athens; and the Woods adjoining.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Athens. A Hall in Timon's House.

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and Others, at several Doors.

Poet. Good day, sir.

Pain. I am glad y' are well.

Poet. I have not seen you long: How goes the world?

Pain. It wears, sir, as it grows.

Poet. Ay, that's well known
But what particular rarity? what strange,
Which manifold record not matches? — See,
Magic of bounty! all these spirits thy power
Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant.

Pain. I know them both: th' other's a jeweller.

Mer. O, 'tis a worthy lord!

Jew. Nay, that's most fix'd.

Mer. A most incomparable man; breath'd, as it were,
To an untirable and continuate goodness:
He passes.[1]

Jew. I have a jewel here, —

[1] *Breath'd* is *exercised*, inured by constant practice, so as not to be wearied. To *breathe* a horse is to exercise him for the course. *Continuate* for *continued*. *Pass* was often used for *surpass*.

Mer. O! pray, let's see't. For the lord Timon, sir?

Jew. If he will touch the estimate;[2] but, for that—

Poet. "When we for recompense have prais'd the vile,
It stains the glory in that happy verse
Which aptly sings the good."[3]

Mer. [*Looking at the Jewel.*] 'Tis a good form.

Jew. And rich: here is a water, look ye.

Pain. You are rapt, sir, in some work, some dedication
To the great lord.

Poet. A thing slipp'd idly from me.
Our poesy is as a gum which oozes[4]
From whence 'tis nourish'd: The fire i' the flint
Shows not, till it be struck; our gentle flame
Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies
Each bound it chafes. What have you there?

Pain. A picture, sir.—When comes your book forth?

Poet. Upon the heels of my presentment, sir.
Let's see your piece.

[2] That is, *come up to the prue.*

[3] Former editors have thought it needful to inform the reader that these three lines are the beginning of the poem which the speaker afterwards describes. The information, whether needful or not, is doubtless correct. As the Poet strikes up the rehearsal of his lines without bespeaking any listener, this puts the Painter upon supposing him to be in a rapture. Perhaps the reader would like to be told further, that the sudden discharge of poetry arrests the speech of the Jeweller. H.

[4] The original has,—"Our Poesie is as a *Gowne*, which *uses;*" from which no sense can be gathered. Pope changed *gown* to *gum*, and *uses* to *issues*. The substitution of *oozes* is by Dr. Johnson. What follows shows that the word, whichever it be, is meant to convey the idea of *spontaneous* production; not *forced*, as the fire from the flint H.

Pain. 'Tis a good piece.

Poet. So 'tis: this comes off well, and excellent.

Pain. Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable! How this grace
Speaks his own standing![5] what a mental power
This eye shoots forth! how big imagination
Moves in this lip! to the dumbness of the gesture
One might interpret.[6]

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life.
Here is a touch: is't good?

Poet. I'll say of it,
It tutors nature: artificial strife
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.[7]

Enter certain Senators, and pass over.

Pain. How this lord is follow'd!

Poet. The senators of Athens: — Happy man!

Pain. Look, more!

Poet. You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors.
I have in this rough work shap'd out a man,
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug

[5] This picture, it would seem, is a full-length portrait of Timon, in which the gracefulness of the attitude expresses the habitual *standing* or *carriage* of the original. H.

[6] One might supply words to such intelligible action: the significant gesture ascertains the sentiments that should accompany it. So in Cymbeline, Act ii. sc. 4: "Never saw I pictures so likely to report themselves."

[7] The excellence of an artist was often set forth by representing him as the tutor or the competitor of nature. Thus in the Poet's Venus and Adonis:

> "Look, when a painter would surpass the life
> In limning out a well-proportion'd steed,
> His art with nature's workmanship at strife,
> As if the dead the living should exceed;
> So did this horse excel a common one."

With amplest entertainment: my free drift
Halts not particularly,[8] but moves itself
In a wide sea of wax:[9] no levell'd malice
Infects one comma in the course I hold;
But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
Leaving no tract behind.[10]

Pain. How shall I understand you?

Poet. I will unbolt[11] to you.
You see how all conditions, how all minds
(As well of glib and slippery creatures, as
Of grave and austere quality) tender down
Their services to lord Timon: his large fortune,
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
Subdues and properties[12] to his love and tendance
All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-fac'd flatterer[13]

[8] My design does not stop at any particular character.

[9] It is difficult to make any intelligible sense out of this expression. *Sea of wax* is commonly interpreted as an allusion to the *waxen* tablets on which the ancients wrote; a custom not altogether laid aside in England till about the close of the fourteenth century. Mr. Singer explains it, more properly, as referring to the *limberness* of the speaker's matter; *wax* being the type of a "theme easily moulded to any drift, not rigidly fixed to one." Mr. Collier's second folio changes *wax* into *verse*, which strikes us as not unworthy of being considered; as *wax* was then commonly written *waxe*, and so might be misprinted for *verse*. In either case, the expression appears sufficiently strained and far-fetched; but perhaps the Poet meant something of burlesque, and so dashed the poetaster's language with absurdity. H.

[10] Johnson explains the passage thus: "My poem is not a satire written with any particular view, or 'levell'd' at any single person: I fly, like an eagle, into a general expanse of life, and leave not, by any private mischief, the trace of my passage." To *level* is to *aim*. H.

[11] That is, open, explain.

[12] That is, appropriates, makes his own.

[13] One who shows by reflection the looks of his patron. The Poet was mistaken in the character of Apemantus; but seeing that he paid frequent visits to Timon, he naturally concluded that he was equally courteous with his other guests.

To Apemantus, that few things loves better
Than to abhor himself: even he drops down
The knee before him, and returns in peace,
Most rich in Timon's nod.

Pain. I saw them speak together.

Poet. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill
Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd: The base o'the mount
Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures,
That labour on the bosom of this sphere
To propagate their states:[14] amongst them all
Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,
One do I personate of lord Timon's frame,
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her;
Whose present grace to present slaves and servants
Translates his rivals.

Pain. 'Tis conceiv'd to scope.[15]
This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,
With one man beckon'd from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the steepy mount
To climb his happiness, would be well express'd
In our condition.[16]

Poet. Nay, sir, but hear me on.
All those which were his fellows but of late
(Some better than his value) on the moment
Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,
Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,[17]
Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him
Drink the free air.[18]

[14] That is, to *improve* or *advance* their conditions See Measure for Measure, Act i. sc. 3. note 6.

[15] That is, aptly conceived, imagined suitably to the purpose or to the subject. H.

[16] That is, in our *art*, in painting. *Condition* was used for *profession, quality.*

[17] *Whisperings* of officious servility, the *incense* of the worshipping parasite to the patron as a god.

[18] To *drink the air*, like the *haustos ætherios* of Virgil, is mere-

Pain. Ay, marry, what of these?

Poet. When Fortune, in her shift and change of mood,
Spurns down her late belov'd, all his dependants,
Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. 'Tis common:
A thousand moral paintings I can show,
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of fortune
More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well,
To show lord Timon that mean eyes[19] have seen
The foot above the head.

Trumpets sound. Enter TIMON, *attended; the Servant of* VENTIDIUS *talking with him.*

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you?

Serv. Ay, my good lord: five talents is his debt;
His means most short, his creditors most strait:
Your honourable letter he desires
To those have shut him up; which failing,
Periods his comfort.[20]

Tim. Noble Ventidius! Well;
I am not of that feather, to shake off
My friend when he most needs me.[21] I do know him
A gentleman that well deserves a help,
Which he shall have: I'll pay the debt, and free him

Serv. Your lordship ever binds him.

ly a poetic phrase for *draw the air*, or *breathe*. To "drink the free air," therefore, through another, is to breathe freely at his will only, to depend on him for the privilege of life.

[19] That is, inferior spectators.

[20] *To period* is perhaps a verb of Shakespeare's coinage.

[21] The original has, "when he *must need* me." The misprint was natural; the correction is obvious; accordingly it is made in Mr. Collier's second folio. H.

Tim. Commend me to him: I will send his ransom;
And, being enfranchis'd, bid him come to me. —
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after. — Fare you well.
Serv. All happiness to your honour! [*Exit.*

Enter an old Athenian.

O. Ath. Lord Timon, hear me speak.
Tim. Freely, good father.
O. Ath. Thou hast a servant nam'd Lucilius.
Tim. I have so: What of him?
O. Ath. Most noble Timon, call the man before thee.
Tim. Attends he here, or no? — Lucilius!

Enter LUCILIUS.

Luc. Here, at your lordship's service.
O. Ath. This fellow here, lord Timon, this thy creature,
By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have been inclin'd to thrift;
And my estate deserves an heir more rais'd
Than one which holds a trencher.
Tim. Well; what further?
O. Ath. One only daughter have I, no kin else,
On whom I may confer what I have got:
The maid is fair, o'the youngest for a bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost
In qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I pr'ythee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort;
Myself have spoke in vain.
Tim. The man is honest

O. Ath. Therefore he will be, Timon :[22]
His honesty rewards him in itself,
It must not bear my daughter.

Tim. Does she love him ?

O. Ath. She is young, and apt :
Our own precedent passions do instruct us
What levity's in youth.

Tim. [*To* LUCILIUS.] Love you the maid ?

Luc. Ay, my good lord, and she accepts of it.

O. Ath. If in her marriage my consent be missing,
I call the gods to witness, I will choose
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.

Tim. How shall she be endow'd,
If she be mated with an equal husband ?

O. Ath. Three talents, on the present ; in future, all.

Tim. This gentleman of mine hath serv'd me long :
To build his fortune, I will strain a little,
For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter :
What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,
And make him weigh with her.

O. Ath. Most noble lord,
Pawn me to this your honour, she is his.

Tim. My hand to thee ; mine honour on my promise.

Luc. Humbly I thank your lordship : Never may
That state or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not ow'd to you ![23]

[*Exeunt* LUCILIUS *and old Athenian.*

[22] That is, he will *continue so ;* the mere possession of honesty being a sufficient motive to the preserving of it : in other words real honesty rewards itself ; so that, if he have it, he needs no further reward to make him keep it. H.

[23] That is, which is not esteemed by me as *owed* or due to you held for your service, and at your disposal.

Poet. Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your lordship!

Tim. I thank you; you shall hear from me anon
Go not away.—What have you there, my friend?

Pain. A piece of painting, which I do beseech
Your lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome
The painting is almost the natural man;
For since dishonour traffics with man's nature,
He is but outside: These pencil'd figures are
Even such as they give out.[24] I like your work,
And you shall find I like it: wait attendance
Till you hear further from me.

Pain. The gods preserve you!

Tim. Well fare you, gentleman: give me your hand;
We must needs dine together.—Sir, your jewel
Hath suffer'd under praise.

Jew. What, my lord! dispraise?

Tim. A mere satiety of commendations
If I should pay you for't as 'tis extoll'd,
It would unclew me quite.[25]

Jew. My lord, 'tis rated
As those which sell would give: But you well know,
Things of like value, differing in the owners,
Are prized by their masters.[26] Believ't, dear lord,
You mend the jewel by the wearing it.

Tim. Well mock'd.

Mer. No, my good lord; he speaks the common tongue,
Which all men speak with him.

[24] Pictures have no hypocrisy; they are what they profess to be.

[25] To *unclew* a man is to draw out the whole mass of his fortune. To *unclew* is to unwind a ball of thread.

[26] Are rated according to the esteem in which their possessor is held

Tim. Look, who comes here. Will you be chid?

Enter APEMANTUS.

Jew. We'll bear, with your lordship.

Mer. He'll spare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!

Apem. Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good morrow; when thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves honest.

Tim. Why dost thou call them knaves? thou know'st them not.

Apem. Are they not Athenians?

Tim. Yes.

Apem. Then I repent not.

Jew. You know me, Apemantus?

Apem. Thou know'st, I do; I call'd thee by thy name.

Tim. Thou art proud, Apemantus.

Apem. Of nothing so much, as that I am not like Timon.

Tim. Whither art going?

Apem. To knock out an honest Athenian's brains

Tim. That's a deed thou'lt die for.

Apem. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law

Tim. How lik'st thou this picture, Apemantus?

Apem. The best, for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well that painted it?

Apem. He wrought better that made the painter; and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

Pain. Y'are a dog.

Apem. Thy mother's of my generation: What s she, if I be a dog?

Tim. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

Apem. No; I eat not lords.

Tim. An thou should'st, thou'dst anger ladies.

Apem. O! they eat lords; so they come by great bellies.

Tim. That's a lascivious apprehension.

Apem. So thou apprehend'st it. Take it for thy labour.

Tim. How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?

Apem. Not so well as plain-dealing,[27] which will not cost a man a doit.

Tim. What dost thou think 'tis worth?

Apem. Not worth my thinking. — How now, poet!

Poet. How now, philosopher!

Apem. Thou liest.

Poet. Art not one?

Apem. Yes.

Poet. Then I lie not.

Apem. Art not a poet?

Poet. Yes.

Apem. Then thou liest: look in thy last work, where thou hast feign'd him a worthy fellow.

Poet. That's not feign'd; he is so.

Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour: he that loves to be flattered is worthy o'the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!

Tim. What would'st do then, Apemantus?

Apem. Even as Apemantus does now, hate a lord with my heart.

Tim. What! thyself?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Wherefore?

Apem. That I had no angry wit to be a lord.[28] — Art not thou a merchant?

[27] Alluding to the proverb: Plain-dealing is a jewel, but they who use it die beggars.

[28] We retain this vexatious line just as it stands in the original, though, we confess, unable to make any sense out of it. That the line is corrupt, all are agreed; but no two agree how to correct it. Divers changes have been proposed, as thus: Warbur

Mer. Ay, Apemantus.

Apem. Traffic confound thee, if the gods will not!

Mer. If traffic do it, the gods do it.

Apem. Traffic's thy god, and thy god confound thee!

Trumpets sound. Enter a Servant.

Tim. What trumpet's that?

Serv. 'Tis Alcibiades, and some twenty horse, All of companionship.

Tim. Pray, entertain them; give them guide to us.— [*Exeunt some Attendants*

You must needs dine with me.—Go not you hence, Till I have thank'd you; and, when dinner's done, Show me this piece.—I am joyful of your sights.—

Enter ALCIBIADES, *with his Company.*

Most welcome, sir!

Apem. So, so; there!—

Aches[29] contract and starve your supple joints!— That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet knaves,

ton, "*so hungry a* wit;" Monck Mason, "*an* angry *wish*;" Blackstone, "angry that I had no wit—to be a lord;" Heath, "that I had *so wrong'd my* wit;" Malone, "that I had no angry wit.—To be a lord!" Collier's second folio, "that I had *so hungry a wish*." Perhaps the best of all is that made by an unknown hand in a copy of the second folio owned by Mr. Singer,—"That I had *an empty* wit to be a lord;" the sense in this case being rendered something clearer thus,—"That, to be a lord, I had an empty wit;" not unlike the slang phrase which we have sometimes heard,—"As silly as a duke." It may be well to remark that Apemantus is giving the reason why he should hate himself if he were a lord; and nothing were more characteristic than for him to assign as his reason, that, in order to be a lord, he must needs have been born a dunce. However, the sense seems hardly clear enough to warrant the change. H.

[29] *Aches* is evidently a dissyllable here. See The Tempest, Act i. sc. 2 note 34. H.

And all this courtesy! The strain of man's bred out
Into baboon and monkey.[30]

Alcib. Sir, you have sav'd my longing, and I feed
Most hungerly on your sight.

Tim. Right welcome, sir:
Ere we depart,[31] we'll share a bounteous time
In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.

[*Exeunt all but* APEMANTUS.

Enter two Lords.

1 *Lord.* What time o' day is't, Apemantus?

Apem. Time to be honest.

1 *Lord.* That time serves still.

Apem. The more accursed thou,[32] that still omit'st it.

2 *Lord.* Thou art going to lord Timon's feast?

Apem. Ay; to see meat fill knaves, and wine heat fools.

2 *Lord.* Fare thee well, fare thee well.

Apem. Thou art a fool, to bid me farewell twice.

2 *Lord.* Why, Apemantus?

Apem. Should'st have kept one to thyself, for I mean to give thee none.

1 *Lord.* Hang thyself!

Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding make thy requests to thy friend.

2 *Lord.* Away, unpeaceable dog! or I'll spurn thee hence.

Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels of the ass.

[*Exit.*

1 *Lord.* He's opposite to humanity. Come, shall we in,

[30] *Strain* is *race* or *stock*; often used thus by the Poet. H.

[31] To *depart* and to *part* were anciently synonymous. So in King John, Act ii. sc. 2: "Hath willingly *departed* with a part."

[32] Ritson says we should read,—"The *more* accursed thou"

And taste lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes
The very heart of kindness.

2 *Lord.* He pours it out; Plutus, the god of gold,
Is but his steward: no meed,[33] but he repays
Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him,
But breeds the giver a return exceeding
All use of quittance.[34]

1 *Lord.* The noblest mind he carries,
That ever govern'd man.

2 *Lord.* Long may he live in fortunes! Shall we in?

1 *Lord.* I'll keep you company. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. The Same.

A Room of State in TIMON's House.

Hautboys playing loud Music. A great Banquet served in; FLAVIUS *and others attending: then enter* TIMON, ALCIBIADES, LUCIUS, LUCULLUS, SEMPRONIUS, *and other Athenian Senators, with* VENTIDIUS, *and Attendants. Then comes dropping after all,* APEMANTUS, *discontentedly.*

Ven. Most honour'd Timon, it hath pleas'd the gods to remember my father's age, and call him to long peace. He is gone happy, and has left me rich: then, as in grateful virtue I am bound to your free heart, I do return those talents doubled with thanks and service, from whose help I deriv'd liberty.

[33] *Meed* is here used for *merit* or *desert*. So in Heywood's Silver Age, 1613: "And yet thy body *meeds* a better grave." See 3 Henry VI., Act ii. sc. 1, note 6. H.

[34] That is, all the customary returns made in discharge of obligations.

Tim. O! by no means,
Honest Ventidius: you mistake my love.
I gave it freely ever; and there's none
Can truly say he gives, if he receives:
If our betters play at that game, we must not dare
To imitate them: faults that are rich are fair.[1]

Ven. A noble spirit!

[*They stand ceremoniously looking on* TIMON.

Tim. Nay, my lords, ceremony was but devis'd at first, to set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes, recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown; but where there is true friendship, there needs none. Pray, sit: more welcome are ye to my fortunes, than my fortunes to me. [*They sit.*

1 *Lord.* My lord, we always have confess'd it.

Apem. Ho, ho, confess'd it! hang'd it,[2] have you not?

Tim. O, Apemantus! you are welcome.

Apem. No, you shall not make me welcome: I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

Tim. Fie! thou art a churl: you have got a humour there does not become a man, 'tis much to blame.—They say, my lords, *ira furor brevis est;* but yond' man is ever angry.[3] Go, let him have a table by himself; for he does neither affect company, nor is he fit for't, indeed.

[1] That is, the faults of rich men, as the world goes, are thought fair; still they are faults.—Several speeches in this scene, that are commonly printed as verse, we print as prose, because they cannot possibly be made to run as verse save to the eye; neither the ear nor the mind being able to receive them as such. H.

[2] Perhaps an allusion to a common proverbial saying of Shakespeare's time, "Confess and be hanged."

[3] The original has "*very* angry." The change was made by Rowe, and is clearly required by the sense. The misprint was common. H.

Apem. Let me stay at thine apperil, Timon :[4] I come to observe ; I give thee warning on't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee ; thou art an Athenian, therefore welcome. I myself would have no power ; pr'ythee, let my meat make thee silent.

Apem. I scorn thy meat ; 'twould choke me, for I should ne'er flatter thee.—O you gods ! what a number of men eat Timon, and he sees them not ! It grieves me, to see so many dip their meat in one man's blood ; and all the madness is, he cheers them up too.

I wonder, men dare trust themselves with men :
Methinks they should invite them without knives ;[6]
Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.
There's much example for't : the fellow, that sits next him now, parts bread with him, and pledges the breath of him in a divided draught, is the readiest man to kill him ; it has been prov'd. If I were a huge man, I should fear to drink at meals ;
Lest they should spy my windpipe's dangerous notes :[7]
Great men should drink with harness on their throats.[8]

[4] *Apperil* is an old word for *peril*, used several times by Ben Jonson. Thus in The Tale of a Tub, Act ii. :

> "I am to charge you in her majesty's name,
> As you will answer it at your *apperil*,
> That forthwith you raise hue and cry." H.

For in the sense of *because*.

[6] It was the custom in old times for every guest to bring his own knife, which he occasionally whetted on a stone that hung behind the door. It is scarcely necessary to observe that they were strangers to the use of *forks*.

[7] "The windpipe's notes" were the sounds or motions made by the throat when in the act of drinking. It should be remembered that our ancestors' throats were uncovered. Perhaps, as Steevens observes, a quibble is intended on *windpipe* and *notes*.

[8] *Harness* means *armour*.—We print this speech as it stands in the original, save that the closing couplet is there printed as

Tim. My lord, in heart;[9] and let the health go round.

2 *Lord.* Let it flow this way, my good lord.

Apem. Flow this way? A brave fellow.—he keeps his tides well. Those healths will make thee and thy state look ill, Timon. Here's that which is too weak to be a sinner, honest water, which ne'er left man i'the mire:

This and my food are equals, there's no odds;
Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

APEMANTUS'S GRACE.

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;
I pray for no man, but myself:
Grant I may never prove so fond,
To trust man on his oath or bond;
Or a harlot, for her weeping;
Or a dog, that seems a sleeping;
Or a keeper, with my freedom;
Or my friends, if I should need 'em.
Amen. So fall to't:
Rich men sin, and I eat root.

[*Eats and drinks.*

Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus![10]

Tim. Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now.

Alcib. My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

prose. Modern editions commonly print it all as verse; but it is impossible to give it such a character save to the eye; and it is not pleasant to be told that we ought to read that as verse which is not so. H.

[9] "My lord's health in *sincerity*." So in Chaucer's Knightes Tale: "And was all his in chere, as his *in herte*."

[10] *Dich* appears to be a corruption or else an old form of *do it* or *do't*. No other instance of the word has been found. Collier's second folio changes it to *do't*. M.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies than a dinner of friends.

Alcib. So they were bleeding-new, my lord, there' no meat like 'em: I could wish my best friend at such a feast.

Apem. 'Would all those flatterers were thine enemies then; that then thou might'st kill 'em, and bid me to 'em

1 *Lord.* Might we but have that happiness, my ord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves for ever perfect.[11]

Tim. O! no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you: How had you been my friends else? why have you that charitable title from thousands, did you not chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of you to myself, than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf; and thus far I confirm you. O, you gods! think I, what need we have any friends, if we should ne'er have need of 'em? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for 'em; and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wish'd myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits: and what better or properer can we call our own, than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy, e'en made away ere't can be born![12] mine eyes cannot hold out water, me thinks: to forget their faults, I drink to you.

[11] That is, arrived at the perfection of happiness.

[12] Of course he refers to the tears which, at the moment of his

Apem. Thou weep'st to make them drink, Timon.

2 *Lord.* Joy had the like conception in our eyes, And at that instant like a babe sprung up.

Apem. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

3 *Lord.* I promise you, my lord, you mov'd me much.

Apem. Much![13] [*Tucket sounded.*

Tim. What means that trump? — How now!

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies! what are their wills?

Serv. There comes with them a forerunner, my lord, which bears that office to signify their pleasures.

Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter CUPID.

Cup. Hail to thee, worthy Timon, — and to all That of his bounties taste! — The five best senses Acknowledge thee their patron, and come freely To gratulate thy plenteous bosom: The ear,[14] Taste, touch, smell, pleas'd from thy table rise; They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

speaking, fill his eyes, and so choke the joy that was just coming to the birth. H.

[13] *Much!* was sometimes used ironically, or as an exclamation of scorn. See As You Like It, Act iv. sc. 3, note 1. H.

[14] The original reads, "*There* tast, touch all, pleas'd from thy Table rise." The correction, perhaps we should say restoration, of the text is Warburton's. The changing of *there* into *the ear* and of *all* into *smell* is necessary in order to make out the "five senses;" four of which are to be gratified at Timon's table, and the other, sight, by the forthcoming mask.

Tim. They are welcome all: let them have kind admittance.

Music, make their welcome. [*Exit* CUPID.

1 *Lord.* You see, my lord, how ample y' are belov'd.

Music. Re-enter CUPID, *with a Masque of Ladies as Amazons, with Lutes in their Hands, dancing and playing.*

Apem. Hey-day! what a sweep of vanity comes this way! They dance! they are mad women.[15] Like madness is the glory of this life, as this pomp shows to a little oil and root.[16] We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves; and spend our flatteries, to drink those men, upon whose age we void it up again with poisonous spite and envy.

Who lives, that's not depraved or depraves?
Who dies, that bears not one spurn to their graves
Of their friends' gift?
I should fear, those that dance before me now
Would one day stamp upon me: 't has been done.
Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

The Lords rise from Table, with much adoring of TIMON; *and, to show their Loves, each singles out an Amazon, and all dance, Men with Women, a lofty Strain or two to the Hautboys, and cease.*

Tim. You have done our pleasures much grace,

[15] Shakespeare probably borrowed this idea from the puritanical writers of his time. Thus Stubbes, in his Anatomie of Abuses, 1583: "*Dauncers* thought to be *madmen*." "And as in all feasts and pastimes dauncing is the last, so it is the extream of all other vice." And again: "There were (saith Ludovicus Vives) from far countries certain men brought into our parts of the world, who, when they saw men daunce, ran away marvellously affraid, crying out and thinking them mad."

[16] The glory of this life is *just such* madness, in the eye of reason, as this pomp appears when opposed to the frugal repast of a philosopher feeding on oil and roots.

fair ladies, set a fair fashion on our entertainment, which was not half so beautiful and kind: you have added worth unto't, and lustre,[17] and entertain'd me with mine own device; I am to thank you for't.

1 *Lady.* My lord, you take us even at the best.

Apem. 'Faith, for the worst is filthy, and would not hold taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you: please you to dispose yourselves.

Ladies. Most thankfully, my lord.

[*Exeunt* CUPID *and Ladies*

Tim. Flavius!

Flav. My lord.

Tim. The little casket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my lord. — [*Aside.*] More jewels yet!
There is no crossing him in's humour;
Else I should tell him, — well, — i'faith, I should,
When all's spent, he'd be cross'd then, an he could.[18]
'Tis pity bounty had not eyes behind,[19]
That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.

[*Exit, and returns with the Casket.*

1 *Lord.* Where be our men?

Serv. Here, my lord, in readiness.

2 *Lord.* Our horses!

Tim. O, my friends! I have one word to say to you. Look you, my good lord, I must entreat you,

[17] So in the original. Modern editions commonly insert *lively* before *lustre*, from the second folio. H.

[18] An equivoque is probably intended here between *having money* and *being crossed* or *thwarted*; certain coin being in the Poet's time stamped with a *cross* on one side. For a similar instance, see 2 King Henry IV., Act i. sc. 2, note 23. H.

[19] That is, so as to be able to see or foresee the evils and miseries that follow H.

honour me so much, as to advance this jewel;[20] accept it and wear it, kind my lord.

1 *Lord.* I am so far already in your gifts, —

All. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, there are certain nobles of the senate newly alighted, and come to visit you.

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Flav. I beseech your honour, vouchsafe me a word; it does concern you near.

Tim. Near? why then another time I'll hear thee: I pr'ythee, let's be provided to show them entertainment.

Flav. [*Aside.*] I scarce know how.

Enter another Servant.

2 *Serv.* May it please your honour, lord Lucius, out of his free love, hath presented to you four milk-white horses, trapp'd in silver.

Tim. I shall accept them fairly: let the presents be worthily entertain'd. —

Enter a third Servant.

How now! what news?

3 *Serv.* Please you, my lord, that honourable gentleman, lord Lucullus, entreats your company to-morrow to hunt with him; and has sent your honour two brace of greyhounds.

Tim. I'll hunt with him; and let them be receiv'd,
Not without fair reward.

Flav. [*Aside.*] What will this come to? He

[20] That is, prefer it, raise it to honour by wearing it.

commands us to provide, and give great gifts, and all out of an empty coffer: nor will he know his purse, nor yield me this, to show him what a beggar his heart is, being of no power to make his wishes good. His promises fly so beyond his state, that what he speaks is all in debt; he owes for every word: he is so kind, that he now pays interest for't: his land's put to their books. Well, 'would I were gently put out of office, before I were forc'd out!

Happier is he that has no friend to feed,
Than such that do even enemies exceed.
I bleed inwardly for my lord. [*Exit.*

Tim. You do yourselves much wrong; you bate too much of your own merits. — Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.

2 *Lord.* With more than common thanks I will receive it.

3 *Lord.* O, he's the very soul of bounty!

Tim. And now I remember, my lord, you gave good words the other day of a bay courser I rode on: 'tis yours, because you lik'd it.

2 *Lord.* O! I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, in that.

Tim. You may take my word, my lord: I know, no man
Can justly praise, but what he does affect:
I weigh my friend's affection with mine own;
I'll tell you true. I'll call to you.

All Lords. O! none so welcome.

Tim. I take all and your several visitations
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give:
Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
And ne'er be weary. — Alcibiades,
Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich:

It comes in charity to thee; for all thy living
Is 'mongst the dead, and all the lands thou hast
Lie in a pitch'd field.

Alcib. Ay, defil'd land, my lord.

1 *Lord.* We are so virtuously bound, —

Tim. And so am I to you.

2 *Lord.* So infinitely endear'd, —

Tim. All to you.[21] — Lights! more lights!

1 *Lord.* The best of happiness,
Honour, and fortunes, keep with you, lord Timon!

Tim. Ready for his friends.

[*Exeunt* ALCIBIADES, *Lords*, *&c.*

Apem. What a coil's here!
Serving of becks,[22] and jutting out of bums!
I doubt whether their legs[23] be worth the sums
That are given for 'em. Friendship's full of dregs:
Methinks, false hearts should never have sound legs.
Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on courtesies.

Tim. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen, I would be good to thee.

Apem. No, I'll nothing; for, if I should be brib'd too, there would be none left to rail upon thee, and then thou would'st sin the faster. Thou giv'st so long, Timon, I fear me thou wilt give away thyself in paper shortly: What need these feasts, pomps, and vain glories?

Tim. Nay, an you begin to rail on society once, I am sworn not to give regard to you. Farewell; and come with better music. [*Exit.*

Apem. So; — thou wilt not hear me now; —

[21] That is, all good wishes to you, or all happiness attend you

[22] A *beck* is a *nod* or salutation with the head.

[23] He plays upon the word *leg*, as it signifies a limb, and a *bow* to "make a *leg*" being formerly a ceremony of respect.

Thou shalt not then; I'll lock thy heaven[24] from thee.
O, that men's ears should be
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery! [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. The Same.

A Room in a Senator's House.

Enter a Senator, with Papers in his Hand.

Sen. And late, five thousand, — to Varro and to Isidore
He owes nine thousand, — besides my former sum,
Which makes it five-and-twenty. — Still in motion
Of raging waste! It cannot hold; it will not.
If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog,
And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold:
If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty more
Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon;
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me straight[1]
Ten able horses. No porter at his gate;
But rather one that smiles, and still invites
All that pass by.[2] It cannot hold; no reason

[24] By his *heaven* he means *good advice;* the only thing by which he could be saved.

[1] We have the same thought, differently expressed, before: "No gift to him but *breeds* the giver a return exceeding all use of quittance." H.

[2] *Sternness* was the characteristic of a porter. There appeared

Can found his state in safety. Caphis, hc!
Caphis, I say!

Enter CAPHIS.

Caph. Here, sir: What is your pleasure?
Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to lord Timon:
Importune him for my moneys; be not ceas'd
With slight denial; nor then silenc'd, when —
"Commend me to your master" — and the cap
Plays in the right hand, thus: — but tell him,
My uses cry to me; I must serve my turn
Out of mine own: his days and times are past,
And my reliances on his fracted dates[4]
Have smit my credit. I love and honour him,
But must not break my back to heal his finger:
Immediate are my needs; and my relief
Must not be toss'd and turn'd to me in words,
But find supply immediate. Get you gone
Put on a most importunate aspect,
A visage of demand; for I do fear,
When every feather sticks in his own wing,[5]

at Kenilworth Castle, 1575, "a porter tall of parson. big of lim., and *stearn of countinauns*." And in Dekker's play of A Knight's Conjuring: "You mistake, if you imagine that Plutoe's *porter* is like one of those big fellowes that stand like gyants at lordes gates. Yet hee's *surly* as those key-turners are."

[3] Johnson altered this to "*found* his state in safety." But the reading of the folio is evidently *sound*; which will bear explanation thus: No reason can *proclaim* his state in safety, or not dangerous. So in King Henry VIII., Act v. sc. 2: "Pray heaven, he *sound* not my disgrace!" Again in Julius Cæsar, Act i sc. 2: "Why should that name be *sounded* more than yours?"

[4] *Fracted dates* are bonds that have run past their *date* unpaid and so are *broken*. H.

[5] To catch the full sense of this line, the reader should remember that in the Poet's time *his* was continually used for *its*, as in the English Bible; *its* not being then a legitimate word. See Henry IV, Act i. sc. 2. note 16. H.

Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,[6]
Which[7] flashes now a phœnix. Get you gone.
Caph. I go, sir.
Sen. Ay, go, sir:—Take the bonds along with you,
And have the dates in compt.
Caph. I will, sir.
Sen. Go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Same. A Hall in TIMON's House.

Enter FLAVIUS, *with many Bills in his Hand.*

Flav. No care, no stop! so senseless of expense
That he will neither know how to maintain it,
Nor cease his flow of riot; takes no account
How things go from him; no reserve, no care
Of what is to continue:[1] Never mind
Was truly so unwise, to be so kind.[2]

[6] This passage has been thus explained by Roger Wilbraham in his Glossary of words used in Cheshire: "*Gull, naked gull;* so are called all nestling birds in quite an unfledged state. They have a yellowish cast; and the word is, I believe, derived from the Anglo Saxon *geole*, yellow. The commentators, not aware of the meaning of the term *naked gull*, blunder in their attempts to explain those words in Timon of Athens." Mr. Boswell observes that in the Black Book, 1604, a young heir is termed 'a *gull-finch;* and that it is probably used with the same meaning in When You See Me You Know Me, by Samuel Rowley, 1633: "The angels have flown about to night, and two *gulls* are light into my hands."

[7] *Which* for *who;* referring to *Timon*, not to *gull.* H.

[1] The original gives this passage thus: "*Nor resume* no care of what is to continue." Modern editors affix an *s* to *resume*, and make no further change. *Nor resumes no care* is, to say the least, very clumsy both in language and in sense. The emendation is from Mr. Collier's second folio. We think there can be little doubt of its correctness. H.

[2] The original has,—"Never minde, was *to be* so unwise, to

What shall be done? He will not hear, till feel:
I must be round with him,[3] now he comes from hunting.
Fie, fie, fie, fie!

Enter CAPHIS, *and the Servants of* ISIDORE *and* VARRO.

Caph. Good even, Varro:[4] What! you come for money?

V. Serv. Is't not your business too?

Caph. It is:—And yours too, Isidore?

I. Serv. It is so.

Caph. 'Would we were all discharg'd!

V. Serv. I fear it.

Caph. Here comes the lord.

Enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, *and Lords, &c.*

Tim. So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth again,[5]
My Alcibiades.—With me! What is your will?

Caph. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.

be so kinde." It is difficult to make any sense out of this. The common explanation goes thus: "Never mind was *made* to be unwise *in order* to be so kind." *Truly* is found written in a copy of the second folio belonging to Mr. Singer. It removes all the difficulty, and might easily have been misprinted *to be*. Mr. Collier's second folio has *surely*, which gives nearly the same sense as *truly*, but infers a much less likely misprint. H.

[3] That is, frank, plain, outspoken with him. *Round* was often so used. H.

[4] Servants were often addressed by the name of their masters. — *Good even*, or *good den* was the common salutation from noon, the moment of time when good morrow or good morning ceased to be proper. H.

[5] That is, to hunting; in our author's time it was the custom to hunt as well after dinner as before. Thus in Tancred and Gismunda, 1592: "He means this *evening* in the park to hunt." Queen Elizabeth, during her stay at Kenilworth Castle, always hunted in the afternoon.

Tim. Dues! Whence are you?

Caph. Of Athens, here, my lord.

Tim. Go to my steward.

Caph. Please it your lordship, he hath put me off
To the succession of new days this month:
My master is awak'd by great occasion,
To call upon his own; and humbly prays you,
That with your other noble parts you'll suit,
In giving him his right.

Tim. Mine honest friend,
I pr'ythee, but repair to me next morning.

Caph. Nay, good my lord,—

Tim. Contain thyself, good friend.

V. Serv. One Varro's servant, my good lord,—

I. Serv. From Isidore: he humbly prays your speedy payment,—

Caph. If you did know, my lord, my master's wants,—

V. Serv. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, six weeks,
And past,—

I. Serv. Your steward puts me off, my lord;
And I am sent expressly to your lordship.

Tim. Give me breath.—
I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on;
[*Exeunt* ALCIBIADES *and Lords.*
I'll wait upon you instantly.—[*To* FLAV.] Come hither: pray you,
How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd
With clamorous demands of date-broke bonds,[6]

[6] The original reads,—"With clamorous demands of *debt*, broken bonds." The emendation is Malone's. *Date-broken bonds* agrees well with *fracted dates*, in the preceding scene. The occurrence of *debts* in the next line is much in favour of the change.
H.

And the detention of long-since-due debts,
Against my honour?

Flav. Please you, gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this business:
Your importunacy cease, till after dinner,
That I may make his lordship understand
Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do so, my friends: —
See them well entertain'd. [*Exit* TIMON

Flav. Pray, draw near. [*Exit* FLAVIUS.

Enter APEMANTUS *and a Fool.*

Caph. Stay, stay; here comes the fool with Apemantus: let's have some sport with 'em.

V. Serv. Hang him, he'll abuse us.

I. Serv. A plague upon him, dog!

V. Serv. How dost, fool?

Apem. Dost dialogue with thy shadow?

V. Serv. I speak not to thee.

Apem. No; 'tis to thyself. — [*To the Fool.*] Come away.

I. Serv. [*To V. Serv.*] There's the fool hangs on your back already.

Apem. No, thou stand'st single; thou'rt not on him yet.

Caph. Where's the fool now?

Apem. He last ask'd the question. — Poor rogues, and usurers' men! bawds between gold and want!

All Serv. What are we, Apemantus?

Apem. Asses.

All Serv. Why?

Apem. That you ask me what you are, and do not know yourselves. — Speak to 'em, fool.

Fool. How do you, gentlemen?

All Serv. Gramercies,[7] good fool! How does your mistress?

Fool. She's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are.[8] 'Would we could see you at Corinth.

Apem. Good! gramercy.

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my mistress' page.

Page. [*To the Fool.*] Why, how now, captain! what do you in this wise company? — How dost thou, Apemantus?

Apem. Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

Page. Pr'ythee, Apemantus, read me the superscription of these letters: I know not which is which.

Apem. Canst not read?

Page. No.

Apem. There will little learning die, then, that day thou art hang'd. This is to lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go: thou wast born a bastard, and thou'lt die a bawd.

Page. Thou wast whelp'd a dog; and thou shalt famish, a dog's death. Answer not; I am gone.

[*Exit Page.*

[7] This word, from the French *grand merci*, meaning literally *great thanks*, is commonly used in the singular, as a few lines below. H.

[8] Evidently alluding to the old method of *scalding* chickens, to get the feathers off. And with this is joined a reference to a certain disease and to the *sweating tub* used for the curing of it; which tub, according to Randle Holme, persons "were put into, not to boyl up to an heighth, but to *parboyl*." — The character of the *Corinthian* women was such that the name came to signify a prostitute. Corinth is here used for a house of ill fame. See Measure for Measure, Act. i. sc. 2, note 5, and Act iii. sc. 2 note 8. Also, 1 Henry IV., Act ii. sc. 4, note 2. H.

Apem. Even so thou outrun'st grace. Fool, I will go with you to lord Timon's.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apem. If Timon stay at home. — You three serve three usurers?

All Serv. Ay; 'would they serv'd us!

Apem. So would I, as good a trick as ever hang man serv'd thief.

Fool. Are you three usurers' men?

All Serv. Ay, fool.

Fool. I think no usurer but has a fool to his servant: my mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away merrily; but they enter my mistress' house merrily, and go away sadly: The reason of this?

V. Serv. I could render one.

Apem. Do it, then, that we may account thee a whoremaster and a knave; which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.

V. Serv. What is a whoremaster, fool?

Fool. A fool in good clothes, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit: sometime it appears like a lord; sometime like a lawyer; sometime like a philosopher, with two stones more than his artificial one:[9] He is very often like a knight; and generally in all shapes, that man goes up and down in from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walks in.

V. Serv. Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man: as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lackest.

[9] Meaning the celebrated object of all alchymical research, the philosopher's stone, at that time much talked of.

Apem. That answer might have become Apemantus.

All Serv. Aside, aside! here comes lord Timon.

Re-enter TIMON *and* FLAVIUS.

Apem. Come with me, fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; sometime, the philosopher.

[*Exeunt* APEMANTUS *and Fool.*

Flav. 'Pray you, walk near: I'll speak with you anon. [*Exeunt Servants.*

Tim. You make me marvel: Wherefore, ere this time,
Had you not fully laid my state before me,
That I might so have rated my expense,
As I had leave of means?

Flav. You would not hear me;
At many leisures I propos'd.

Tim. Go to:
Perchance, some single vantages you took,
When my indisposition put you back;
And that unaptness made your minister,[10]
Thus to excuse yourself.

Flav. O, my good lord!
At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid them before you: you would throw them off,
And say you found them in mine honesty.
When for some trifling present you have bid me
Return so much, I have shook my head, and wept;
Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners, pray'd you
To hold your hand more close: I did endure
Not seldom, nor no slight checks, when I have
Prompted you, in the ebb of your estate,

[10] The construction is, "And made that unaptness your minister."

And your great flow of debts. My loved lord,
Though you hear now, (too late!) yet now's a time
The greatest of your having lacks a half
To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my land be sold.

Flav. 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeited and gone;
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
Of present dues. The future comes apace:
What shall defend the interim? and at length
How goes our reckoning?

Tim. To Lacedæmon did my land extend.

Flav. O, my good lord! the world is but a word
Were it all yours to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone!

Tim. You tell me true.

Flav. If you suspect my husbandry or falsehood,
Call me before the exactest auditors,
And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,
When all our offices[11] have been oppress'd
With riotous feeders; when our vaults have wept
With drunken spilth of wine; when every room
Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsy
I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock,[12]
And set mine eyes at flow.

[11] By *offices* here is probably meant the cellar and buttery, or any places whence refreshments were served out. So in Othello, Act ii. sc. 2: "All *offices* are open; and there is full liberty of *feasting* from this present hour of five till the bell hath told eleven." H.

[12] This passage has greatly puzzled the commentators and put them upon divers strange explanations. Nares in his Glossary has doubtless given the right explanation; taking *cock* to mean the common instrument for drawing liquor from a cask. Mr. Dyce says, — "One thing is quite clear, — that *wasteful cock* can only mean 'a pipe with a turning stopple running to waste.'" The reference, we have no doubt, is to the "spilth of wine" mentioned just before, which was kept running to waste by the owner's prodigality. The thoughts started in such a place would naturally set the good servant's "eyes at flow." H.

Tim. Pr'ythee, no more.

Flav. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this lord!
How many prodigal bits have slaves and peasants
This night englutted! Who is not Timon's?
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is lord Timon's?
Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon!
Ah! when the means are gone that buy this praise,
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:
Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers,
These flies are couch'd.

Tim. Come, sermon me no further:
No villanous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart;
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.
Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience lack,
To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart:
If I would broach the vessels of my love,
And try the argument[13] of hearts by borrowing,
Men and men's fortunes could I frankly use,
As I can bid thee speak.

Flav. Assurance bless your thoughts!

Tim. And, in some sort, these wants of mine are crown'd,[14]
That I account them blessings; for by these
Shall I try friends. You shall perceive how you
Mistake my fortunes: I am wealthy in my friends.
Within there!—Flaminius! Servilius!

Enter FLAMINIUS, SERVILIUS, *and other Servants.*

Serv. My lord, my lord,—

[13] That is, the *contents* of them. The *argument* of a book was "a brief sum of the whole matter contained in it." So in Hamlet the king asks concerning the play: "Have you heard the *argument?* is there no offence in it?"

[14] That is, dignified, adorned, made gracious.

Tim. I will despatch you severally. — You, to lord Lucius; — to lord Lucullus you; I hunted with his honour to-day: — you to Sempronius. Commend me to their loves; and, I am proud, say, that my occasions have found time to use them toward a supply of money: let the request be fifty talents.

Flam. As you have said, my lord.

Flav. Lord Lucius, and Lucullus? humph!

Tim. [*To another Serv.*] Go you, sir, to the senators, —

Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have
Deserv'd this hearing; — bid 'em send o'the instant
A thousand talents to me.

Flav. I have been bold
(For that I knew it the most general way)
To them to use your signet and your name;
But they do shake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

Tim. Is't true? can 't be?

Flav. They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall,[15] want treasure, cannot
Do what they would; are sorry — you are honourable, —
But yet they could have wish'd — they know not —
Something hath been amiss — a noble nature
May catch a wrench — would all were well — 'tis pity: —
And so, intending other serious matters,[16]
After distasteful looks and these hard fractions,
With certain half-caps and cold-moving nods
They froze me into silence.[17]

[15] That is, at an ebb.

[16] *Intending* for *pretending*. The Poet often uses the two words interchangeably. H.

[17] *Fractions* are broken hints, abrupt remarks. *A half-cap* is a cap slightly moved, not put off.

Tim. You gods, reward them! —
Pr'ythee, man, look cheerly: these old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it seldom flows;
'Tis lack of kindly warmth they are not kind;
And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull, and heavy. —
[*To a Serv.*] Go to Ventidius: [*To* FLAV.] 'Pr'ythee, be not sad,
Thou art true and honest; ingeniously I speak,[18]
No blame belongs to thee. — [*To Serv.*] Ventidius lately
Buried his father; by whose death he's stepp'd
Into a great estate: when he was poor,
Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,
I clear'd him with five talents. Greet him from me;
Bid him suppose some good necessity
Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd
With those five talents: — [*To* FLAV.] that had, give it these fellows
To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak, or think,
That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.
Flav. I would I could not think it: that thought is bounty's foe;
Being free itself, it thinks all others so. [*Exeunt.*

[18] *Ingenious* was often used for *ingenuous*. M.

ACT III.

SCENE I. The Same.

A Room in LUCULLUS's House.

FLAMINIUS *waiting.* *Enter a Servant to him.*

Serv. I have told my lord of you; he is coming down to you.

Flam. I thank you, sir.

Enter LUCULLUS.

Serv. Here's my lord.

Lucul. [*Aside.*] One of lord Timon's men? a gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of a silver bason and ewer to-night. Flaminius, honest Flaminius, you are very respectively welcome, sir. — Fill me some wine. — [*Exit Servant.*] And how does that honourable, complete, free-hearted gen tleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master?

Flam. His health is well, sir.

Lucul. I am right glad that his health is well, sir And what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminius?

Flam. 'Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir; which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your honour to supply; who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him, nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

Lucul. La, la, la, la, — nothing doubting, says he? alas, good lord! a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would

not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I have din'd with him, and told him on't; and come again to supper to him, of purpose to have him spend less; and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming. Every man has his fault, and honesty is his:[1] I have told him on't, but I could never get him from't.

Re-enter Servant, with Wine.

Serv. Please your lordship, here is the wine.

Lucul. Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise. Here's to thee.

Flam. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

Lucul. I have observed thee always for a towardly prompt spirit, — give thee thy due, — and one that knows what belongs to reason; and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well: good parts in thee. — Get you gone, sirrah. [*To the Servant, who goes out.*] — Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman; but thou art wise; and thou know'st well enough, although thou com'st to me, that this is no time to lend money, especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here's three solidares[2] for thee: good boy, wink at me, and say thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't possible the world should so much differ,
And we alive that liv'd?[3] Fly, damned baseness,
To him that worships thee!

[*Throwing the Money away.*

[1] *Honesty* here means *liberality*. "That nobleness of spirit or *honesty* that free-born men have." — *Baret.*

[2] Steevens says, "I believe this coin is from the mint of the Poet." We are not to look for the name of a Greek coin here; but he probably formed it from *solidari*, or *soldi*, a small coin.

[3] And we alive now who lived then. As much as to say, *in so short a time.*

Lucul. Ha! now I see thou art a fool, and fit for thy master. [*Exit* LUCULLUS.

Flam. May these add to the number that may scald thee!
Let molten coin be thy damnation,[4]
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
It turns in less than two nights? O, you gods!
I feel my master's passion. This slave
Unto this hour has my lord's meat in him:[5]
Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment,
When he is turn'd to poison?
O, may diseases only work upon't!
And, when he's sick to death, let not that part of nature
Which my lord paid for, be of any power
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour![6] [*Exit.*

SCENE II. The Same. A public Place.

Enter LUCIUS, *with three Strangers.*

Luc. Who? the lord Timon? he is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

[4] One of the punishments invented for the covetous and avaricious in hell of old was, to have melted gold poured down their throats. In the old Shepherd's Calendar Lazarus declares himself to have seen covetous men and women in hell dipped in caldrons of molten metal. And in the old black letter ballad of The Dead Man's Song: "Ladies full of *melted gold* were poured down their throats." Crassus was so punished by the Parthians.

[5] The original reads,—"This slave unto *his honour* has my lord's meat in him." The emendation was first proposed by Monck Mason. Mr. Singer rightly says, "Lucullus is any thing but *a slave to his honour*." Mr. Collier's second folio has *humour*. H.

[6] That is, prolong his *hour* of suffering. Thus Timon in a future passage says, "Live loath'd and *long!*" And in Coriolanus Menenius says to the Volscian sentinel, "Be that you are, *long* and your misery increase with your age."

1 *Stran.* We know him for no less, though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumours: now lord Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

Luc. Fie! no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money.

2 *Stran.* But believe you this, my lord, that not long ago one of his men was with the lord Lucullus, to borrow so many talents;[1] nay, urg'd extremely for't, and showed what necessity belong'd to't, and yet was denied

Luc. How?

2 *Stran.* I tell you, denied, my lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that! now, before the gods, I am asham'd on't. Denied that honourable man? there was very little honour show'd in't. For my own part, I must needs confess I have received some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet had he mistook him,[2] and sent to me, I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents.

Enter SERVILIUS.

Ser. See, by good hap, yonder's my lord; I have sweat to see his honour.— [*To* LUCIUS.] My hon our'd lord,—

[1] "*So many* talents" a common colloquial phrase for an indefinite number: the stranger apparently did not know the exact sum; and yet some editors have arbitrarily substituted "*fifty* talents."

[2] Lucius means to insinuate that it would have been a kind of mistake in Timon to apply to him, who had received but few favours from him in comparison to those bestowed on Lucullus.

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well: commend me to thy honourable-virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

Ser. May it please your honour, my lord hath sent —

Luc. Ha! what has he sent? I am so much endeared to that lord; he's ever sending: How shall I thank him, think'st thou? And what has he sent now?

Ser. He has only sent his present occasion now, my lord; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents.[3]

Luc. I know his lordship is but merry with me he cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.

Ser. But in the mean time he wants less, my lord If his occasion were not virtuous,
I should not urge it half so faithfully.

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

Ser. Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir.

Luc. What a wicked beast was I, to disfurnish myself against such a good time, when I might have shown myself honourable! how unluckily it happen'd, that I should purchase the day before, and, for a little part, undo a great deal of honour![4] — Servilius, now, before the gods, I am not able to do't; the more beast, I say. — I was sending to use lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done it now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship; and I hope his honour will conceive the

[3] Such is again the reading the old copy supplies; some modern editors have here again substituted "*fifty* talents." But this was the phraseology of the Poet's age.

[4] In the original the *and* in this clause is transposed so as to read thus: "That I should purchase the day before for a little part, *and* undo a great deal of honour." H

fairest of me because I have no power to be kind. And tell him this from me: I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far as to use mine own words to him?

Ser. Yes, sir, I shall.

Luc. I will look you out a good turn, Servilius. — [*Exit* SERVILIUS.

True, as you said, Timon is shrunk indeed;
And he that's once denied will hardly speed.
[*Exit* LUCIUS

1 *Stran.* Do you observe this, Hostilius?

2 *Stran.* Ay, too well.

1 *Stran.* Why, this
Is the world's soul; and just of the same piece
Is every flatterer's spirit.[5] Who can call him
His friend, that dips in the same dish? for, in
My knowing, Timon has been this lord's father,
And kept his credit with his purse;
Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money
Has paid his men their wages: he ne'er drinks,
But Timon's silver treads upon his lip;
And yet (O, see the monstrousness of man
When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!)
He does deny him, in respect of his,[6]
What charitable men afford to beggars.

3 *Stran.* Religion groans at it.

1 *Stran.* For mine own part
I never tasted Timon in my life,

[5] The old copy reads, "Is every flatterer's *sport*." The emendation is Theobald's.

[6] That is, "in respect of his *fortune*." What Lucius denies to Timon is in proportion to his fortune less than the usual alms given by good men to beggars

Nor came any of his bounties over me,
To mark me for his friend; yet, I protest,
For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,
And honourable carriage,
Had his necessity made use of me,
I would have put my wealth into donation,[7]
And the best half should have return'd to him,
So much I love his heart. But, I perceive,
Men must learn now with pity to dispense;
For policy sits above conscience. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Same. A Room in SEMPRONIUS's House.

Enter SEMPRONIUS, *and a Servant of* TIMON's.

Sem. Must he needs trouble me in't, humph! 'bove all others? He might have tried lord Lucius, or Lucullus; and now Ventidius is wealthy too, whom he redeem'd from prison: All these owe their estates unto him.

Serv. My lord, they have all been touch'd,[1] and found base metal: for they have all denied him.

Sem. How! have they denied him? have Ventidius and Lucullus denied him? and does he send to me? Three? humph!—It shows but little love or judgment in him: must I be his last refuge?

[7] The meaning evidently is, "Though he has never given me any thing, I would have regarded my wealth as a gift from him, and returned him the best half of it." H.

[1] Alluding to the trial of metals by the *touchstone*. Thus in King Richard III.:

> "O Buckingham, now do I play the *touch*,
> To try if thou be current gold indeed."

His friends, like physicians, thrice give him over :[2] must I take the cure upon me ? He has much disgrac'd me in't ; I am angry at him, that might have known my place : I see no sense for't, but his occasions might have woo'd me first ; for, in my conscience, I was the first man that e'er received gift from him : and does he think so backwardly of me now, that I'll requite it last ? No : so it may prove an argument of laughter to the rest, and amongst lords I be thought a fool. I had rather than the worth of thrice the sum, he had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake ; I had such a courage to do him good. But now return,
And with their faint reply this answer join :
Who bates mine honour shall not know my coin
[*Exit.*

Serv. Excellent ! Your lordship's a goodly villain. The devil knew not what he did, when he made man politic ; he crossed himself by't : and I cannot think, but in the end the villanies of man will set him clear.[3] How fairly this lord strives to appear foul ! takes virtuous copies to be wicked : like those that, under hot ardent zeal, would set whole realms on fire.[4] Of such a nature is his politic love.

[2] The original reads, "*Thrive* give him over." *Thrice* was proposed by Johnson, as is supported by the mention, a little before, of the *three* friends who "owe their estates unto him."
H.

[3] Ritson's explanation of this passage is undoubtedly the right one : "The devil's folly in making man politic is to appear in this, — that he will at the long run be too many for his old master, and get free of his bonds. The villanies of man are to set himself clear, not the devil, to whom he is supposed to be in thraldom."
H.

[4] Warburton thinks that this is levelled at the Puritans "Sempronius, like them, takes a virtuous semblance to be wicked

This was my lord's last hope; now all are fled,
Save only the gods. Now his friends are dead,
Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards
Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd
Now to guard sure their master:
And this is all a liberal course allows;
Who cannot keep his wealth, must keep his house.[5]
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

The Same. A Hall in TIMON'S House.

Enter two Servants of VARRO, *and the Servant of* LUCIUS, *meeting* TITUS, HORTENSIUS, *and other Servants to* TIMON'S *Creditors, waiting his coming out.*

V. Serv. Well met; good-morrow, Titus and Hortensius.

Tit. The like to you, kind Varro.

Hor. Lucius? What! do we meet together?

L. Serv. Ay, and I think one business does command us all; for mine is money.

Tit. So is theirs and ours.

Enter PHILOTUS.

L. Serv. And, sir, Philotus too!

Phi. Good day at once.

L. Serv. Welcome, good brother. What do you think the hour?

Phi. Labouring for nine.

L. Serv. So much?

pretending that warm affection and generous jealousy of friendship, that is affronted if any other be applied to before it."

[5] That is, keep within doors for fear of duns.

Phi. Is not my lord seen yet?

L. Serv. Not yet.

Phi. I wonder on't; he was wont to shine at seven.

L. Serv. Ay, but the days are wax'd shorter with him: you must consider, that a prodigal course is like the sun's;[1] but not, like his, recoverable. I fear, 'tis deepest winter in lord Timon's purse; that is, one may reach deep enough, and yet find little.[2]

Phi. I am of your fear for that.

Tit. I'll show you how t'observe a strange event. Your lord sends now for money.

Hor. Most true, he does.

Tit. And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift, for which I wait for money.

Hor. It is against my heart.

L. Serv. Mark, how strange it shows,
Timon in this should pay more than he owes;
And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,
And send for money for 'em.

Hor. I am weary of this charge, the gods can witness:
I know my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,
And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.

1 *V. Serv.* Yes, mine's three thousand crowns: What's yours?

L. Serv. Five thousand mine.

1 *V. Serv.* 'Tis much deep: and it should seem by the sum, your master's confidence was above mine; else, surely, his had equall'd.[3]

[1] That is, like him in blaze and splendour.

[2] Still perhaps alluding to the effects of winter, during which some animals are obliged to seek their scanty provision through a depth of snow.

[3] The meaning is "it should seem by the sum your master lent, his confidence in Timon was greater than that of my master else surely *my master's* loan had equalled his."

Enter FLAMINIUS.

Tit. One of lord Timon's men.

L. Serv. Flaminius! Sir, a word: Pray, is my lord ready to come forth?

Flam. No, indeed, he is not.

Tit. We attend his lordship; pray, signify so much.

Flam. I need not tell him that; he knows you are too diligent. [*Exit* FLAMINIUS.

Enter FLAVIUS *in a Cloak, muffled.*

L. Serv. Ha! is not that his steward muffled so? He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.

Tit. Do you hear, sir?

1 *V. Serv.* By your leave, sir, —

Flav. What do you ask of me, my friend?

Tit. We wait for certain money here, sir.

Flav. Ay, if money were as certain as your waiting, 'twere sure enough.
Why then preferr'd you not your sums and bills,
When your false masters eat of my lord's meat?
Then they could smile, and fawn upon his debts,
And take down the interest into their gluttonous maws.
You do yourselves but wrong, to stir me up;
Let me pass quietly:
Believe't, my lord and I have made an end;
I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

L. Serv. Ay, but this answer will not serve.

Flav. If 'twill not serve, 'tis not so base as you; for you serve knaves. [*Exit.*

1 *V. Serv.* How! what does his cashier'd worship mutter?

2 *V. Serv.* No matter what: he's poor, and that's

revenge enough. Who can speak broader than he that has no house to put his head in? such may rail against great buildings.

Enter SERVILIUS.

Tit. O! here's Servilius; now we shall know some answer.

Ser. If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to repair some other hour, I should derive much from't; for, take't of my soul, my lord leans wondrously to dis content. His comfortable temper has forsook him; he's much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

L. Serv. Many do keep their chambers, are not sick;
And if it be so far beyond his health,
Methinks, he should the sooner pay his debts,
And make a clear way to the gods.

Ser. Good gods!

Tit. We cannot take this for an answer, sir.

Flam. [*Within.*] Servilius, help!—my lord! my lord!—

Enter TIMON, *in a rage;* FLAMINIUS *following.*

Tim. What! are my doors oppos'd against my passage?
Have I been ever free, and must my house
Be my retentive enemy, my jail?
The place which I have feasted, does it now
Like all mankind, show me an iron heart?

L. Serv. Put in now, Titus.

Tit. My lord, here is my bill.

L. Serv. Here's mine.

Hor. And mine, my lord.

Both V. Serv. And ours, my lord.

Phi. All our bills.

Tim. Knock me down with 'em:[4] cleave me to the girdle

L. Serv. Alas! my lord,—

Tim. Cut my heart in sums.

Tit. Mine fifty talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

L. Serv. Five thousand crowns, my lord.

Tim. Five thousand drops pays that.—What yours?—and yours?

1 *V. Serv.* My lord,—

2 *V. Serv.* My lord,—

Tim. Tear me, take me; and the gods fall upon you! [*Exit.*

Hor. 'Faith, I perceive our masters may throw their caps at their money: these debts may well be call'd desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em.

[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter TIMON *and* FLAVIUS.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the slaves: Creditors?—devils!

Flav. My dear lord,—

Tim. What if it should be so?

Flav. My lord,—

Tim. I'll have it so:—My steward!

Flav. Here, my lord.

Tim. So fitly? Go, bid all my friends again, Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius, Ullorxa; all:[5] I'll once more feast the rascals.

[4] Timon quibbles. They present their written *bills;* he catches at the word, and alludes to *bills* or battle-axes. See As You Like It, Act i. sc. 2, note 5.

[5] So in the first folio; the second folio omits *Ullorxa*, and is followed therein by some modern editions. It is doubtless true, as hath been remarked, that *Ullorxa* is superfluous as regards both the verse and the sense; while the name is neither Greek

Flav. O, my lord!
You only speak from your distracted soul:
There is not so much left to furnish out
A moderate table.

Tim. Be't not in thy care: go,
I charge thee; invite them all: let in the tide
Of knaves once more; my cook and I'll provide.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE V. The Same. The Senate-House.

The Senate sitting. *Enter* ALCIBIADES, *attended.*

1 *Sen.* My lords, you have my voice to't: the fault's bloody; 'tis necessary he should die: Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

2 *Sen.* Most true; the law shall bruise him.

Alcib. Honour, health, and compassion to the senate!

1 *Sen.* Now, captain!

Alcib. I am an humble suitor to your virtues;
For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.
It pleases time and fortune to lie heavy
Upon a friend of mine, who in hot blood
Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past depth
To those that without heed do plunge into't.
He is a man, setting his fault aside,
Of comely virtues:
Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice,
(An honour in him which buys out his fault,)
But, with a noble fury and fair spirit,
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,

nor Roman: nevertheless, it was evidently written by the Poet, and this is reason enough for retaining it. H.

[1] That is, putting this action of his, which was predetermined by fate, out of the question.

He did oppose his foe:
And with such sober and unnoted passion
He did behave his anger,[2] ere 'twas spent,
As if he had but prov'd an argument.

1 *Sen.* You undergo too strict a paradox,[3]
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair:
Your words have took such pains, as if they la bour'd
To bring manslaughter into form, and set quarrelling
Upon the head of valour; which, indeed,
Is valour misbegot, and came into the world
When sects and factions were newly born.
He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe,[4] and make his wrongs
His outsides; to wear them, like his raiment, carelessly;
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,
What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill!

Alcib. My lords,—

[2] The original has,—"He did *behoove* his anger;" an evident misprint. The emendation is Warburton's; meaning, of course, govern, manage, or control his anger, as in the phrase, "*behave* yourself." *Behave* was not unfrequently used in that manner. Thus in Spenser's Faerie Queene:

> "But who his limbs with labours, and his mind
> *Behaves* with cares, cannot so easie miss."

Likewise, in Davenant's Just Italian, 1630: "How well my stars *behave* their influence." Mr. Collier's second folio changes *behave* into *reprove*, and *prov'd*, in the next line, into *mov'd*. Mr. Singer suggests *behood*, from the Poet's well-known fondness for terms of falconry. We follow the reading commonly received. H.

[3] You undertake a paradox too hard.

[4] That is, utter.

1 *Sen.* You cannot make gross sins look clear:
To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

Alcib. My lords, then, under favour, pardon me, if I speak like a captain. —
Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,
And not endure all threats? sleep upon't,
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
Without repugnancy? if there be
Such valour in the bearing, what make we
Abroad?[5] why, then, women are more valiant,
That stay at home, if bearing carry it;
And the ass more captain than the lion; the felon
Loaden with irons wiser than the judge,
If wisdom be in suffering. O, my lords!
As you are great, be pitifully good:
Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust;
But in defence, by mercy,[6] 'tis most just.
To be in anger is impiety;
But who is man, that is not angry?
Weigh but the crime with this.

2 *Sen.* You breathe in vain.

Alcib. In vain! his service done
At Lacedæmon and Byzantium
Were a sufficient briber for his life.

1 *Sen.* What's that?

Alcib. Why, I say, my lords, he has done fair service,
And slain in fight many of your enemies:
How full of valour did he bear himself
In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds!

2 *Sen.* He has made too much plenty with 'em;

[5] What *do* we, or what have we to do in the field?
[6] That is, I call *mercy* herself to witness.

He's a sworn rioter:[7] he has a sin that often
Drowns him, and takes his valour prisoner.
If there were no foes, that were enough
To overcome him: in that beastly fury
He has been known to commit outrages,
And cherish factions. 'Tis inferr'd to us,[8]
His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.

1 *Sen.* He dies.

Alcib. Hard fate! he might have died in war.
My lords, if not for any parts in him,
Though his right arm might purchase his own time,
And be in debt to none, yet, more to move you,
Take my deserts to his, and join them both:
And, for I know your reverend ages love
Security, I'll pawn my victories, all
My honour to you, upon his good returns.
If by this crime he owes the law his life,
Why, let the war receive't in valiant gore;
For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

1 *Sen.* We are for law: he dies: urge it no more,
On height of our displeasure. Friend or brother,
He forfeits his own blood, that spills another.

Alcib. Must it be so? it must not be. My lords,
I do beseech you, know me.

2 *Sen.* How!

Alcib. Call me to your remembrances.

3 *Sen.* What!

Alcib. I cannot think but your age has forgot me;
It could not else be, I should prove so base,
To sue, and be denied such common grace.
My wounds ache at you.

[7] That is, a man who practises riot as if he had made it an oath or duty.

[8] That is, 'tis *brought in* or *reported* to us. The Poet often uses *infer* in this sense. H.

1 *Sen.* Do you dare our anger?
'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect!
We banish thee for ever.
Alcib. Banish me!
Banish your dotage; banish usury,
That makes the senate ugly.
1 *Sen.* If, after two days' shine, Athens contain thee,
Attend our weightier judgment. And, not to swell our spirit,
He shall be executed presently. [*Exeunt Senators.*
Alcib. Now the gods keep you old enough; that you may live
Only in bone, that none may look on you!
I am worse than mad: I have kept back their foes,
While they have told their money, and let out
Their coin upon large interest; I myself,
Rich only in large hurts:—All those, for this?
Is this the balsam that the usuring senate
Pours into captains' wounds? Banishment!
It comes not ill; I hate not to be banish'd:
It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,
That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up
My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.
'Tis honour with most lands to be at odds;[9]
Soldiers should brook as little wrongs, as gods.
[*Exit.*

[9] To *lay* for hearts, is to endeavour to win the affections of the people. "To *laie* for a thing before it come: *prætendo*." — *Baret.* "*Lay* for some pretty principality." — *Devil is an Ass.* By "'Tis honour, with most lands to be at odds," Alcibiades means, as *states* are now constituted, 'tis more honourable to be at odds with them, than to fight in their service.

SCENE VI.

A Banquet-Hall in TIMON'S House.

Music. Tables set out: Servants attending. Enter divers Lords, at several Doors.

1 *Lord.* The good time of day to you, sir.

2 *Lord.* I also wish it to you. I think this honourable lord did but try us this other day.

1 *Lord.* Upon that were my thoughts tiring,[1] when we encounter'd. I hope it is not so low with him, as he made it seem in the trial of his several friends.

2 *Lord.* It should not be, by the persuasion of his new feasting.

1 *Lord.* I should think so. He hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did urge me to put off; but he hath conjur'd me beyond them, and I must needs appear.

2 *Lord.* In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business, but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out.

1 *Lord.* I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.

2 *Lord.* Every man here's so. What would he have borrowed of you?

1 *Lord.* A thousand pieces.

2 *Lord.* A thousand pieces!

1 *Lord.* What of you?

3 *Lord.* He sent to me, sir,—Here he comes.

[1] To *tire* is to peck at or feed upon, as a bird of prey on its victim. See 3 Henry VI., Act i. sc. 1, note 14. H.

Enter TIMON, *and Attendants.*

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both: — And how fare you?

1 *Lord.* Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.

2 *Lord.* The swallow follows not summer more willing, than we your lordship.

Tim. [*Aside.*] Nor more willingly leaves winter; such summer-birds are men. — [*To them.*] Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompense this long stay: feast your ears with the music awhile, if they will fare so harshly o'the trumpet's sound; we shall to't presently.

1 *Lord.* I hope it remains not unkindly with your lordship, that I return'd you an empty messenger.

Tim. O, sir! let it not trouble you.

2 *Lord.* My noble lord, —

Tim. Ah, my good friend! what cheer?

[*The Banquet brought in.*

2 *Lord.* My most honourable lord, I am e'en sick of shame, that when your lordship this other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on't, sir.

2 *Lord.* If you had sent but two hours before, - -

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance. — Come, bring in all together.

2 *Lord.* All cover'd dishes!

1 *Lord.* Royal cheer, I warrant you.

3 *Lord.* Doubt not that, if money and the season can yield it.

1 *Lord.* How do you? What's the news?

3 *Lord.* Alcibiades is banish'd: Hear you of it?

1 & 2 *Lords.* Alcibiades banish'd?

3 *Lord.* 'Tis so; be sure of it.

1 *Lord.* How? how?

2 *Lord.* I pray you, upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

3 *Lord.* I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feast toward.

2 *Lord.* This is the old man still.

3 *Lord.* Will't hold? will't hold?

2 *Lord.* It does; but time will — and so —

3 *Lord.* I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress: your diet shall be in all places alike.[2] Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place: sit, sit. The gods require our thanks: —

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts, make yourselves prais'd; but reserve still to give, lest your deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another; for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains: If there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be — as they are. — The rest of your foes, O gods! — the senators of Athens, together with the common lag of people, — what is amiss in them, you gods, make suitable for destruction. For these my present friends, — as they are to me nothing,

[2] This alludes to the mode in which guests were formerly *placed* at table according to rank. See The Winter's Tale, Act i. sc. 2, note 27.

[3] Warburton and Mason say we should read *foes* instead of *fees*, which is the reading of the old copy. I have ventured to substitute *lees*, a more probable word to be misprinted *fees*, the long f and l being easily mistaken for each other. Timon means to call the senators the *lees* and *dregs* of the city, *Sordes et fæx urbis*, on account of their vile propensities. SINGER.

so in nothing bless them, and to nothing they are welcome.

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[*The Dishes uncovered are full of warm Water*

Some speak. What does his lordship mean?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold,
You knot of mouth-friends! smoke and lukewarm water
Is your perfection. This is Timon's last;
Who, stuck and spangled with your flattery,
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces

[*Throwing Water in their Faces.*

Your reeking villany. Live loath'd and long,
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears;
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies,
Cap-and-knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks![4]
Of man and beast the infinite maladies,
Crust you quite o'er! — What! dost thou go?
Soft! take thy physic first — thou too, — and thou: —

[*Throws the Dishes at them, and drives them out.*

Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none. —
What! all in motion? Henceforth be no feast,
Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.
Burn, house! sink, Athens! henceforth hated be,
Of Timon, man and all humanity! [*Exit.*

Re-enter the Lords, with other Lords and Senators.

1 *Lord.* How now, my lords![5]

[4] *Minute-jacks* are the same as *jacks of the clock-house*, automaton figures appended to clocks: but the term was used for "time serving busy-bodies, who had their oar in every man's boat, or hand in every man's dish."

[5] This and the next speech are spoken by the newly arrived lords.

2 *Lord.* Know you the quality of lord Timon's fury?

3 *Lord.* Pish! did you see my cap?

4 *Lord.* I have lost my gown.

3 *Lord.* He's but a mad lord, and nought but humour sways him. He gave me a jewel the other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat:—Did you see my jewel?

4 *Lord.* Did you see my cap?

2 *Lord.* Here 'tis.

4 *Lord.* Here lies my gown.

1 *Lord.* Let's make no stay.

2 *Lord.* Lord Timon's mad.

3 *Lord.* I feel't upon my bones.

4 *Lord.* One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones.[6] [*Exeunt.*

[6] As Timon has in fact thrown nothing at his guests but warm water and dishes, it is not altogether clear why *stones* should be thus mentioned in this place. The missiles used may, it is true, have had much the same effect as stones, and thus led the speaker to mistake them for that article. On the other hand, the common use of stones in such a way may have caused other missiles to be designated by that term. Or the need of something to rhyme with *bones* may have suggested the word. But the most probable explanation is found in an old play on the subject of Timon lately published from the manuscript by Mr. Dyce, who thinks it to have been "intended for the amusement of an academic audience." In this play, also, Timon invites his false friends to a feast; but, instead of warm water, sets before them stones painted to look like artichokes, which he afterwards throws at them, and drives them out. The date of this play is not fully ascertained, but the play is supposed to have been written before Shakespeare's.

H.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Without the Walls of Athens.

Enter TIMON.

Tim. Let me look back upon thee. O thou wall,
That girdlest in those wolves, dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens![1] Matrons, turn incontinent
Obedience fail in children! slaves and fools,
Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,
And minister in their steads! to general filths[2]
Convert o'the instant, green virginity!
Do't in your parents' eyes! bankrupts, hold fast,
Rather than render back, out with your knives,
And cut your trusters' throats! bound servants, steal!
Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,
And pill by law: maid, to thy master's bed;
Thy mistress is o'the brothel! son of sixteen,
Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping sire,
With it beat out his brains! piety and fear,
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,
Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,
Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,

[1] We concur with Knight and Verplanck in pointing this passage as it is in the original. All other modern editions, so far as we know, set a period after *wolves*, thus:

"Let me look back upon thee, O thou wall,
That girdlest in those wolves. Dive in the earth," &c.

As we now give it, Timon first addresses the city generally, and then goes on to the particulars of his imprecation. As Knight remarks, "there is much greater force and propriety in the arrangement which we adopt." H.

[2] *General filths* means *common strumpets*: filthiness and obscenity were synonymous with our ancestors.

Decline to your confounding contraries,
And let confusion live!—Plagues incident to men,
Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On Athens, ripe for stroke! thou cold sciatica,
Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
As lamely as their manners! lust and liberty[3]
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth,
That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
And drown themselves in riot! itches, blains,
Sow all the Athenian bosoms; and their crop
Be general leprosy! breath infect breath;
That their society, as their friendship, may
Be merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee
But nakedness, thou detestable town!
Take thou that too, with multiplying bans![4]
Timon will to the woods; where he shall find
The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.
The gods confound (hear me, you good gods all)
The Athenians both within and out that wall!
And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow
To the whole race of mankind, high, and low!
Amen. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Athens. A Room in TIMON'S House.

Enter FLAVIUS, *with two or three Servants.*

1 *Serv.* Hear you, master steward! where's our master? Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?

Flav. Alack, my fellows! what should I say to

[3] *Liberty* here means *licentiousness* or *libertinism.*

[4] That is, accumulated curses. *Multiplying* for *multiplied*, the active form with a passive sense

you? Let me be recorded by the righteous gods, I am as poor as you.

1 *Serv.* Such a house broke! so noble a master fallen! All gone, and not one friend to take his fortune by the arm, and go along with him!

2 *Serv.* As we do turn our backs
To our companion, thrown into his grave;
So his familiars from his buried fortunes[1]
Slink all away; leave their false vows with him,
Like empty purses pick'd; and his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone. — More of our fellows

Enter other Servants.

Flav. All broken implements of a ruin'd house.

3 *Serv.* Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery,
That see I by our faces: we are fellows still,
Serving alike in sorrow. Leak'd is our bark;
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,
Hearing the surges threat: we must all part
Into this sea of air.

Flav. Good fellows all,
The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.
Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake
Let's yet be fellows; let's shake our heads, and say,
As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes,
"We have seen better days." Let each take some;
[*Giving them Money.*
Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more:
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.
[*They embrace, and part several ways.*

[1] The original here reads, "*from* our companion," and to his buried fortunes;" thus giving another instance of transposition. It was pointed out by Monck Mason. H.

O, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us!
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to misery and contempt?
Who would be so mock'd with glory as to live
But in a dream of friendship?[2]
To have his pomp, and all what state compounds,
But only painted, like his varnish'd friends?
Poor honest lord! brought low by his own heart;
Undone by goodness! Strange, unusual blood,[3]
When man's worst sin is, he does too much good!
Who, then, dares to be half so kind again?
For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.
My dearest lord, — bless'd, to be most accurs'd,

[2] This has proved a very troublesome passage, and is a strong instance of the carelessness with which the play was printed. In the original it stands thus:

> "Who would be so mock'd with Glory, *or* to live
> But in a Dreame of Friendship,
> To have his pompe and all what state compounds
> But onely painted like his varnisht Friends."

From which it will be seen that the only change we have ventured is of *or* into *as*, — two words that we have found very apt to be mistaken for each other by printers. Mr. Collier's second folio changes *or* into *as* in the first line, adds the words, *and revive*, after *friendship* in the second, leaves out *what* in the third, and changes *compounds* into *comprehends;* thus turning the four lines into two rhyming couplets. Besides the very great license exercised on the text, we can see no reason (rhyme there is, we grant) in the use of *and revive* in this place. The best suggestion we have met with touching the passage is Mr. Singer's, thus:

> "Who'd be so mock'd with glory *as* to live
> But in a dream of friendship? *or* to have
> His pomp, and all what state compounds,
> But only painted, like his varnish'd friends?" H.

[3] *Blood* is here used for *passion, propensity, affection.* Thus in Much Ado about Nothing: "Wisdom and *blood* combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one that blood hath the victory." And in All's Well that Ends Well, Act iii. sc. 2, "Now his important *blood* will nought deny that she'll demand."

Rich, only to be wretched, — thy great fortunes
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!
He's flung in rage from this ingrateful seat
Of monstrous friends;
Nor has he with him to supply his life,
Or that which can command it.
I'll follow, and inquire him out:
I'll ever serve his mind with my best will;
Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. The Woods.

Enter TIMON.

Tim. O, blessed breeding sun, draw from the earth
Rotten humidity! below, thy sister's orb[1]
Infect the air! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,
Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
Scarce is dividant, touch them with several fortunes,
The greater scorns the lesser: not nature,
To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune,
But by contempt of nature.[2]
Raise me this beggar, and deny't[3] that lord;
The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,
The beggar native honour.

[1] That is, the moon's.

[2] "Brother, when his fortune is enlarged, will scorn brother; such is the general depravity of mankind. Not even beings besieged with misery can bear good fortune without contemning their fellow-creatures, above whom accident has elevated them. *But* is here used in its exceptive sense, and signifies *without*.

[3] This is the reading of the old copy. Steevens reads *denude*. It has been said that there is no antecedent to which "deny *it*" can be referred. Coleridge's explanation is doubtless right. He says, — "*Deny* is here clearly equivalent to *withhold*, and the *it* refers to accidental and artificial rank or elevation implied in the verb *raise*." H.

It is the pasture lards the rother's sides,[4]
The want that makes him lean. Who dares, who dares
In purity of manhood stand upright,
And say, "This man's a flatterer?"[5] if one be,
So are they all; for every grize of fortune[6]
Is smooth'd by that below: the learned pate
Ducks to the golden fool. All is oblique;
There's nothing level in our cursed natures,
But direct villainy. Therefore, be abhorr'd
All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!
His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains:
Destruction fang mankind!—Earth, yield me roots!
[*Digging.*
Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
With thy most operant poison!—What is here?
Gold! yellow, glittering, precious gold! No, gods,

[4] The reading of the original in this place has caused a deal of perplexity, it being as follows:

> "It is the Pastour Lards, the *Brothers* sides,
> The want that makes him *leave*."

Leave has on all hands been regarded as a misprint for *lean*; but what to do with "*brother's* sides," has been the difficulty. Warburton proposed "*wether's* sides," but the proposal did not take. *Rother* was suggested by Mr. Singer in a letter published in the *Athenæum* for April, 1842. A *rother* is a horned beast, such as oxen and cows. In Golding's translation of Ovid, 1567, is found the expression, "herds of *rother*-beasts." The word *rother* is also met with in the statute-book. And Holloway's General Provincial Dictionary informs us of a market in Shakespeare's native town, called the "*rother* market." It is not easy to conceive of any similar change more satisfactory, or better sustained. H.

[5] *This man* does not refer to any particular person, but to any supposed individual. So in As You Like It:

> "Who can come in, and say that I mean her,
> When such a one as she, such is her neighbour.'

[6] *Grize* is step or degree

I am no idle votarist.[7] Roots, you clear heavens!
Thus much of this will make black white, foul fair,
Wrong right, base noble, old young, coward valiant.
Ha, you gods! why this? What this, you gods!
Why, this
Will lug your priests and servants from your sides;[8]
Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads.[9]
This yellow slave
Will knit and break religions; bless the accurs'd;
Make the hoar leprosy ador'd; place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation,
With senators on the bench: this is it,
That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;[10]
She, whom the spital-house and ulcerous sores

[7] No insincere or inconstant supplicant: *gold* will not serve me instead of *roots*.

[8] Aristophanes, in his Plutus, makes the priest of Jupiter desert his service to live with Plutus.

[9] This alludes to an old custom of drawing away the pillow from under the heads of men, in their last agonies, to accelerate their departure.

[10] It is not clear what is meant by *wappen'd* in this passage: perhaps *worn out, debilitated*. In Fletcher's Two Noble Kinsmen, we have *unwappered* in a contrary sense:

> "We prevent
> The loathsome misery of age, beguile
> The gout, the rheum, that in lag hours attend
> For gray approachers: we come toward the gods
> Young and *unwapper'd*, not halting under crimes
> Many and stale."

Grose, in his provincial Glossary, cites *wapper'd* as a Gloucestershire word, and explains it "restless or fatigued, as spoken of a sick person." Steevens cites a passage from Middleton's Roaring Girl, in which *wappening* and *niggling* are said to be all one *Niggling*, in cant language, was company-keeping with a woman. *Wed* is used for *wedded*. "It is gold that induces some one to accept in marriage this 'wappen'd widow,' that the inhabitants of a spital-house or those afflicted with ulcerous sores would *cast the gorge* at, that is, reject with loathing, were she not gilded o'er by wealth."

Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices
To the April day again.[11] Come, damned earth,
Thou common whore of mankind, that put'st odds
Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
Do thy right nature.[12] — [*March afar off.*] — Ha! a drum? — Thou'rt quick,
But yet I'll bury thee: Thou'lt go, strong thief,
When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand. —
Nay, stay thou out for earnest. [*Keeping some Gold.*

Enter ALCIBIADES, *with Drum and Fife, in warlike Manner;* PHRYNIA *and* TIMANDRA.

Alcib. What art thou there? speak.

Tim. A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw thy heart,
For showing me again the eyes of man!

Alcib. What is thy name? Is man so hateful to thee, that art thyself a man?

Tim. I am *misanthropos*, and hate mankind.
For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
That I might love thee something.

Alcib. I know thee well;
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.

Tim. I know thee too; and more than that I know thee
I not desire to know. Follow thy drum;
With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules:
Religious canons, civil laws are cruel;
Then, what should war be? This fell whore of thine
Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,
For all her cherubin look.

[11] *Youth* is called by the old poets the "*April* of man's life." *Young* Fenton, in the Merry Wives of Windsor, "smells April and May."

[12] That is, lie in the earth, where nature laid thee: *thou'rt quick* means thou hast life and motion in thee.

Phryn. Thy lips rot off!

Tim. I will not kiss thee; then, the rot returns
To thine own lips again.[13]

Alcib. How came the noble Timon to this change?

Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to give:
But then, renew I could not, like the moon;
There were no suns to borrow of.

Alcib. Noble Timon, what friendship may I do thee?

Tim. None, but to maintain my opinion.

Alcib. What is it, Timon?

Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform none
If thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee, for thou art a man! if thou dost perform, confound thee, for thou art a man!

Alcib. I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.

Tim. Thou saw'st them, when I had prosperity.

Alcib. I see them now; then was a blessed time.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.

Timan. Is this the Athenian minion, whom the world
Voic'd so regardfully?

Tim. Art thou Timandra?

Timan. Yes.

Tim. Be a whore still! they love thee not, that use thee:
Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.
Make use of thy salt hours; season the slaves
For tubs and baths; bring down rose-cheek'd youth
To the tub-fast and the diet.[14]

[13] This alludes to the old erroneous prevalent opinion, that infection communicated to another left the infecter free. "I will not," says Timon, "take the rot from thy lips by kissing thee."

[14] The *diet* was a customary term for the *regimen* prescribed in the secases. See Act ii. sc. 2, note 8. — In this scene we trace

Timan. Hang thee, monster!

Alcib. Pardon him, sweet Timandra; for his wits
Are drown'd and lost in his calamities. —
I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,
The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious band: I have heard, and griev'd,
How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,
But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them, —

Tim. I pr'ythee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

Alcib. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.

Tim. How dost thou pity him whom thou dost trouble? I had rather be alone.

Alcib. Why, fare thee well: Here is some gold for thee.

Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it.

Alcib. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap, —

the Poet's reading to Plutarch's Life of Alcibiades, North's translation; there being no mention made of the courtesans in either of the sources whence, as shown in our Introduction, the other materials of the play were drawn. For the showing of this, the following from Plutarch will suffice: "Now was Alcibiades in a certaine village of Phrygia with a concubine of his called Timandra. So he dreamed one night that he had put on his concubines apparell, and how she had dressed his head, frizeled his haire, and painted his face, as he had bene a woman; and the voice goeth, this vision was but a litle before his death. Those that were sent to kill him durst not enter the house where he was, but set it on fire round about. Alcibiades, spying the fire, got such apparell and hangings as he had, and threw it on the fire, thinking to put it out; and so, casting his cloke about his left arme, tooke his naked sword in his other hand, and ranne out of the house, himselfe not once touched with the fire, saving his clothes were a litle singed. These murtherers, so soone as they spied him, drew backe, and stood asunder, and durst not one of them come neere him, to stand and fight with him; but afarre off they bestowed so many arrowes and darts on him, that they killed him there. Now, when they had left him, Timandra went and tooke his body, which she wrapped up in the best linen she had and buried him as honourably as she could." M.

Tim. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?

Alcib. Ay, Timon, and have cause.

Tim. The gods confound them all in thy conquest; and thee after, when thou hast conquer'd!

Alcib. Why me, Timon?

Tim. That, by killing of villains,
Thou wast born to conquer my country.
Put up thy gold: Go on, — here's gold, — go on;
Be as a planetary plague, when Jove
Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison
In the sick air: Let not thy sword skip one:
Pity not honour'd age for his white beard;
He's an usurer: Strike me the counterfeit matron;
It is her habit only that is honest,
Herself's a bawd: Let not the virgin's cheek
Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those milkpaps,
That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes,[15]
Are not within the leaf of pity writ,
But set them down horrible traitors: Spare not the babe,
Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their mercy;
Think it a bastard,[16] whom the oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat shall cut,
And mince it sans remorse: Swear against objects;[17]

[15] By *window-bars* the Poet probably means "the partlet, gorget, or kerchief, which women put about their neck, and pin down over their *paps*," sometimes called a *niced*, and translated *Mamillare* or *fascia pectoralis;* and described as made of fine linen: from its semitransparency arose the simile of *window* bars. This is the best explanation I have to offer. Mr. Boswell thought that *windows* was used to signify a *woman's breasts*, in a passage he has cited from Weaver's Plantagenet's Tragical Story, but it seems to me doubtful. I can hardly think the passage warrants Johnson's explanation, "The virgin shows her bosom through the lattice of her chamber." SINGER.

[16] An allusion to the tale of Œdipus.

[17] That is, against objects of charity and compassion. So, in

Put armour on thine ears and on thine eyes,
Whose proof nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,
Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers:
Make large confusion; and, thy fury spent,
Confounded be thyself! Speak not, be gone.

Alcib. Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the gold thou giv'st me,
Not all thy counsel.

Tim. Dost thou or dost thou not, Heaven's curse upon thee!

Phryn. & Timan. Give us some gold, good Timon: hast thou more?

Tim. Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,
And to make whores, a bawd.[18] Hold up, you sluts,
Your aprons mountant: You are not oathable, —
Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly swear,
Into strong shudders and to heavenly agues
The immortal gods that hear you, — spare your oaths,
I'll trust to your conditions: be whores still;
And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,
Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up;
Let your close fire predominate his smoke,
And be no turncoats. Yet may your pains six months
Be quite contrary:[19] and thatch your poor thin roofs

Troilus and Cressida, Ulysses says: "For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes to tender *objects*."

[18] That is, "enough to make whores leave whoring, and a bawd leave making whores."

[19] The meaning of this passage appears to be as Steevens explains it: "Timon had been exhorting them to follow constantly their trade of debauchery, but he interrupts himself and imprecates upon them that for half the year their pains may be quite contrary, that they may suffer such punishment as is usually inflicted upon harlots. He then continues his exhortations."

With burdens of the dead; — some that were hang'd,[20]
No matter; — wear them, betray with them: whore still;
Paint till a horse may mire upon your face:
A pox of wrinkles!

Phryn. & Timan. Well, more gold: — What then? —
Believe't, that we'll do any thing for gold.

Tim. Consumptions sow
In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp shins,
And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
That he may never more false title plead,
Nor sound his quillets shrilly: hoarse the flamen,[21]
That scolds against the quality of flesh,
And not believes himself: down with the nose,
Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away

[20] The fashion of periwigs for women, which Stowe informs us "were brought into England about the time of the massacre of Paris," seems to have been a fertile source of satire. Stubbes, in his Anatomy of Abuses, says that it was dangerous for any child to wander, as nothing was more common than for women to entice such as had fine locks into private places, and there to cut them off. In A Mad World my Masters, 1608, the custom is decried as unnatural: "To wear periwigs made of *another's hair*, is not this against kind?" So Drayton, in his Mooncalf:

> "And with large sums they stick not to procure
> *Hair from the dead*, yea, and the most unclean;
> To help their pride they nothing will disdain."

We have already met with several instances showing the Poet's mind towards this custom. See The Merchant of Venice, Act iii. sc. 2, note 6; and Much Ado about Nothing, Act ii. sc. 3, note 4. H.

[21] *Quillets* are subtleties, nice and frivolous distinctions. — The old copy reads "*hoar* the flamen," which Steevens suggests may mean, give him the *hoary leprosy*. I have not scrupled to insert Upton's reading of *hoarse* into the text, because I think the whole construction of the speech shows that is the word the Poet wrote To afflict him with leprosy would not prevent his *scolding*, to deprive him of his voice by hoarseness might. SINGER.

Of him that, his particular to foresee,
Smells from the general weal:[22] make curl'd-pate ruffians bald;
And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war
Derive some pain from you: Plague all;
That your activity may defeat and quell
The source of all erection.—There's more gold:
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave you all!

Phryn. & Timan. More counsel with more money, bounteous Timon.

Tim. More whore, more mischief first; I have given you earnest.

Alcib. Strike up the drum towards Athens! Farewell, Timon:
If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

Tim. If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

Alcib. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

Alcib. Call'st thou that harm?

Tim. Men daily find it. Get thee away,
And take thy beagles with thee.

Alcib. We but offend him.—Strike!

[*Drum beats. Exeunt* ALCIBIADES, PHRYNIA, *and* TIMANDRA.

Tim. That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,
Should yet be hungry!—Common mother, thou,
[*Digging.*
Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,
Teems, and feeds all;[23] whose self-same mettle,

[22] To "foresee his particular" is to provide for his private advantage, for which he leaves the right scent of public good.

[23] This image, (as Warburton ingeniously supposes) would almost make one imagine that Shakespeare was acquainted with some personifications of nature similar to the ancient statues of Diana Ephesia Multimammia.

Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,
Engenders the black toad and adder blue,
The gilded newt and eyeless venom'd worm,
With all the abhorred births below crisp heaven [24]
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine;
Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,
From forth thy plenteous bosom one poor root!
Ensear thy fertile and conceptious womb;
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!
Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears;
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face
Hath to the marbled mansion all above
Never presented! — O, a root! — dear thanks!
Dry up thy marrowy vines, and plough-torn leas;
Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips, —

Enter APEMANTUS.

More man? Plague! plague!

Apem. I was directed hither: Men report,
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

Tim. 'Tis, then, because thou dost not keep a dog
Whom I would imitate. Consumption catch thee!

Apem. This is in thee a nature but infected; [25]
A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung
From change of fortune. Why this spade, this place,

[24] *Crisp* was formerly synonymous with *curled*. Here the word seems to be used in the sense of *arched* or *vaulted*; unless it be understood as referring to the appearance of the clouds; as in The Tempest we have "*curl'd* clouds," and in King Lear "*curled* waters." H.

[25] So in the original, which modern editions commonly change to *affected*. *Infected* probably means *poisoned* by adversity and disappointment. Timon's misanthropy was not affected or put on it was real, though superinduced, not indigenous. H

This slave-like habit, and these looks of care?
Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft,
Hug their diseas'd perfumes, and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods,
By putting on the cunning of a carper.[26]
Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive
By that which has undone thee: hinge thy knee,
And let his very breath, whom thou'lt observe,
Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,
And call it excellent. Thou wast told thus;
Thou gav'st thine ears, like tapsters that bade welcome,
To knaves and all approachers: 'Tis most just,
That thou turn rascal; hadst thou wealth again,
Rascals should have't. Do not assume my likeness.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself.

Apem. Thou hast cast away thyself, being like thyself;
A madman so long, now a fool. What! think'st
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt on warm? Will these moss'd trees,[27]
That have outliv'd the eagle, page thy heels,
And skip where thou point'st out? Will the cold brook,
Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? call the creatures,—
Whose naked natures live in all the spite

[26] "*Cunning* of a *carper*" is the fastidiousness of a critic *Carping momuses* was a general term for ill-natured critics.

[27] The original has "*moist trees*," which is strangely retained by Knight and Collier. The spelling of *moss'd* would have been *mosst*; so that scarce any misprint were easier. The words, "That have outliv'd the eagle," show *moss'd* to be the right epithet. So, in As You Like It, we find Orlando sleeping "under an old oak, whose boughs were *moss'd* with age." H

Of wreakful heaven; whose bare unhoused trunks,
To the conflicting elements expos'd,
Answer mere nature; — bid them flatter thee:
O! thou shalt find —

Tim. A fool of thee: Depart.

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Apem. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.

Apem. I flatter not, but say thou art a caitiff.

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?

Apem. To vex thee.

Tim. Always a villain's office, or a fool's.
Dost please thyself in't?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. What! a knave too?

Apem. If thou didst put this sour cold habit on
To castigate thy pride, 'twere well; but thou
Dost it enforcedly: thou'dst courtier be again,
Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery
Outlives incertain pomp, is crown'd before:[28]
The one is filling still, never complete;
The other, at high wish: Best state, contentless,
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
Worse than the worst, content.
Thou should'st desire to die, being miserable.

Tim. Not by his breath[29] that is more miserable.
Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm
With favour never clasp'd, but bred a dog.
Hadst thou, like us, from our first swath,[30] proceeded

[28] *Before* in the sense of sooner. — To have wishes *crowned* is to have them *completed*, to be content. The highest fortunes, if contentless, have a wretched being, worse than that of the most abject fortune accompanied by content.

[29] By his *breath* means by his *voice*, that is, his *suffrage*.

[30] That is, from infancy, from the first *swathe-band* with which

The sweet degrees that this brief world affords
To such as may the passive drudges of it[31]
Freely command, thou would'st have plung'd thyself
In general riot; melted down thy youth
In different beds of lust; and never learn'd
The icy precepts of respect,[32] but follow'd
The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,
Who had the world as my confectionery;
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men
At duty, more than I could frame employment;[33]
That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush
Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare
For every storm that blows;[34]—I, to bear this,
That never knew but better, is some burden:
Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time
Hath made thee hard in't. Why should'st thou hate men?
They never flatter'd thee: What hast thou given?

a new born infant is enveloped. "There is in this speech a sullen haughtiness and malignant dignity, suitable at once to the lord and the man-hater. The impatience with which he bears to have his luxury reproached by one that never had luxury within his reach, is natural and graceful." JOHNSON.

[31] The old copy reads "the passive *drugges* of it." *Drug*, or *drugge*, is only a variation of the orthography of *drudge*, as appears by Baret's Alvearie, "A drivell *drudge*, or kitchin-slave," edit. 1573: "A drivell *drugge*, or kitchin-slave," edit. 1581. Huloet has "A *drudge* or *drugge*, a servant which doth all the vile service."

[32] The cold admonitions of cautious prudence. *Respect* is *regardful consideration.*

[33] That is, more than I could frame employment *for.*

[34] Somewhat of the same imagery is found in Shakespeare's seventy-third Sonnet:

"That time of year thou may'st in me behold,
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs where late the sweet birds sang."

If thou wilt curse, thy father, that poor rag,
Must be thy subject; who, in spite, put stuff
To some she beggar, and compounded thee
Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! begone!—
If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
Thou hadst been a knave and flatterer.[35]

Apem. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.

Apem. I, that I was no prodigal.

Tim. I, that I am one now:
Were all the wealth I have, shut up in thee,
I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone —
That the whole life of Athens were in this!
Thus would I eat it. [*Eating a root.*

Apem. Here; I will mend thy feast.
[*Offering him something.*

Tim. First mend my company; take away thyself.

Apem. So I shall mend mine own, by th' lack of thine.

Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch'd; If not, I would it were.

Apem. What would'st thou have to Athens?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt, Tell them there I have gold: look, so I have.

Apem. Here is no use for gold.

Tim. The best and truest:
For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

Apem. Where ly'st o'nights, Timon?

[35] Dryden has quoted two verses of Virgil to show how well he could have written satires. Shakespeare has here given a specimen of the same power, by a line bitter beyond all bitterness, in which Timon tells Apemantus that he had not virtue enough for the vices which he condemns. I have heard Mr Burke commend the subtlety of discrimination with which Shakespeare distinguishes the present character of Timon from that of Apemantus, whom, to vulgar eyes, he would seem to resemble JOHNSON.

Tim. Under that's above me. Where feed'st thou o'days, Apemantus?

Apem. Where my stomach finds meat; or rather, where I eat it.

Tim. 'Would poison were obedient, and knew my mind!

Apem. Where would'st thou send it?

Tim. To sauce thy dishes.

Apem. The middle of humanity thou never knewest, but the extremity of both ends: When thou wast in thy gilt and thy perfume, they mock'd thee for too much curiosity; [36] in thy rags thou know'st none, but art despis'd for the contrary. There's a medlar for thee; eat it.

Tim. On what I hate, I feed not.

Apem. Dost hate a medlar?

Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.

Apem. An thou hadst hated meddlers sooner, thou should'st have loved thyself better now. What man didst thou ever know unthrift, that was beloved after his means?

Tim. Who, without those means thou talk'st of, didst thou ever know belov'd?

Apem. Myself.

Tim. I understand thee: thou hadst some means to keep a dog.

Apem. What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers?

Tim. Women nearest; but men, men are the things themselves. What would'st thou do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

Apem. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

[36] *Curiosity* is scrupulous exactness, *finical niceness.* Bare explains it *picked diligence, Accuratus corporis cultus.*

Tim Would'st thou have thyself fall in the con fusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts?

Apem. Ay, Timon.

Tim. A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee to attain to! If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accus'd by the ass: if thou wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee; and still thou liv'dst but as a breakfast to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou should'st hazard thy life for thy dinner: wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury:[37] wert thou a bear, thou would'st be kill'd by the horse: wert thou a horse, thou would'st be seiz'd by the leopard: wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion,[38] and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life; all thy safety were remotion,[39] and thy defence absence. What beast could'st thou be, that were not subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou already, that seest not thy loss in transformation!

Apem. If thou could'st please me with speaking to me, thou might'st have hit upon it here: The commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

Tim. How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

Apem. Yonder comes a poet, and a painter: The

[37] Alluding to the unicorn's being sometimes overcome from striking his horn into a tree in his furious pursuit of an enemy.

[38] This seems to imply that the lion "bears, like the Turk, no *brother* near the throne."

[39] *Remotion* seems to be used in the sense of solitary remoteness.

plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way. When I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog, than Apemantus.

Apem. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

Tim. 'Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon.

Apem. A plague on thee! thou art too bad to curse.

Tim. All villains, that do stand by thee, are pure.

Apem. There is no leprosy, but what thou speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee. — I'll beat thee, — but I should infect my hands.

Apem. I would my tongue could rot them off!

Tim. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!
Choler does kill me, that thou art alive;
I swoon to see thee.

Apem. 'Would thou would'st burst!

Tim. Away, thou tedious rogue! I am sorry I shall lose a stone by thee. [*Throws a Stone at him.*

Apem. Beast!

Tim. Slave!

Apem. Toad!

Tim. Rogue, rogue, rogue!

[APEMANTUS *retreats backward, as going*

I am sick of this false world, and will love nought
But even the mere necessities upon't.
Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave:
Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat
Thy grave-stone daily; make thine epitaph,
That death in me at others' lives may laugh.
O, thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce
[*Looking on the Gold*
'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler

Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!
Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god,
That solder'st close impossibilities,
And mak'st them kiss! that speak'st with every tongue,
To every purpose! O, thou touch of hearts![40]
Think, thy slave man rebels: and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
May have the world in empire!

Apem. 'Would 'twere so;
But not till I am dead!—I'll say thou'st gold:
Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

Tim. Throng'd to?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Thy back, I pr'ythee.

Apem. Live, and love thy misery!

Tim. Long live so, and so die!—I am quit.—
[*Exit* APEMANTUS.
More things like men?—Eat, Timon, and abhor them.

Enter Banditti.

1 *Ban.* Where should he have this gold? It is some poor fragment, some slender ort of his remainder. The mere want of gold, and the falling-from of his friends, drove him into this melancholy.

2 *Ban.* It is nois'd he hath a mass of treasure.

3 *Ban.* Let us make the assay upon him: if he care not for't, he will supply us easily; if he covetously reserve it, how shall's get it?

2 *Ban.* True; for he bears it not about him, 'tis hid.

[40] Touch for touchstone. See Act iii. sc. 3, note 1

1 *Ban.* Is not this he ?

All. Where ?

2 *Ban.* 'Tis his description.

3 *Ban.* He ; I know him.

All. Save thee, Timon !

Tim. Now, thieves !

All. Soldiers, not thieves.

Tim. Both too ; and women's sons.

All. We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of men.[41]

Why should you want ? Behold, the earth hath roots ;

Within this mile break forth a hundred springs ;

The oaks bear mast, the briers scarlet hips ;

The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush

Lays her full mess before you. Want ! why want ?

1 *Ban.* We cannot live on grass, on berries, water,

As beasts, and birds, and fishes.

Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds, and fishes ;

[41] The old copy reads, "Your greatest want is, you want much of *meat.*" Theobald proposed "you want much of *meet,*" that is, much of what you *ought to be,* much of the qualities *befitting* you as human creatures. Steevens says, perhaps we should read, "Your greatest want is, you want much of *me.*" Your greatest want is that you expect supplies from me, of whom you can reasonably expect nothing. I have adopted Hanmer's reading, which is surely the true one, being exactly in the spirit of Timon's sarcastic bitterness, and supported by what he subsequently says : after telling them where food may be had which will sustain nature, the thieves say, "We cannot live on grass, on berries, and on water :" Timon replies, "Nor on the beasts, the birds, and fishes ; *you must eat men.*" There is a double meaning implied in *you want much of men,* which is obvious, and much in Shakespeare's manner. The fact is, that before I was aware that Hanmer had proposed this reading, I had adopted it, from a conviction that it was what the sense of the passage as well as the context required. SINGER

You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con,[42]
That you are thieves profess'd; that you work not
In holier shapes: for there is boundless theft
In limited professions.[43] Rascal thieves,
Here's gold. Go, suck the subtle blood o'the grape
Till the high fever seeth your blood to froth,
And so 'scape hanging: trust not the physician;
His antidotes are poison, and he slays
More than you rob: take wealth and lives together;
Do villainy, do, since you protest to do't,
Like workmen. I'll example you with thievery:
The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea: the moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun:
The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears:[44] the earth's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture[45] stol'n
From general excrement: each thing's a thief;
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves; away
Rob one another. There's more gold: cut throats;
All that you meet are thieves. To Athens, go;
Break open shops; for nothing can you steal,
But thieves do lose it. Steal not less, for this
I give you; and gold confound you howsoe'er!
Amen. [TIMON *retires to his Cave.*

3 *Ban.* He has almost charm'd me from my profession, by persuading me to it.

[42] See All's Well that Ends Well, Act iv. sc. 3, note 10.

[43] *Limited* professions are *allowed* professions.

[44] The moon is called the *moist* star in Hamlet, and the Poet in the last scene of The Tempest has shown that he was acquainted with her influence on the *tides*. The *watery beams* of the moon are spoken of in Romeo and Juliet. The sea is therefore said to *resolve* her into *salt tears*, in allusion to the flow of the tides, and perhaps of her influence upon the weather, which she is said to govern.

[45] That is, compost, manure

1 *Ban.* 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus advises us; not to have us thrive in our mystery.

2 *Ban.* I'll believe him as an enemy, and give over my trade.

1 *Ban.* Let us first see peace in Athens: There is no time so miserable, but a man may be true.

[*Exeunt Banditti*

Enter FLAVIUS.

Flav. O you gods!
Is yond' despis'd and ruinous man my lord?
Full of decay and failing? O, monument
And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd!
What an alteration of honour has desperate want made!
What viler thing upon the earth, than friends
Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends!
How rarely[46] does it meet with this time's guise,
When man was wish'd[47] to love his enemies!
Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo
Those that would mischief me, than those that do!
He has caught me in his eye: I will present
My honest grief unto him; and, as my lord,
Still serve him with my life. — My dearest master!

TIMON *comes forward from his Cave.*

Tim. Away! what art thou?

Flav. Have you forgot me, sir?

Tim. Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men,

[46] That is, how *admirably.*

[47] That is, desired. *Friends* and *enemies* here mean those who *profess friendship* and *profess enmity.* The proverb "Defend me from my *friends*, and from my *enemies* I will defend myself," is a sufficient comment on this passage.

then, if thou grant'st thou'rt a man, I have forgot thee.

Flav. An honest poor servant of yours.

Tim. Then I know thee not: I never had honest man about me, I; all I kept were knaves, to serve in meat to villains.

Flav. The gods are witness,
Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief
For his undone lord, than mine eyes for you.

Tim. What! dost thou weep? — Come nearer: — then I love thee,
Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st
Flinty mankind; whose eyes do never give,
But thorough lust and laughter. Pity's sleeping:
Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with weeping!

Flav. I beg of you to know me, good my lord,
T' accept my grief, and, whilst this poor wealth lasts,
To entertain me as your steward still.

Tim. Had I a steward
So true, so just, and now so comfortable?
It almost turns my dangerous nature mild.[48]
Let me behold thy face. — Surely this man
Was born of woman. —
Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,
You perpetual-sober gods! I do proclaim
One honest man, — mistake me not, — but one;
No more, I pray, — and he's a steward. —

[48] The old copy reads, "It almost turns my dangerous nature *wild*." The emendation is Warburton's. Timon's *dangerous* nature is his *savage wildness*, a species of *frenzy* induced by the baseness and ingratitude of the world. It would be idle to talk of turning a "dangerous nature wild;" the kindness and fidelity of Timon's steward was more likely to soften and compose him; and he does indeed show himself more *mild* and gentle to Flavius in consequence, being moved by the tears of his affectionate servant.

How fain would I have hated all mankind,
And thou redeem'st thyself: but all, save thee,
I fell with curses.
Methinks, thou art more honest now than wise;
For, by oppressing and betraying me,
Thou might'st have sooner got another service:
For many so arrive at second masters,
Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true,
(For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure,)
Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,
If not a usuring kindness; and as rich men deal gifts,
Expecting in return twenty for one?

Flav. No, my most worthy master; in whose breast
Doubt and suspect, alas! are plac'd too late.
You should have fear'd false times, when you did feast;
Suspect still comes where an estate is least.
That which I show, Heaven knows, is merely love,
Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,
Care of your food and living; and, believe it,
My most honour'd lord,
For any benefit that points to me,
Either in hope or present, I'd exchange
For this one wish, that you had power and wealth
To requite me by making rich yourself.

Tim. Look thee, 'tis so! — Thou singly honest man,
Here, take: — the gods out of my misery
Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich and happy,
But thus condition'd: Thou shalt build from men;[49]
Hate all, curse all; show charity to none;
But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone,
Ere thou relieve the beggar: give to dogs

[49] That is, away from human habitation.

What thou deny'st to men; let prisons swallow 'em,
Debts wither 'em to nothing. Be men like blasted woods,
And may diseases lick up their false bloods!
And so farewell, and thrive.

Flav. O! let me stay,
And comfort you, my master.

Tim. If thou hat'st
Curses, stay not; fly whilst thou'rt bless'd and free
Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.

[*Exeunt severally.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. The Same. Before TIMON'S Cave.

Enter Poet and Painter.[1]

Pain. As I took note of the place, it cannot be far where he abides.

Poet. What's to be thought of him? Does the rumour hold for true, that he is so full of gold?

Pain. Certain: Alcibiades reports it; Phrynia and Timandra had gold of him: he likewise enrich'd

[1] The Poet and Painter were within view when Apemantus parted from Timon; they must therefore be supposed to have been wandering about the woods in search of Timon's cave, and to have heard in the interim the particulars of Timon's bounty to the thieves and the steward. But, as Malone observes, Shakespeare was not attentive to these minute particulars, and if *he* and the *audience* knew these circumstances, he would not scruple to attribute the knowledge to persons who perhaps had not yet an opportunity of acquiring it.

poor straggling soldiers with great quantity. 'Tis said he gave unto his steward a mighty sum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a try for his friends.

Pain. Nothing else; you shall see him a palm in Athens again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore, 'tis not amiss we tender our loves to him in this suppos'd distress of his: it will show honestly in us, and is very likely to load our purposes with what they travel for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his having.

Poet. What have you now to present unto him?

Pain. Nothing at this time but my visitation; only I will promise him an excellent piece.

Poet. I must serve him so too; tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

Pain. Good as the best. Promising is the very air o'the time; it opens the eyes of expectation: performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying[2] is quite out of use. To promise is most courtly and fashionable: performance is a kind of will or testament, which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it.

[*Enter* TIMON *from his Cave.*[3]

[2] The doing of that we have said we would do.

[3] We here follow the stage-direction of the original. Modern editions until Collier's make the entrance of Timon at the beginning of the act, though they keep him "behind, unseen." Of course Timon, though still out of sight, has overheard the foregoing dialogue between the Poet and the Painter. It is also to be noted, that Timon continues unseen by the other speakers, and that what he says in this part of the scene is to be understood as spoken *aside*. As for what is said by Apemantus in the preceding scene, — "Yonder comes a poet and a painter," it is to be supposed that these latter, though then seen by Timon and Apemantus, did not see them. The original has no division of the

Tim. [*Aside.*] Excellent workman! Thou canst not paint a man so bad as is thyself.

Poet. I am thinking what I shall say I have provided for him. It must be a personating[4] of himself; a satire against the softness of prosperity, with a discovery of the infinite flatteries that follow youth and opulency.

Tim. [*Aside.*] Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? Wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do so; I have gold for thee.

Poet. Nay, let's seek him:
Then do we sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late

Pain. True;
When the day serves, before black-corner'd night,[5]
Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light.
Come.

Tim. [*Aside.*] I'll meet you at the turn. What a god's gold, that he is worshipp'd in a baser temple, than where swine feed?
'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark, and plough'st the foam;
Settlest admired reverence in a slave:

acts; and the awkwardness of beginning Act v. as in modern editions was noted by Johnson; but no one has been able to hit upon a better place for the opening of it. H.

[4] *Personating* for *representing* simply. The subject of this projected satire was Timon's case, not his person.

[5] Many conjectures have been offered about this passage, which appears to me a corruption of the text. Some have proposed to read *black-coned*, alluding to the conical form of the earth's shadow; others *black-crown'd*, and *black-cover'd*. It appears to me that it should be *black-curtain'd*. We have "the blanket of the dark" in Macbeth, "night's *black mantle*" in the Third Part of King Henry VI., and in the First Part of the same drama "*night* is fled, whose *pitchy mantle* overveil'd the earth." I cannot think with Steevens that "Night as obscure as a *dark corner*" is meant. SINGER.

To thee be worship! and thy saints for aye
Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!
Fit I meet them. [*Advancing*

Poet. Hail, worthy Timon!

Pain. Our late noble master

Tim. Have I once liv'd to see two honest men?

Poet. Sir,
Having often of your open bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall'n off,
Whose thankless natures — O, abhorred spirits!
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough —
What! to you,
Whose starlike nobleness gave life and influence
To their whole being? I am rapt, and cannot cover
The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any size of words.

Tim. Let it go naked, men may see't the better:
You, that are honest, by being what you are
Make them best seen and known.

Pain. He and myself
Have travell'd in the great shower of your gifts,
And sweetly felt it.

Tim. Ay, you are honest men.

Pain. We are hither come to offer you our service.

Tim. Most honest men! Why, how shall I requite you?
Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.

Both. What we can do, we'll do, to do you service.

Tim. Y' are honest men: Y' have heard that I have gold;
I am sure you have: speak truth; y' are honest men.

Pain. So it is said, my noble lord; but therefore
Came not my friend nor I.

Tim. Good honest men! — Thou draw'st a counterfeit[6]
Best in all Athens: thou'rt indeed the best;
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

Pain. So, so, my lord.

Tim. Even so, sir, as I say. — And, for thy fiction,
Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth,
That thou art even natural in thine art. —
But, for all this, my honest-natur'd friends,
I must needs say you have a little fault:
Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you; neither wish I
You take much pains to mend.

Both. Beseech your honour
To make it known to us.

Tim. You'll take it ill.

Both. Most thankfully, my lord.

Tim. Will you, indeed?

Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord.

Tim. There's never a one of you but trusts a knave,
That mightily deceives you.

Both. Do we, my lord?

Tim. Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dissemble,
Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,
Keep in your bosom; yet remain assur'd,
That he's a made-up villain.[7]

Pain. I know none such, my lord.

Poet. Nor I.

Tim. Look you, I love you well; I'll give you gold,
Rid me these villains from your companies:

[6] A portrait was called a *counterfeit*.

[7] That is, a *complete*, a *finished* villain. — *Patchery* is *roguery*. See Troilus and Cressida, Act. ii. sc. 3, note 9.

Hang them, or stab them, drown them in a draught,[8]
Confound them by some course, and come to me,
I'll give you gold enough.

Both. Name them, my lord; let's know them.

Tim. You that way, and you this; but two in company:
Each man apart, all single and alone,
Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.[9]
[*To the Painter.*] If, where thou art, two villains shall not be,
Come not near him.—[*To the Poet.*] If thou would'st not reside
But where one villain is, then him abandon.—
Hence! pack! there's gold; ye came for gold, ye slaves:
You have done work for me, there's payment: Hence![10]
You are an alchymist, make gold of that.
Out, rascal dogs! [*Exit, beating them out.*

SCENE II. The Same.

Enter FLAVIUS, *and two Senators.*

Flav. It is in vain that you would speak with Timon;
For he is set so only to himself,
That nothing but himself, which looks like man,
Is friendly with him.

[8] That is, a *jakes.*

[9] The plain and simple meaning of this is, "where each of you is, a villain must be in his company, because you are both of you *arch villains;*" therefore a villain goes with you every where.

[10] The word *done* is omitted by accident in the old copy. This line is addressed to the painter, the next to the poet.

1 *Sen.* Bring us to his cave:
It is our part, and promise to the Athenians,
To speak with Timon.

2 *Sen.* At all times alike
Men are not still the same: 'Twas time and griefs
That fram'd him thus: time, with his fairer hand
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him. Bring us to him,
And chance it as it may.

Flav. Here is his cave. —
Peace and content be here! Lord Timon! Timon!
Look out, and speak to friends: The Athenians,
By two of their most reverend senate, greet thee:
Speak to them, noble Timon.

Enter TIMON.

Tim. Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn! — Speak, and be hang'd:
For each true word, a blister! and each false
Be as a cauterizing to the root o'the tongue,
Consuming it with speaking!

1 *Sen.* Worthy Timon, —

Tim. Of none but such as you, and you of Timon.

2 *Sen.* The senators of Athens greet thee, Timon.

Tim. I thank them; and would send them back the plague,
Could I but catch it for them.

1 *Sen.* O! forget
What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.
The senators, with one consent of love,
Entreat thee back to Athens; who have thought
On special dignities, which vacant lie
For thy best use and wearing.

2 *Sen.* They confess
Toward thee forgetfulness too general, gross;

Which[1] now the public body, which doth seldom
Play the recanter, feeling in itself
A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal
Of its own fall, restraining aid to Timon;[2]
And send forth us to make their sorrow'd render,[3]
Together with a recompense more fruitful
Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;
Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth
As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,
And write in thee the figures of their love,
Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it;
Surprise me to the very brink of tears:
Lend me a fool's heart and a woman's eyes,
And I'll beweep these comforts, worthy senators.

1 *Sen.* Therefore, so please thee to return with us,
And of our Athens, thine and ours, to take
The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,
Allow'd with absolute power, and thy good name
Live with authority: — so soon we shall drive back
Of Alcibiades the approaches wild;
Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up
His country's peace.

2 *Sen.* And shakes his threatening sword
Against the walls of Athens.

1 *Sen.* Therefore, Timon, —

Tim. Well, sir, I will; therefore I will, sir; thus:
If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
That Timon cares not. But if he sack fair Athens,

[1] There is a good deal of grammatical confusion in this sentence, that might be remedied by changing *which* to *and*. H.

[2] The Athenians have a sense of *the danger* of their own fall by the arms of Alcibiades, by their *withholding* aid that should have been given to Timon.

[3] *Render* is *confession*.

And take our goodly aged men by th' beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the stain
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war;
Then let him know, — and tell him Timon speaks it,
In pity of our aged and our youth,
I cannot choose but tell him, — that I care not,
And let him take't at worst: for their knives care not,
While you have throats to answer. For myself,
There's not a whittle [4] in th' unruly camp,
But I do prize it at my love, before
The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you
To the protection of the prosperous gods,[5]
As thieves to keepers.

Flav. Stay not; all's in vain.

Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph;
It will be seen to-morrow: My long sickness
Of health and living now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go; live still:
Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,
And last so long enough!

1 *Sen.* We speak in vain.

Tim. But yet I love my country; and am not
One that rejoices in the common wreck,
As common bruit [6] doth put it.

1 *Sen.* That's well spoke.

Tim. Commend me to my loving countrymen, —

1 *Sen.* These words become your lips as they pass through them.

2 *Sen.* And enter in our ears, like great triumphers
In their applauding gates.

[4] A *whittle* is a clasp knife. The word is still provincially in use.

[5] "The *prosperous* gods" undoubtedly here means the *propitious* or *favourable* gods, Dii secundi.

[6] Report, rumour.

Tim. Commend me to them;
And tell them, that to ease them of their griefs,
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do them:
I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.

2 *Sen.* I like this well; he will return again.

Tim. I have a tree, which grows here in my close,
That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it: tell my friends,
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree
From high to low throughout, that whoso please
To stop affliction, let him take his haste,
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,
And hang himself:[7] — I pray you, do my greeting.

Flav. Trouble him no further; thus you still shall find him.

Tim. Come not to me again; but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;
Whom once a day with his embossed froth[8]
The turbulent surge shall cover: thither come,

[7] This was suggested by a passage in Plutarch's Life of Antony, where it is said Timon addressed the people of Athens in similar terms from the public tribune in the market place. See the Introduction.

[8] The first folio reads *who*. It was altered to *which* in the second folio. Malone reads *whom*, saying it refers to *Timon*, and not to his grave; as appears from The Palace of Pleasure: — "By his last will he ordained himselfe to be interred upon the sea shore, that the waves and surges might beate and vexe his dead *carcas*." — *Embossed* froth is *foaming*, *puffed* or *blown up* froth. Among our ancestors "a *boss* or a *bubble* of *water* when it raineth, or the pot seetheth," were used indifferently. See The Taming of the Shrew, Induction, sc. 1, note 7.

And let my grave-stone be your oracle. —
Lips, let sour words go by, and language end:
What is amiss, plague and infection mend!
Graves only be men's works, and death their gain!
Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his reign.
[*Exit* TIMON.

1 *Sen.* His discontents are unremoveably coupled to nature.

2 *Sen.* Our hope in him is dead: let us return,
And strain what other means is left unto us
In our dear peril.[9]

1 *Sen.* It requires swift foot. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. The Walls of Athens.

Enter two Senators, and a Messenger.

1 *Sen.* Thou hast painfully discover'd: are his files
As full as thy report?

Mess. I have spoke the least:
Besides, his expedition promises
Present approach.

2 *Sen.* We stand much hazard, if they bring not Timon.

Mess. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend;
When, though in general part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love had a particular force,
And made us speak like friends:[1] — this man was riding

[9] "*Dear* peril" is *dread* or *dire* peril. The Poet several times uses *dear* thus in its original sense; it being from a word that signifies to *hurt* or to *do mischief*. See Twelfth Night, Act v. sc. 1, note 3. H.

[1] The original evidently has this passage in a very corrupt state reading thus:

From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,
With letters of intreaty, which imported
His fellowship i'the cause against your city,
In part for his sake mov'd.

Enter Senators from TIMON.

1 *Sen.* Here come our brothers.

3 *Sen.* No talk of Timon; nothing of him expect. —

The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring
Doth choke the air with dust. In and prepare:
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the snare. [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV. The Woods.

TIMON's Cave, and a Tombstone seen.

Enter a Soldier, seeking TIMON.

Sol. By all description this should be the place. Who's here? speak, ho! — No answer? — What is this?

> "I met a Currier, one mine ancient Friend,
> *Whom* though in generall part we were oppos'd,
> Yet our old love *made* a particular force,
> And made us speake like Friends."

The changes of *whom* in the second line to *when*, and of *made* in the third line to *had*, are proposed by Singer, and their aptness is such as almost to compel the adoption of them. The misprint of *whom* for *when* were too natural to require any explanation. As to the other change, the theory of course is, that *made* in the fourth line caught the eye of the printer or transcriber, and so got repeated in the place of *had*. Singer also suggests the changing of "*in general* part" to "*on several* part," remarking that the long *s* might easily be mistaken for a *g*. This may be very true; still the change is not necessary to the sense nor to the grammar; as the context shows *general* to be used in the sense of *common* or *public*. See Measure for Measure, Act ii. sc. 4, note 6. H.

Timon is dead, who hath outstretch'd his span:
Some beast rear'd this;[11] here does not live a man.
Dead, sure, and this his grave. — What's on this tomb
I cannot read; the character I'll take with wax:
Our captain hath in every figure skill;
An ag'd interpreter, though young in days.
Before proud Athens he's set down by this,
Whose fall the mark of his ambition is. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. Before the Walls of Athens.

Trumpets sound. *Enter* ALCIBIADES, *and Forces.*

Alcib. Sound to this coward and lascivious town
Our terrible approach. [*A Parley sounded*

Enter Senators on the Walls.

Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
With all licentious measure, making your wills
The scope of justice: till now, myself and such
As slept within the shadow of your power
Have wander'd with our travers'd arms,[1] and breath'd
Our sufferance vainly. Now the time is flush,[2]
When crouching marrow, in the bearer strong,
Cries of itself, "No more:" now breathless wrong

[11] The original has "some beast *read* this." The emendation is Theobald's. As the Soldier afterwards says he cannot himself read the inscription, it would be absurd for him to call on "some beast" to read it. Of course he does not at first know the thing to be a tomb, nor does he suppose Timon to be dead; he *infers* al. this from the fact of his getting no answer, and when he comes to see the inscription, which he evidently has not noticed when he utters the words in question. H.

[1] *Travers'd arms* are arms crossed.

[2] *Flush* is *mature*, ripe, or come to full perfection.

Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease;
And pursy insolence shall break his wind
With fear and horrid flight.

1 *Sen.* Noble and young,
When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,
Ere thou hadst power, or we had cause of fear,
We sent to thee; to give thy rages balm,
To wipe out our ingratitude with loves
Above their quantity.[3]

2 *Sen.* So did we woo
Transformed Timon to our city's love,
By humble message and by promis'd means:[4]
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
The common stroke of war.

1 *Sen.* These walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands, from whom
You have receiv'd your griefs; nor are they such,
That these great towers, trophies, and schools should fall
For private faults in them.

2 *Sen.* Nor are they living,
Who were the motives that you first went out:[5]
Shame, that they wanted cunning,[6] in excess,
Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,
Into our city with thy banners spread:
By decimation, and a tithed death,
(If thy revenges hunger for that food

[3] *Their* refers to *griefs*.

[4] That is, means of subsistence.

[5] That is, the *movers*, or those who made the *motion* for your exile. The word is used in the same manner in Troilus and Cressida: "Her wanton spirits look out at every joint and *motive* of her body."

[6] *Cunning* is used in its old sense of *skill* or *wisdom*: extremity of shame that they wanted *wisdom* in procuring your banishment hath broke their hearts.

Which nature loathes,) take thou the destin'd tenth;
And by the hazard of the spotted die,
Let die the spotted.

1 *Sen.* All have not offended:
For those that were, it is not square[7] to take,
On those that are, revenges: crimes, like lands,
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage:
Spare thy Athenian cradle, and those kin,
Which in the bluster of thy wrath must fall
With those that have offended. Like a shepherd,
Approach the fold, and cull the infected forth,
But kill not all together.

2 *Sen.* What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,
Than hew to't with thy sword.

1 *Sen.* Set but thy foot
Against our rampir'd gates, and they shall ope;
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
To say thou'lt enter friendly.

2 *Sen.* Throw thy glove,
Or any token of thine honour else,
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress,
And not as our confusion, all thy powers
Shall make their harbour in our town, till we
Have seal'd thy full desire.

Alcib. Then there's my glove:
Descend, and open your uncharged ports:[8]
Those enemies of Timon's, and mine own,
Whom you yourself shall set out for reproof,
Fall, and no more; and,—to atone[9] your fears

[7] That is, not regular, not equitable.

[8] That is, *Unattacked gates.*

[9] That is, to *reconcile* them to it; the general sense of this word in Shakespeare. Thus in Cymbeline: "I was glad I did *aton*

With my more noble meaning, — not a man
Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream
Of regular justice in your city's bounds,
But shall be render'd to your public laws
At heaviest answer.[10]

Both. 'Tis most nobly spoken.

Alcib. Descend, and keep your words.

[*The Senators descend, and open the Gates.*]

Enter a Soldier.

Sol. My noble general, Timon is dead;
Entomb'd upon the very hem o'the sea:
And on his grave-stone this insculpture, which
With wax I brought away, whose soft impression
Interprets for my poor ignorance.

Alcib. [*Reads.*] "Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched soul bereft:
Seek not my name: A plague consume you wicked caitiffs left!
Here lie I Timon, who, alive, all living men did hate:
Pass by, and curse thy fill; but pass, and stay not here thy gait."[11]

my countryman and you." See King Richard II., Act i. sc. 2, note 29.

[10] The original reads, "shall be *remedied* to your public laws;" which makes stark nonsense. Mr. Dyce, than whom there is no better authority, thinks there is no doubt that *render'd* is the right word. Others have proposed *remitted* and *remanded*. H.

[11] What is here given as one epitaph is really a combination of two, as may be seen by the passage from North's Plutarch quoted in our Introduction. The reader will of course observe the inconsistency between the two couplets, the first saying, — "Seek not my name;" the second, — "Here lie I Timon." How the two got thus thrown together, it were vain to speculate: possibly the Poet was in doubt which to choose, and so copied them both, and then neglected to erase the one which he meant to reject. See, however, the Introduction. In the Palace of Pleasure the epitaph is given thus:

These well express in thee thy latter spirits:
Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs,
Scorn'dst our brain's flow, and those our droplets which
From niggard nature fall; yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye,
On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead
Is noble Timon; of whose memory
Hereafter more. — Bring me into your city,
And I will use the olive with my sword:
Make war breed peace; make peace stint[12] war; make each
Prescribe to other, as each other's leech.[13]
Let our drums strike. [*Exeunt.*

"My wretched catife dayes expired now and past,
My carren corps intered here is fast in grounde,
In waltering waves of swelling sea by surges cast:
My name if thou desire, the gods thee doe confounde."
H.

[12] Stop.
[13] Physician.

INTRODUCTION

TO

THE TRAGEDY OF CORIOLANUS.

THE three great Roman plays which follow next after this Introduction made their first appearance in the folio of 1623, having been entered at the Stationers' in November of that year among the copies "not formerly entered to other men." This entry was to Edward Blount and Isaac Jaggard, the publishers of the original edition. It may be worth the while to observe here, that the words "not entered to *other* men" do not necessarily infer but that some of the plays in question may have been formerly entered to the *same* men, or to one of the same; as there is some reason for thinking that Antony and Cleopatra had been entered to Blount as early as 1608.

The historical matter of these three superb dramas appears to have been drawn almost entirely from Plutarch's "Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romans," as set forth in the spirited and racy version of Sir Thomas North, which first came out in 1579, and went to a second edition in 1595. North's translation was avowedly made from the French of James Amiot, Bishop of Auxerre. It is as fine a specimen of robust and manly English as one need desire to see, and has the smack of an original work as strongly perhaps as any translation ever made into the same tongue. The book, though very large in size and very high in price, went through as many at least as five editions before 1632; which proves it to have been exceedingly popular, as indeed it had every right to be. In our Introductions and notes to the several plays we shall give a pretty full showing what use the Poet made of this his "storehouse of learned history."

THE TRAGEDY OF CORIOLANUS stands the second in the division of tragedies, as originally published: the acts are regularly marked, but not the scenes; the stage-directions are remarkably full and complete; while the text, though very well printed in the main, has perhaps a larger number of difficult and seemingly-corrupt readings than any other play in the volume. Some of these

readings have hitherto baffled and nonplussed all the resources of editorial ingenuity and learning. Several of them, however, have, we think, at length been greatly relieved, if not entirely removed, by the help of the manuscript corrections lately discovered by Mr. Collier in a copy of the second folio; which presents a greater number of valuable new readings in this play than in any other where we have thus far consulted it. Several important corrections from this source we have adopted with little hesitation, and some with none; not indeed from any *authority* which they may be supposed to carry, but from what seems to us their intrinsic fitness and propriety. For some instances in point, the reader may be referred to Act i. sc. 8, note 1; Act ii. sc. 1, notes 3, 8, and 11; Act ii. sc. 2, note 3; Act iii. sc. 1, notes 7 and 11; and Act iv. sc. 7, note 6. There remains, we believe, but one important case which still holds out impracticable. The reader will find it in Act iv. sc 7, note 5; where we have made the best we could out of it.

As to the date of the writing of Coriolanus, we have no external evidence whatsoever. The internal evidence of metre, diction, and temper refers it the Poet's latest period of composition. In all the qualities of style and versification, it clearly falls into the same class with The Tempest, The Winter's Tale, and King Henry VIII., being as nearly like them as the difference of the subject-matter would readily admit. Malone, accordingly, assigns the year 1610 as the probable date of the writing. We should be strongly inclined to place it some three or four years later, partly from the cast and texture of the workmanship itself, and partly from the tradition, noticed at some length in our Introduction to King Henry VIII., that Shakespeare continued to write for the stage after his retirement to Stratford. The most, however, that we can affirm with any great degree of confidence is, that Coriolanus was written somewhere between 1610 and the time of the Poet's death, which, as every reader *ought* to know, took place in April, 1616.

The more rigid and sceptical researches of our time have made great invasions upon the history of early Rome, as heretofore received, and some have even gone so far as to question whether the whole story of Coriolanus were not a fiction. We mention this neither for the purpose of endorsing nor of opposing it; but merely as giving occasion for stating that it was a question with which the Poet had nothing to do, and did nowise concern himself. Like others of his time, he was content to take the rambling and credulous, but lively and graphic narratives of old Plutarch as veritable and authentic history. And he would have been every way justifiable in doing this, even if the later arts of historical doubting and sifting, together with the results thereof, had been at his command. For his business as an artist was, to set forth a tree and lifelike portraiture of human character as modified by the old Roman nationality, and clothed with the drapery of the old

Roman manners. Here, then, the garrulous and gossipping old story-teller of Cheronea was just the man for him; since it will hardly be questioned that his tales, whether half-legendary or not, are replete with the spirit and life of the times and places to which they refer. The Poet would have made sorry work indeed, had he used, like our modern historical abstractionists, the methods of cross-questioning all his matter, and so proceeded by receiving nothing as true to life but what could make good its ground against him as fact.

The events of the drama now in hand, as related by Plutarch, extend over a period of about four years, beginning with the popular secession to Mons Sacer in the 262d year of Rome, and ending with the hero's death, in the 266th. A few of the earlier passages of the history we have thrown into the notes, to the end that what we here present may be more unbroken and continuous. Our abstract (for such it has to be, else it would devour quite too much space) includes nearly all the matter used by the Poet, and is made, as far as practicable, in the very words of the old translator; our aim being, to give a faithful showing of what the Poet borrowed, so that the reader may justly estimate both his obligations and his additions.

After relating the popular insurrection with which the play opens, the founding of the Tribunitian office, and the appointment of the first Tribunes, the narrative goes on substantially as follows:

Hereupon the city being grown again to good quiet and unity, the people went to the wars, showing that they had a good will to do better than ever. Marcius also, though it liked him nothing to see the greatness of the people thus increased, did persuade the Patricians to show themselves no less forward to fight for their country than the common people were, and to let them know by their deeds, that they did not so much pass the people in power and riches as in true nobility and valiantness. In the country of the Volsces, with whom the Romans were then at war, there was a principal city called Corioli, against which the Consul Cominius did lay siege. Wherefore the other Volsces, fearing lest the city should be taken by assault, came from all parts of the country to save it, intending to make an onset on them in two several places. The Consul, understanding this, divided his army into two parts, and, taking one part with himself, marched towards them that were drawing to the city out of the country; and the other part he left in the camp with Titus Lartius, to resist those that would make any sally out of the city upon them. So the Volsces, making small account of them that lay before the city, made a sally upon them, in which at the first they had the better, and drave the Romans back into their trenches. But Marcius, running out of the camp with a few men, slew the first enemies he met withal, and made the rest of them stay upon the sudden, crying out to the Romans

that had turned their backs, and calling them again to fight, with a loud voice. Then there flocked about him a great number of Romans, so that the enemies presently gave back: but he, not staying so, did chase them to the gates; and there, perceiving that the Romans retired, for the great number of darts and arrows which flew about their ears from the walls of the city; and that there was not one man amongst them that durst venture to follow the flying enemies; he did encourage his fellows with words and deeds, crying out to them that fortune had opened the gates more for the followers than the fliers. Notwithstanding, few had the hearts to follow him. Howbeit, he thrust himself into the gates of the city amongst them that fled, not one of them daring at the first to turn upon him, or offer to stay him. But he, seeing that he was in the city with very few men to help him, and that his enemies gathered about him to set upon him, did things, as it is written, wonderful and incredible, as well for the force of his hand as also for the agility of his body, making a lane through the midst of them, and overthrowing those he layed at; that some he made run to the farthest part of the city, and others he made yield themselves and let fall their weapons before him. By this means he got out, and had some leisure to bring the Romans with more safety into the city.

The city being thus taken, most of the soldiers forthwith went to looking after spoils; whereupon Marcius, being very angry, cried out to them that they should leave spoiling, and wind themselves out of peril: howbeit, say to them what he could, very few would hearken to him. Wherefore, taking those that willingly offered themselves, he went out of the city toward that part where the rest of the army was, exhorting them by the way not to be faint-hearted; and, oft holding up his hands to heaven, he besought the gods to be gracious unto him, that he might come in a good hour to hazard his life in defence of his countrymen. Now the Romans, when put in battle array, had a custom to make their wills at that instant, without any manner of writing, only naming their heir in the presence of three or four witnesses. Marcius came just while the soldiers were doing after that sort, and the enemies were approached so near as one stood in view of the other. When they saw him all bloody and in a sweat, with few men following him, some began to be afraid; but, soon after, seeing him run with a lively cheer to the Consul and take him by the hand, then they all began to call upon the Consul to give charge upon the enemy. Marcius asked him how the order of the enemies' battle was, and on which side they had placed their best fighting men. The Consul made answer, that he thought the bands in their vanward were the Antiates, whom they esteemed their warlikest men. Then prayed Marcius to be set directly against them; which the Consul granted, greatly praising his courage. When both armies came almost to join, Marcius advanced a good

space before his company, and went so fiercely to give charge on the vanward, that they could no longer stand in his hands. But the two wings turned one to the other, to compass him in between; which the Consul perceiving sent thither of the best soldiers he had about him. So the battle was marvellous bloody about Marcius, and in a short space many were slain in the place: but in the end the Romans were so strong that they distressed the enemies, broke their array, and made them fly. Then they prayed Marcius that he would retire into the camp, because they saw he was able to do no more, he was already so wearied with the pains he had taken, and so faint with the great wounds he had on him. But he answered, that it was not for conquerors to yield, nor to be faint-hearted; and thereupon began afresh to chase those that fled, until such time as the army of the enemies was utterly overthrown.

The next morning, Marcius went to the Consul, and the other Romans with him. There the Consul, going up to his chair of state, in the presence of the whole army gave thanks to the gods for so great and glorious a victory; then spake to Marcius, whose valiantness he commended beyond the moon, and willed him that he should choose out of all the horses and all the goods, they had taken, ten of every sort which he liked best, before any distribution should be made to the others. Besides this, he gave him testimony that he had won the prize of prowess above all others, a goodly horse, with a caparison and all furniture to him; which the whole army beholding did marvellously commend. But Marcius, stepping forth, told the Consul he most thankfully accepted the gift of his horse, and was a glad man besides, that his service had deserved his general's commendation; and as for his other offer, which was rather a mercenary reward than an honourable recompense, he would none of it, but was contented to have his equal part with the other soldiers. Then the soldiers, hearing his words, made a marvellous great shout among them; and there were more that wondered at his abstinence, than there were that highly extolled his valiantness. After the noise was somewhat appeased, the Consul began to speak in this sort: "We cannot compel Marcius to take these gifts we offer him, but we will give him such a reward as he cannot refuse. Therefore we do order and decree, that henceforth he be called CORIOLANUS, unless his valiant acts have won him that name before our nomination." And so, ever since, he still bare the third name of Coriolanus.

When this war was ended, the flatterers of the people began to stir up sedition again, without any new occasion or just matter of complaint. For they did ground this second insurrection upon the people's misery and misfortune, that could not but fall out, by reason of the former sedition; and because most of the arable land had become heathy and barren for lack of ploughing, by reason of their wars. Now those busy prattlers, perceiving that

there was great scarcity of corn in the city, and that though there had been plenty, the common people had no money to buy it, spread abroad false tales against the Nobility, that they, in revenge of the people, had procured the extreme dearth among them. The people being set on a broil by these words, Marcius, who was now grown to great credit with the noblest men of Rome, rose up and openly spake against these flattering Tribunes. Then, taking his friends, and such as he could intreat to go with him, he did run certain forays into the dominion of the Antiates, where he met with great plenty of corn, and had a marvellous great spoil, which he brought away, and reserved nothing to himself. Afterwards, the home-tarriers and house-doves began to repent that it was not their hap to go with him, and so envied them that had sped so well, and also, of malice to Marcius, spited to see his credit increase more and more, because they accounted him a great hinderer of the people.

Shortly after this, Marcius stood for the Consulship; and the common people favoured his suit, thinking it would be a shame to deny and refuse the chiefest man of noble blood, and especially him that had done so great service to the commonwealth. The custom of Rome was, at that time, that such as did sue for any office should for certain days before be in the market-place, with a poor gown on their backs, to pray the citizens to remember them at the election. Now, Marcius, following this custom, showed many wounds and cuts upon his body, which he had received in seventeen years' service at the wars: so that there was not a man among the people but was ashamed to refuse so valiant a man; and one said to another, we must needs choose him, there is no remedy. But when the day of election was come, and Marcius came to the market-place, accompanied with all the Senate and Nobility, who sought to make him Consul with the greatest intreaty they ever attempted for any man; then the love and good will of the common people turned to hate and envy toward him, fearing to put this office into his hands, as one they might doubt would take away altogether the liberty from the people. Wherefore they refused him in the end, and made two others Consuls. The Senate did account the shame of this refusal rather to redound to themselves than to Marcius; but he took it in far worse part than the Senate, and was out of all patience.

Meauwhile there came great plenty of corn to Rome, part of it being bought in Italy, the rest given by Gelon tyrant of Syracuse; so that many stood in great hope that, the dearth being holpen, the civil dissension would cease. The Senate sat in counsel upon it immediately; the common people also stood about the palace, gaping what would fall out, persuading themselves that the corn they had bought should be sold good cheap, and that which had been given should be divided by the poll, without paying a penny; and the rather, because certain of the Senators did

wish the same. But Marcius did somewhat sharply take up those who went about to gratify the people therein, calling them people-pleasers and traitors to the Nobility. He said that they who counsel'ed that the corn should be given out to the people *gratis*, as they used to do in the cities of Greece where the people had more absolute power, did but nourish their disobedience, which would break out in the end to the utter ruin of the state. For they will not think it done in recompense of their service, since they have so oft refused to go to the wars; nor for their mutinies when they went; nor for the accusations which they have received against the Senate: but they will rather judge that we grant them this as standing in fear of them, and glad to flatter them every way. Therefore it were a great folly for us, methinks, to do it; yea, we should, if we were wise, take from them their Tribuneship, which manifestly is the embasing of the Consulship, and the cause of division in the city.

Marcius, dilating the matter with many such reasons, won all the young men and almost all the rich to his opinion; insomuch as they rang it out that he was the only man in the city, who stood out against the people, and never flattered them. The Tribunes, when they saw that the opinion of Marcius was confirmed by the more voices, left the Senate, and went down to the people, crying out for help. The words of Marcius being openly reported, the people so stomached them, that in their fury they were ready to fly upon the whole Senate. But the Tribunes laid all the fault upon Marcius, and sent their sergeants to arrest him. He stoutly withstood these officers; whereupon the Tribunes, accompanied with the Ædiles, went to fetch him by force, and so laid violent hands on him: howbeit, the Patricians, gathering about him, made them give back, and laid sore upon the Ædiles; so for that time the night parted them. The next morning the Consuls, seeing the people in an uproar, were afraid lest all the city would together by the ears: wherefore, assembling the Senate in all haste, they declared how it stood them upon to appease the fury of the people with some gentle words or grateful decrees in their favour. The most of the Senators present thinking this opinion best, and giving their consents unto it, the Consuls then went to speak unto the people as gently as they could, and did pacify their fury, using great modesty in persuading them, and also in reproving their faults. So, the most part being pacified, the Tribunes then said that, since the Senate yielded to reason, the people also, as became them, did likewise give place unto them: notwithstanding, they would that Marcius should come in person to answer to the articles they had devised. This was spoken to one of these two ends, either that Marcius against his nature should be constrained to humble himself, or else, if he continued in his stoutness, he should incur the people's ill-will so far that he could never win them again.

So Marcius came to answer their accusations, and the people

held their peace to hear what he would say. But, when they thought to hear lowly words from him, he began not only to use his wonted boldness of speaking, but also gave himself in words to thunder, and therewithal to look so grimly as though he made no reckoning of the matter; which stirred coals among the people, who were in wonderful fury at it, and their hate grew so toward him that they could hold no longer, nor endure his bravery. Whereupon Sicinius, the cruelest and stoutest of the Tribunes, after he had whispered with his companions, did pronounce Marcius condemned by the Tribunes to die; and commanded the Ædiles to apprehend him, and carry him straight to the rock Tarpeian, and to cast him headlong down the same. When they came to lay hands upon Marcius, divers of the people themselves thought it too cruel and violent a deed. The noblemen began to cry aloud, Help Marcius! so, those that laid hands on him being repulsed, they compassed him in among themselves, and some of them, holding up their hands to the people, besought them not to handle him thus cruelly; until the Tribunes' own friends did advise not to proceed in so violent a sort as to put such a man to death without process in law, but that they should refer the sentence to the free voice of the people. Then Sicinius, bethinking himself a little, did ask the Patricians for what cause they took Marcius out of the officers' hands. The Patricians asked him again why they would of themselves so wickedly put to death so noble and valiant a Roman without law and justice. Well then, said Sicinius, let there be no quarrel against the people; for they grant your demand that the cause shall be heard according to law. Therefore, said he to Marcius, we do will and charge you to appear before the people the third day of our next sitting here, to make your purgation for such articles as shall be objected against you, that by free voice the people may give sentence upon you as shall please them.

The Patricians assembled often to consult how they might stand to Marcius, and keep the Tribunes from causing the people to mutiny again. Marcius, seeing the Senate in great doubt how to resolve, asked aloud of the Tribunes what they would burden him with. They answered that they would show how he aspired to be king. He said he did willingly offer himself to be tried upon that accusation; and that, if it were proved he had but once thought of any such matter, he would then refuse no kind of punishment they should offer; conditionally that they should charge him with nothing else. They promised they would not; and under these conditions the people assembled.

And first of all the Tribunes would in any case that the people should give their voices by tribes, and not by hundreds; for by this means the multitude of the poor needy people came to be of greater force than the noble honest citizens whose persons and purse did serve the commonwealth in the wars. When the Trib-

unes saw they could not prove he went about to make himself king, they began to broach afresh the former words that Marcius spoke in the Senate, in hindering the distribution of corn to the people, and persuading to take the Tribuneship from them. And for the third, they charged that he had not made common distribution of the spoil gotten of the Antiates, but of his own authority had divided it among them that were with him. This matter was most strange of all to Marcius, looking not to be burdened with that as any offence: wherefore, having no ready excuse, he fell to praising the soldiers that had served with him in that journey. But those that were not with him, being the greater number, cried out so loud that he could not be heard. To conclude, when they came to tell the voices of the tribes, there were three voices odd which condemned him to be banished for ever. After declaration of the sentence, the people made such joy as they never made for any battle won upon their enemies, and went home jocundly from the assembly. The Senate in contrary manner were as sad and heavy, repenting that they had not done and suffered any thing whatsoever, rather than the people should have so abused their authority. There needed no difference of garments or outward shows, to know a Plebeian from a Patrician; for he that was on the people's side looked cheerfully, but he that was sad and hung down his head was, sure, of the noblemen's side; saving Marcius alone, who did never show himself abashed, nor once let fall his great courage: not that he did patiently bear his evil hap, but because he was so carried away with vehemency of anger and desire of revenge, that he had no sense of the state he was in; which the common people judge not to be sorrow, a though indeed it be the very same.

Now that Marcius was even in that taking, appeared soon after by his deeds. For, when he was come to his house, and had taken leave of his mother and wife, finding them weeping and shrieking out for sorrow, and had also comforted them; he went to the gate of the city, accompanied by a great number of Patricians, and from thence went on his way with three or four friends only, taking nothing with him, nor requesting any thing of any man. So he remained a few days in the country at his houses, turmoiled with sundry thoughts, such as the fire of his choler did stir up. In the end, seeing he could resolve no way to take an honourable course, but was only pricked forward to be revenged of the Romans, he thought it his best way to stir up the Volsces against them, knowing they were able enough to encounter them, and that their power was not so much impaired, as their malice and desire of revenge was increased.

Now, in the city of Antium there was one called Tullus Aufidius, who for his riches, as also for his nobility and valiantness, was honoured among the Volsces as a king. Marcius knew very well that Tullus did more malice and envy him than all the Ro

mans besides; because that many times in battles where they met they were ever at the encounter one against the other, insomuch as there was bred a marvellous private hate between them. Yet, considering that Tullus was of a great mind, and that he above all other Volsces desired revenge of the Romans, he disguised himself in such array as he thought no man could know what person he was, and so entered the enemies' town. It was even twilight when he entered, and many people met him, but no man knew him. So he went directly to Tullus Aufidius' house, and when he came thither he got him up straight to the chimney hearth, and sat him down, and spake not a word, his face all muffled over. They of the house spying him wondered what he shou'd be, yet they durst not bid him rise: for disguised as he was, yet there appeared a certain majesty in his countenance and in his silence; whereupon they went to Tullus who was at supper, to tell him of the strange disguising of this man. Tullus rose presently from the board, and coming towards him asked who he was, and wherefore he came. Then Marcius unmuffled himself, and, after he had paused awhile, said, "If thou knowest me not yet, Tullus, and seeing me dost not believe me to be the man I am indeed, I must of necessity bewray myself to be that I am. I am Caius Marcius, who hath done to thyself particularly, and to all the Volsces generally, great hurt and mischief, which I cannot deny for my surname Coriolanus that I bear. For I never had other benefit of the painful service I have done, and the extreme dangers I have been in, but this surname; — a good memory and witness of the malice and displeasure thou shouldest bear me. Indeed the name only remaineth with me: for the rest the envy and cruelty of the people of Rome have taken from me, by the sufferance of the dastardly Nobility and magistrates, who have forsaken me, and let me be banished by the people. This extremity hath now driven me to come as a poor suitor, to take thy chimney hearth: not of any hope I have to save my life thereby; for if I had feared death, I would not have come hither to put myself in hazard; but pricked forward with desire to be revenged of them that thus have banished me; which now I do begin, in putting my person into the hands of their enemies. Wherefore, if thou hast any heart to be wreaked of the injuries thy enemies have done thee, speed thee now, and let my misery serve thy turn, and so use it, that my services may be a benefit to the Volsces; promising thee that I will fight with better will for you, than I did when I was against you; knowing that they fight more valiantly who know the force of the enemy, than such as have never proved it. But if it be so that thou dare not, and art weary to prove fortune any more, then am I also weary to live any longer. And it were no wisdom in thee to save the life of him who hath been heretofore thy mortal enemy, and whose service now can nothing help nor pleasure thee." Tullus, hearing

what he said, was a marvellous glad man, and, taking him by the hand, said unto him, — "Stand up, O Marcius, and be of good cheer; for in proffering thyself unto us thou doest us great honour; and by this means thou mayest hope also of greater things at all the Volsces' hands." So he feasted him for that time, and entertained him in the honourablest manner he could, talking with him of no other matter at that present; but within a few days they fell to consultation in what sort they should begin their wars.

Tullus caused an assembly general to be made of the Volsces, and concluded to make war upon the Romans. This done, he counselled them to take Marcius into their service, and not to mistrust him for any thing past, for he would do more in fighting for them than he ever did in fighting against them. So Marcius was called forth, who spake so excellently that he was thought no less eloquent in tongue than warlike in show. Thus he was joined in commission with Tullus as general of the Volsces, having absolute authority between them to pursue the war. Then Marcius, having left order with the rulers to assemble the rest of their power, stole away upon the sudden with the lightest soldiers he had, and marched with all speed, and entered the territories of Rome, before the Romans had any news of his coming; insomuch as the Volsces found such spoil in the fields, that they had more than they could spend in their camp or carry away. Howbeit, this was the least part of his intent: for his chiefest purpose was, to increase the malice between the Nobility and people; and to draw that on, he was careful to keep the noblemen's lands and goods safe from harm, but spoiled all the country besides. This made greater broil between the Nobility and people, than was before. For the noblemen fell out with the people, because they had so unjustly banished a man of so great valour and power. The people, on the other side, accused the Nobility how they had procured Marcius to make this war to be revenged on them, because it pleased them to see their goods burned before their eyes, whilst themselves were well at ease.

In this while all went still to wreck at Rome. For to come into the field to fight, they could not abide to bear it, they were one so much against another, and full of seditious words; until they had intelligence that the enemies laid siege to the city of Lavinium, in which were all the temples and images of their gods. Then fell there out a marvellous sudden change of mind among the people, and far more strange and contrary in the Nobility for the people thought it good to repeal the exile of Marcius, but the Senate would in no case yield to that. Marcius, hearing of this stir about him, was in a greater rage with them than before; insomuch that he raised the siege before Lavinium, and, going towards Rome, lodged his camp within forty furlongs of the city. This did put the whole city in a wonderful fear: howbeit, for the present it appeased the dissension betwixt the Nobility and the

people. For, when they saw the women in a marvellous fear running up and down the city; the temples full of old people weeping bitterly in their prayers to the gods; and finally not a man either wise or hardy to provide for their safety; then they were all of opinion that the people had reason to call home Marcius and reconcile themselves to him. So they all agreed to send ambassadors unto him, to let him understand how his countrymen did call him home again, and restored him to all his goods, and besought him to deliver them from this war.

The ambassadors were Marcius' familiar friends and acquaintance, who looked at the least for a courteous welcome of him. Howbeit, at their coming they were brought to the place where he was set in his chair of state, with a marvellous and unspeakable majesty, having the chiefest men of the Volsces about him. So he commanded them to declare openly the cause of their coming, which they did in the most humble words they could devise, and with all modesty of behaviour: whereupon, for the injury they had done him, he answered very hotly and in great choler; but as general of the Volsces, he willed them to restore unto the Volsces all the lands and cities they had taken from them in former wars, and give them the honour and freedom of Rome. Thereupon he gave them thirty days' respite to make answer. So the ambassadors returned, and Marcius departed with his army out of their territories.

Marcius, having given the Romans thirty days' respite, thought it good not to lie idle, but went and destroyed the lands of their allies, and took seven great cities of theirs. The time having expired, and Marcius being returned into the dominions of the Romans with all his army, they sent another embassy to pray peace and the remove of the Volsces out of the country. He answered, that as general of the Volsces he would reply nothing to it; but as a Roman citizen he would counsel them to let fall their pride; and that they should come again within three days, and deliver up the articles agreed upon: otherwise he would no more give them safe conduct to his camp with such vain messages. When the ambassadors had returned and made report to the Senate, the city being in extreme danger, they threw out, as the common proverb saith, their holy anchor. For they appointed all the bishops, priests, ministers of the gods, and keepers of holy things, and all the augurers and soothsayers, to go to Marcius, apparelled as when they do sacrifices, and intreat him to leave off the war, and speak to his countrymen, and conclude peace with the Volsces. He suffered them to come into the camp, but granted them nothing more, and willed them either to accept peace under the conditions offered, or else to receive war. When this goodly rabble of priests were returned, it was determined that none should go out of the city, and that they should watch upon the walls, to repulse their enemies, if they came to assault them

referring themselves and all their hope to time and fortune s uncertain favour, not knowing otherwise how to remedy the danger.

Now the Roman ladies and gentlemen did visit all the temples and gods, to make their prayers unto them. But the greatest ladies were continually about the altar of Jupiter Capitolinus, among whom was Valeria, Publicola's own sister, who was greatly honoured and reverenced of the Romans, and did so modestly and wisely behave herself, that she did not shame nor dishonour the house she came of. She suddenly fell into a fancy, and had taken hold of a noble device. Whereupon she rose and the other ladies with her, and all went straight to the house of Volumnia, Marcius' mother; and, coming in, found her and Marcius' wife set together, and having his young children in her lap. All these ladies sitting in a ring about her, Valeria began to speak in this sort: "We ladies are come to visit you, my lady Volumnia and Virgilia, by no direction from the Senate or any magistrate, but through the inspiration, as I take it, of some god above; who, having taken pity of our prayers, hath moved us to come and intreat you in a matter, as well beneficial for us, as also for the citizens in general, and to yourselves in special; and which shall redound to your more fame, than the daughters of the Sabines obtained when they procured loving peace between their fathers and husbands. Come on, good ladies, and let us go all together unto Marcius, to intreat him to take pity upon us, and also to report unto him how much you are bound unto the citizens; who, notwithstanding they have sustained great hurt by him, have not sought revenge upon your persons, nor conceived any thought but to deliver you safe into his hands, though thereby they look for no better grace or clemency from him."

When Valeria had spoken this, all the other ladies with one voice confirmed that she had said. Then Volumnia in this sort did answer: "My good ladies, we are partakers with you of the common misery of our country, and our grief exceedeth yours by reason of our particular misfortune. But the greatest grief is, to see our poor country brought to such extremity, that all hope is now cast upon us simple women; because we know not what account he will make of us, since he hath cast from him all care of his natural country, which heretofore he hath holden more precious than either his mother, wife, or children. Notwithstanding, if ye think we can do any good, we will do what you will have us. Bring us to him, I pray you; for if we cannot prevail, we can die at his feet, as humble suitors for our country."

Her answer ended, she took her daughter-in-law and Marcius' children with her; and, being accompanied with all the other ladies, they went together unto the Volsces' camp; who, when they saw her, did of themselves pity and reverence her, and there was not a man among them that durst say a word unto her. Now was Marcius set in his chair of state, and when he spied the wo

men coming afar off, he marvelled what it meant; but afterwards, knowing his wife, who came foremost, he determined at the first to persist in his rancour. But in the end, being altered to see them, his heart would not serve him to tarry their coming to his chair; but, coming down in haste, he went to meet them, and first he kissed his mother and embraced her awhile, then his wife and little children. And nature so wrought in him, that the tears fell from his eyes, and he could not keep himself from making much of them. Then, perceiving that his mother would speak, he called the chiefest of the Volsces to hear what she would say. Then she spake in this sort:

"If we held our peace, my son, and determined not to speak, the state of our poor bodies and present sight of our raiment would easily bewray to thee what life we have led at home since thy exile: but think now with thyself, how much more unfortunate than all the women living we are come hither, considering that the sight which should be most pleasant to behold, spiteful fortune hath made most fearful to us; making myself to see my son, and my daughter here her husband, besieging the walls of his native country; so as that which is the only comfort to all others in their adversity, to pray unto the gods and to call to them for aid, is the thing which plungeth us in most deep perplexity. For we cannot, alas! together pray both for victory to our country and for safety of thy life; but a world of grievous curses, yea, more than any mortal enemy can heap upon us, are forcibly wrapped up in our prayers. For the bitter sop of most hard choice is offered thy wife and children, either to lose the person of thyself, or the nurse of their native country. For myself, my son, I am determined not to tarry till fortune in my life-time do make an end of this war; for if I cannot persuade thee rather to do good unto both parties than to overthrow and destroy the one; trust unto it, thou shalt no sooner march forward to assault thy country, but thy foot shall tread upon thy mother's womb, that brought thee first into this world. And I may not defer to see the day, either that my son be led prisoner in triumph by his natural countrymen, or that he himself do triumph of them. If it were so that my request tended to save thy country in destroying the Volsces, I must confess thou wouldest hardly resolve on that: for as to destroy thy country, is altogether unmeet and unlawful; so were it not just, and less honourable, to betray those that put their trust in thee. But my only demand consisteth to make a jail-delivery of all evils, which delivereth equal benefit and safety to both, but most honourable to the Volsces. For it shall appear that, having victory in their hands, they have granted us singular graces, peace and amity; of which good, if so it come to pass, thyself is the only author, and so hast thou the honour. But, if it fail, thyself alone shall carry the shameful reproach of either party. So though the end of war be uncertain, yet this is most certain,—

that, if it be thy chance to conquer, this benefit shalt thou reap of thy goodly conquest, to be chronicled the plague and destroyer of thy country. And if fortune overthrow thee, then the world will say, that through desire to revenge thy private injuries thou hast forever undone thy friends who did most lovingly receive thee. — My son, why dost thou not answer me? Dost thou take it honourable for a noble man to remember the wrongs and injuries done him, and dost not think it an honest man's part to be thankful for the goodness that parents do show to their children? No man living is more bound to show himself thankful in all parts and respects, than thyself. Thou hast not hitherto showed thy poor mother any courtesy, and therefore it is not only honest, but due unto me, that I should obtain my so just and reasonable request of thee. But since by reason I cannot persuade thee, to what purpose do I defer my last hope?"

With these words, herself, his wife, and children fell down upon their knees before him. Marcius seeing that could refrain no longer, but went straight and lift her up, crying out, "O mother, what have you done to me?" And, holding her hard by the right hand, "O mother," said he, "you have won a happy victory for your country, but mortal and unhappy for your son; for I see myself vanquished by you alone." These words being spoken openly, he spake a little apart with his mother and wife, and then let them return to Rome, for so they did request him; and so, remaining in the camp that night, the next morning he dislodged, and marched into the Volsces' country again.

Now the citizens of Rome plainly showed in what fear and danger they stood, of this war. For so soon as the watch upon the walls perceived the Volsces' camp to remove, there was not a temple in the city but was presently set open, and full of men wearing garlands of flowers on their heads, sacrificing to the gods, as they were wont to do upon the news of some great victory. And this common joy was yet more manifestly showed by the honourable courtesies the whole Senate and people did bestow on the ladies. For they were all thoroughly persuaded that the ladies only were the cause of saving the city. Whereupon the Senate ordained that the magistrates, to gratify and honour these ladies, should grant them all that they would require. And they only requested them to build a temple of Fortune for the women, themselves offering to defray the whole charge of the sacrifices and other ceremonies belonging to the service of the gods; and the Senate, commending their good will, ordained that the temple and image should be made at the common charge of the city.

When Marcius was returned into the city of Antium, Tullus, that hated and could no longer abide him, for the fear he had of his authority, sought divers means to make him away. Wherefore, having procured many of his confederacy, he required Marcius might be deposed from his estate, to render up account to the

Volsces of his charge and government. Marcius answered, that he was willing to give up his charge, and would resign it into the hands of the lords, if they did all command him, as by all their commandment he received it; and that he would even at that present give up an account to the people, if they would tarry the hearing of it. Hereupon an assembly was held, in which there were certain orators appointed, who stirred up the common people against him. When they had told their tales, Marcius rose up to answer; and the people quieted themselves and gave him audience: whereupon Tullus, fearing that, if he let him speak, he would prove his innocence to the people, because amongst other things he had an eloquent tongue, thought he might no longer delay his enterprise, nor tarry for the rising of the common people against him. Wherefore those that were of the conspiracy began to cry out that he was not to be heard, and that they would not suffer a traitor to usurp tyrannical power over the Volsces. Saying these words, they all fell upon him, and killed him in the market-place, none of the people once offering to rescue him. Howbeit, it is clear that this murder was not generally consented to of the Volsces: for men came out of all parts to honour his body, and did honourably bury him; setting up his tomb with great store of armour and spoils, as the tomb of a worthy person and great captain.

The foregoing abstract makes manifest enough that the Poet was indebted to the historian for somewhat more than the events of the drama. The life and character of the persons, together with the springs and processes of their action, were in a good measure taken from that time-honoured repository. And the point worth special noting is, that from the parts and fragments thence derived, rich and fresh as these often are, the Poet should have reproduced, as it were, the entire form and order of their being, creating an atmosphere and environing which so fit and cohere with what he borrowed, that the whole has the air and movement of a perfectly original work. For it may be observed, that all the humorous and amusing scenes — and Shakespeare has few that are more choicely conceived or more aptly used — are supplied from the Poet's own mind; there being no hint towards these in Plutarch, saving the fable rehearsed and applied by old Menenius, who is described as one of "the pleasantest old men, and the most acceptable to the people." And yet how exquisite and admirable the keeping of these scenes with the other matter and course of the play! and how perfectly steeped and charged they seem with the very genius and spirit of old Roman life and manners!

But the drama has what some may not unfairly consider a still higher merit, in that through the whole is poured the high-reaching grace and power of the most deep and broad and mellow philosophy. From its richly-freighted scenes may be gathered, directly

or by quick inference, a code and stock of practical wisdom large and various enough to furnish out the moralist and statesman: the whole work bespeaking a mind which, without any loss of strength or vigour, has ripened up into a sage-like calmness, clearness, and sobriety; which, as from a world-commanding eminence, has made a full and complete survey of humanity; which has thoroughly mastered the principles and measures of political growth and influence; which knows men through and through, both as individuals and as members of the state; and which understands how man and man, rank and rank, class and class, sex and sex, act and react on one another in all the civil and social relations of life, so that he can view and touch them, play or be serious with them, laugh at or instruct them, as one that is perfectly at home both among and within them. The play, it is true, has comparatively little of that mighty-rushing energy and torrent of passion, in which the Poet seems at one period of his life to have delighted to dwell. The nature of the theme indeed did not well admit of this. But, surely, the want thereof is more than made up by qualities which, if not nobler in themselves, are much rarer to be met with. And the very choice of the subject-matter, as well as the mode of treating it, argues the state of one who has shaken himself loose from those fierce bewilderments of soul, and set up his rest in the more even and quiet fields of lofty unimpassioned thought; where he is bending all his resources of genius and art to the moving and interesting of men by discoursing the purer truths of the intellect and the heart, and by running the most free and eloquent division upon them.

Hazlitt indeed has charged the Poet that in this play he shows a strong leaning to the side of Patrician arrogance and pride, against the interest and feeling of the people. And herewithal he revels and expatiates at large, to make out how much more of poetry there is in the high treadings of aristocratic insolence, than in the modest walking of Plebeian humility. But Hazlitt's mind seems to have been so preoccupied with spite of what was socially above him, that he could scarce take any reproof but what was levelled at those around and below him: all which may be regarded by some as inferring the spirit of a high-strung aristocrat, soured by disappointment, and so spurning at what itself could not reach. There is, we believe, no ground for such a charge in the present case. On the contrary, the play may be cited as a strong instance of dramatic evenhandedness: impartial justice seems to have been the moral law of the composition. The ugly and offensive points in the hero, those which most naturally, if not justly, drew on him the people's hate, are set forth unsparingly; not indeed naked and alone, for this were but turning them into caricature, but in combination with high and noble traits, just as delivered in the history, and just as we find them perpetually occurring in actual men. So, on the other side much that is good

and generous in the people, as well as what is mean and envious, has a kindly and cordial outlet, sometimes playful indeed, and sometimes otherwise; but still so as, in effect, to engage for them more of pity than of anger. They are represented as bearing much, forgiving much; free to own the greatness of the haughty Patrician, and not more resenting his insolence, than regretting it; and never withheld from making fair returns of honour even against many and great provocations, till set on fire by the tongues of envious and self-seeking flatterers. If there be any person in the play whom the Poet shows a leaning to more than another, it is old Menenius, a frank, patriotic, liberal soul, who is genially and lovingly humorous towards the people even when his eye is upon their faults, yet free and upright in reproving them, though at the same time sensible of their virtues; who smilingly stoops to play jokes upon them, that so he may soothe and sweeten their exasperated minds; exercising his good-natured wit to heal as fast as his sharpness wounds; and thus standing at an equal remove from the insulting aristocrat and the snaky demagogue.

The hero offers a capital study for those who, in their estimates of men, have not learned to temper their thoughts to "a web of mingled yarn," such as human nature, even in its best specimens, ordinarily presents. The character is a very mixed one; and all its parts, good and bad, are fashioned on so large a scale as to yield matter enough for making out a strong case either way, according as the observer's mind is set to a course of all blame or all praise; while at the same time the several lines are so energetic and bold as to render it not easy for one to steer clear of all extremes, and so to take the impression of a given side as to fit the subject all round. The main features of the man are drawn together in Plutarch with so vigorous yet delicate a hand, that we should seem hardly excusable in omitting the passage. We subjoin it from North, making no changes but what are needful for due compression of the matter:

"Caius Marcius, being left an orphan by his father, was brought up under his mother, a widow, who taught us by experience that orphanage bringeth many discommodities to a child, but doth not hinder him to become an honest man, and to excel in virtue above the common sort. This man also is a good proof to confirm some men's opinions, that a rare and excellent wit untaught doth bring forth many good and evil things together; as a fat soil bringeth forth both herbs and weeds. For his natural wit and great heart did marvellously stir up his courage to do and attempt notable acts. But, on the other side, for lack of education, he was so choleric and impatient that he would yield to no living creature; which made him churlish, uncivil, and altogether unfit for any man's conversation. Yet men, marvelling much at his constancy, that he was never overcome with pleasure nor money, and how he would endure easily all manner of pains and travels, thereupon

well liked his stoutness and temperance. But, for all that, they could not be acquainted with him, as one citizen useth to be with another, his behaviour was so unpleasant to them by reason of a certain insolent and stern manner he had. . . . . It is daily seen that, honour lighting on young men before the time, the desire to win more dyeth straight in them, the same having no deep root: whereas the first honour that valiant minds come upon doth quicken up their appetite, hasting them forward as with force of wind to enterprise things of high-deserving. This desire being bred in Marcius, he strained still to pass himself in manliness, and his noble service did still advance his fame. And, as for others, the only respect that made them valiant was, that they hoped to have honour; but, touching Marcius, the only thing that made him to love honour was the joy he saw his mother did take of him. For nothing made him so happy, as that his mother might hear every body praise and commend him; that she might always see him return with a crown upon his head, and still embrace him with tears running down her cheeks for joy."

In strict keeping with this account of the man, Shakespeare represents pride as the back-bone of his composition. And his pride is rendered altogether inflammable and uncontrollable by passion, insomuch that, let but a spark of provocation be struck into the latter, and the former at once flames up beyond measure, and sweeps away all the regards of prudence, of decorum, and even of life. It is therefore perfectly characteristic of the man that an unexpected word of scornful reproach stings him to the quick: the instant it touches his ear, he explodes like a rocket. It is on this principle that the wily Tribunes work, plying their craft and watching their time to provoke him into some fatal provocation of popular resentment. Hence the Poet, with great judgment, and without any hint from the history, makes Aufidius, when the time is ripe for firing off the conspiracy against his life, touch him into an ecstasy of passionate rage by spitting the term "boy" at him. Now, his very pride, if duly guarded by the ensconcements of reason and self-respect, would have caused him, from the monstrous unfitness of such an epithet, to answer it with calm and silent scorn: but he seems to resent it in proportion as it strikes wide of him, and makes its very unfitness to him the cause of its power over him.

The natural working of these qualities, together with the gigantic structure of the man in other parts, made his character an apt and inviting occasion to represent the struggle between those two antagonist elements in the state, which in their reconcilement and unity did much towards rearing up the solid greatness and grandeur of old Rome. There is in the people much that is really despicable. This the hero seizes on greedily, and makes the most of, as favouring that whereon his pride fastens, and at the same time winks away whatsoever there is in them of a redeeming quality: he scorns their meanness, and is glad to find it

in them as giving him cause for scorning them; will see in them nothing but what is vile, and would fain make them as vile as he thinks them, that so his scorn may stand justified to his sense of right. Still he is placed where his pride can only come at its proper food by their suffrage; for its dearest gratification he must needs look to that which most galls and offends it. This puts him upon trying to extort their admiration and homage while making them hate his person: what he most prides himself upon is to have his greatness force honours from them in spite of his insolence to them; because such an inverse proportion between their returns and receipts serves to magnify and set off his superiority. This is well shown in what falls from one of those almost characterless persons of the drama, in whom the Poet sometimes puts much candour and shrewdness of observation, and then uses them as the mouth-piece of his own judgment: "If he did not care whether he had their love or no, he would wave indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good nor harm; but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him, and leaves nothing undone that may fully discover him their opposite." Hence, when he goes out to beg their voices, he takes care to season his requests with scorn, and to let them see that his spirit still disclaims what his tongue speaks: then, if they excuse his spirit on the score of his formal compliance, this will be his triumph.

The hero's pride, however, is far from being of a mean and narrow cast: nobly elemented out of the various regards of rank, family, country, talents, and courage, it therefore partakes the general greatness of his character; is of a towering and majestic pitch; and as it grows not less by what he derives from and shares with others, than by what is peculiar to himself, so it is of that high and generous scope that commonly issues in great virtues as well as great faults. Hence it is nowise such as, of itself, to eat out the better juices of humanity: on the contrary, modesty, gratitude, openness of heart and hand, are its chosen playfellows; and it is of an element that would keep clean and fresh the breast where it dwells, and under whose stern yet free patronage, tenderness of heart, purity and rectitude of life, and many of the milder and gentler qualities, have their best cherishing; a sure source of replenishment to whatsoever virtues it guards, because its own best source of thrift is in the noble growth it fosters. Which is rarely shown in that, with all his passionate craving after fame, he still counts it his highest honour to be the cause that others are honoured. For he is as jealous of the merit as of the position of his fellow-Patricians; would guard their virtue as carefully as their rank; is not less strenuous to have them deserve than to have them hold the place of supreme rule and reverence in the state. He is prouder, too, of his mother than of himself; cares more to please her than himself; owns no titles to honour in himself but what he can refer to that honoured source, nor covets any returns but such as will magnify the part she has in him: in

brief, he looks up to her as a superior being whose benediction is the best grace of his life; and his profound awe of her person and of her rights in him is itself a principle of such intrinsic greatness and energy as would burst asunder the cold dry ligatures of an ignoble and ungenerous nature. When, upon her coming out to intercede with him, he says,—"My mother bows; as if Olympus to a molehill should in supplication nod,"—we have the sublimity of filial reverence, imaged in a form not more magnificent in itself than characteristic of the speaker.

Volumnia has the same essential greatness of character, and the same high-strung pride; the whole being cast, however, in a perfectly feminine mould, and rendered mellow and considerate by a larger experience and a more disinterested spirit. More firm and steady, too, because less passionate, her pride is never inflamed into any breach of propriety and decorum: on the contrary, she seems to become more dignified and self-possessed when her pride is chafed and galled. And her energy of will and thought, if not greater than her son's, yet in the end outwrestles his, because it proceeds on grounds less selfish and personal. It was a very profound insight of womau's nature that led the Poet to represent her as exhorting her son to temporise with the people, and to use arts for conciliating them which had no allowance in his bosom's truth; for even so woman, as having less of wilfulness and more of sensibility in the reason, naturally judges the quality of an action more by the consequences which she hopes or fears therefrom. What a story does the life of this mother and this son, with their reciprocal action and influence, as set forth in the play, tell us of the old Roman matronage, and of that profound religion toward womanhood which formed so large and powerful an element in the social constitution of republican Rome! And what a comment does this deep awe of motherhood, taken along with the history of that wonderful nation, read upon the precept, —"Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee!" For reverence of children to their fathers is the principle that binds together successive generations in one continuous life. So that the loosening or impairing of this tie is the beginning of national dissolution For, in forgetting the past, men do but teach the future to forget themselves; and where we find a present that honours not a past, there we may be sure the very genius of nationality is gone.

Various other characters in this noble play are wisely conceived, and nicely discriminated. The contrast between Volumnia and Virgilia is wrought out with the greatest delicacy and felicity. And the marshalling of the materials, the adjustment of the parts, the whole social and political ordonnance of the drama, discover such a form aud measure of constructive and administrative judgmeut as might sustain the weight of an empire.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Caius Marcius Coriolanus, a noble Roman.
Titus Lartius, } Generals against the Volscians.
Cominius, }
Menenius Agrippa, Friend to Coriolanus.
Sicinius Velutus, } Tribunes of the People.
Junius Brutus, }
Young Marcius, Son to Coriolanus.
A Roman Herald.
Tullus Aufidius, General of the Volscians.
Lieutenant to Aufidius.
Conspirators with Aufidius.
A Citizen of Antium.
Two Volscian Guards.

Volumnia, Mother to Coriolanus
Virgilia, Wife to Coriolanus.
Valeria, Friend to Virgilia.
Gentlewoman, attending Virgilia.

Roman and Volscian Senators, Patricians, Ædiles, Lictors, Soldiers, Citizens, Messenger, Servants to Aufidius, and other Attendants.

SCENE — partly in Rome; and partly in the Territories of the Volscians and Antiates.

CORIOLANUS.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Rome. A Street.

Enter a Company of mutinous Citizens, with Staves, Clubs, and other Weapons.

1 *Cit.* BEFORE we proceed any further, hear me speak.

All. Speak, speak.

1 *Cit.* You are all resolv'd rather to die than to famish?

All. Resolv'd, resolv'd.

1 *Cit.* First you know Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

All. We know't, we know't.

1 *Cit.* Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict?

All. No more talking on't; let it be done: away, away!

2 *Cit.* One word, good citizens.

1 *Cit.* We are accounted poor citizens, the patricians good.[1] What authority surfeits on would relieve us: if they would yield us but the superfluity while it were wholesome, we might guess they

[1] *Good* seems to be here used in a double sense; one of them being the commercial, as by Shylock in the Merchant of Venice: "ANTONIO is a *good* man. . . . . My meaning, in saying he is a *good* man, is to have you understand me, that he is *sufficient*."

H.

relieved us humanely; but they think we are too dear: the leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery,[2] is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our sufferance is a gain to them. — Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes:[3] for the gods know I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

2 *Cit.* Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

All. Against him first: he's a very dog to the commonalty.

2 *Cit.* Consider you what services he has done for his country?

1 *Cit.* Very well; and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

2 *Cit.* Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1 *Cit.* I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end: though soft-conscienc'd men can be content to say it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2 *Cit.* What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him. You must in no way say he is covetous.

1 *Cit.* If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations: he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in

[2] That is, apparently, the *sight* or *spectacle* of their misery their *leanness* was the *object* that served, by comparison, to remind the Patricians of their own abundance; and so the sufferings of the Plebs were a gain to them. Mr. Collier's second folio turns *object* into *abjectness*. H.

[3] "As lean as a *rake*" was an ancient proverb; *rake* being from *rache*, which signified a *greyhound*. *Pike* or *pikefork* is also an old word for *pitchfork*. Of course a quibble is intended on *rake*. H.

repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are these? The other side o'the city is risen: why stay we prating here? to the Capitol!

All. Come, come.

1 *Cit.* Soft! who comes here?

Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.

2 *Cit.* Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always lov'd the people.

1 *Cit.* He's one honest enough: 'Would all the rest were so!

Men. What work's, my countrymen, in hand? Where go you
With bats and clubs? The matter? Speak, I pray you.

1 *Cit.* Our business is not unknown to the senate: they have had inkling this fortnight what we intend to do, which now we'll show 'em in deeds. They say poor suitors have strong breaths; they shall know we have strong arms too.

Men. Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours,
Will you undo yourselves?

1 *Cit.* We cannot, sir; we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable care
Have the patricians of you. For your wants,
Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well

[4] Modern editions, until Knight's, assign this and divers subsequent speeches to the *first* citizen. We can discover no sufficient reason for varying from the original, which puts them in the mouth of the *second*. The change was made by Malone, because in his former speeches the second citizen has stood up for Coriolanus; but in this and the following he says nothing against *him*, but only against certain public measures, speaking more like a reasonable man, than the first citizen, who in his blind wrath would kill the man and let the evil live.

Strike at the heaven with your staves, as lift them
Against the Roman state; whose course will on
The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs
Of more strong link asunder, than can ever
Appear in your impediment. For the dearth,
The gods, not the patricians, make it; and
Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack.
You are transported by calamity
Thither where more attends you; and you slander
The helms o'the state, who care for you like fathers,
When you curse them as enemies.

1 *Cit.* Care for us!—True, indeed, they ne'er car'd for us yet.[5] Suffer us to famish, and their store-houses cramm'd with grain; make edicts for usury, to support usurers; repeal daily any wholesome act established against the rich; and provide more piercing statutes daily to chain up and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will; and there's all the love they bear us.[6]

[5] In modern editions this passage is pointed thus: "Care fo. us!—True, indeed!—They ne'er car'd for us yet." We keep to the pointing of the original; which, to our mind, makes the sense much more coherent and clear. H.

[6] In North's Plutarch the account of this insurrection runs as follows: "It fortuned there grew sedition in the city, because the Senate did favour the rich against the people, who did complaine of the sore oppression of usurers, of whom they borrowed mony. For those that had litle were yet spoiled of that litle by their creditors, for lack of ability to pay the usury; who offered their goods to be sold to them that would give most. And such as had nothing left, their bodies were laid hold on, and they were made bondmen, notwithstauding all the wounds and cuts which they had received in many battels, fighting for defence of their countrey; of the which the last warre they had made was against the Sabynes, wherein they fought upon the promise the rich men had made, that from thenceforth they would intreate them more gently. But after that they had faithfully served in this last battel, seeing they were never a whit the better, and that the Senate would give no care to them, but suffered them to be made slaves to their

Men. Either you must
Confess yourselves wondrous malicious,
Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you
A pretty tale: it may be you have heard it;
But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture
To stale't[7] a little more.

1 *Cit.* Well, I'll hear it, sir; yet you must not think to fob off our disgrace with a tale: but, an't please you, deliver.

creditours; they fel then even to flat rebellion and mutiny, and to stirre up dangerous tumults within the city. Whereupon their chiefe magistrates, and many of the Senate, began to be of divers opinions among themselves. For some thought it was reason they shold somewhat yeeld to the poore peoples request, and a litle qualifie the severity of the law. Other held hard against that opinion and Martius for one. For he alledged that the creditours losing their money was not the worst thing that was herein; but that the lenity was a beginning of disobedience, and that the proud attempt of the communalty was to abolish law, and to bring all to confusion. Therefore, he said, if the Senate were wise, they should betimes prevent and quench this ill favoured and worse meant beginning. The Senate met many daies in consultation about it; but in the end they concluded nothing. The poore common people, seeing no redresse, gathered themselves one day together, and all forsook the city, and encamped upon a hil, called at that day the holy hill, along the river of Tyber, offering no creature any hurt, nor making any shew of actuall rebellion, saving that they cried, as they went up and down, that the rich men had driven them out of the city. Moreover, they said, to dwell at Rome was nothing els but to be slain or hurt with continuall wars, and fighting for defence of the rich mens goods." H.

[7] That is, *make* it stale, common, or familiar. The Poet often uses *stale* thus, as in the well-known passage in Antony and Cleopatra: "Age cannot wither her, nor custom *stale* her infinite variety." And in Julius Cæsar: "Were I a common laugher, or did use to *stale* with ordinary oaths my love." Likewise, in Massinger's Unnatural Combat: "I'll not *stale* the jest by my relation." The original has *scale* in the text, which Knight and Collier retain, each giving it a different and very improbable explanation. Mr. Dyce laughs at their comments, and quotes an instance from Fletcher, where *scale* was certainly misprinted for *stale*. The change in the text was first made by Theobald.

Men. There was a time when all the body's members
Rebell'd against the belly; thus accus'd it:
That only like a gulf it did remain
I'the midst o'the body, idle and unactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labour with the rest; where[8] th' other instruments
Did see and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And, mutually participant, did minister
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answer'd, —

1 *Cit.* Well, sir, what answer made the belly?

Men. Sir, I shall tell you. — With a kind of smile,
Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus
(For, look you, I may make the belly smile
As well as speak) it tauntingly replied
To th' discontented members, the mutinous parts
That envied his receipt; even so most fitly[9]
As you malign our senators, for that
They are not such as you.

1 *Cit.* Your belly's answer? What?
The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,
The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabric, if that they —

Men. What then? —
'Fore me, this fellow speaks! — what then? what then?

1 *Cit.* Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,
Who is the sink o'the body, —

[8] *Where* for *whereas.*
[9] That is, exactly.

Men. Well, what then?

1 *Cit.* The former agents, if they did complain,
What could the belly answer?

Men. I will tell you:
If you'll bestow a small (of what you have little)
Patience awhile, you'll hear the belly's answer.

1 *Cit.* Y'are long about it.

Men. Note me this, good friend;
Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash, like his accusers, and thus answer'd:
"True is it, my incorporate friends," quoth he,
"That I receive the general food at first,
Which you do live upon; and fit it is,
Because I am the store-house and the shop
Of the whole body: but, if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood
Even to the court, the heart; to th' seat o'the brain;[10]
And, through the cranks[11] and offices of man,
The strongest nerves and small inferior veins
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live. And though that all at once,
You, my good friends," this says the belly, mark me,—

1 *Cit.* Ay, sir; well, well.

[10] According to the old philosophy, the heart was the seat of the understanding; hence it is here called "the court." So in a previous speech: "The counsellor heart."—Modern editions, until Knight's, put a dash after *heart*, thus making the latter part of the line in apposition with the former, and interpret *brain* to mean *understanding*: which is evidently wrong; the right sense being, apparently,—"I send the general food through the rivers of your blood to the heart, which is the court; I send it to the seat of the brain," that is, the head: for the belly may as justly claim the honour of sending nourishment to the head as to the heart. H.

[11] *Cranks* are *windings*; the meandering ducts of the human body

Men. "Though all at once cannot
See what I do deliver out to each;
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flour of all,
And leave me but the bran." What say you to't?[12]

1 *Cit.* It was an answer: How apply you this?

Men. The senators of Rome are this good belly,
And you the mutinous members: For, examine
Their counsels and their cares; digest things rightly
Touching the weal o'the common; you shall find

[12] The fable of the Belly and the Members has been traced far back in antiquity. It is found in several ancient collections of Æsopian fables; so that there is as much reason for making Æsop the author of this as of many others that go in his name. Shakespeare was acquainted with a very spirited version of it in Camden's Remains; but he was chiefly indebted for the matter to North's Plutarch, where it is given thus: "The Senate did send unto them certaine of the pleasantest old men, and the most acceptable to the people among them. Of those Menenius Agrippa was he who was sent for chiefe man of the message from the Senate. He, after many good perswasions and gentle requests made to the people on the behalfe of the Senate, knit up his oration, in the end, with a notable tale, in this manner: That on a time all the members of mans body did rebell against the belly, complaining of it, that it only remained in the midst of the body, without doing any thing, neither did beare any labour to the maintenance of the rest; whereas all other parts and members did labour painfully and were very carefull to satisfie the appetites and desires of the body. And so the belly, all this notwithstanding, laughed at their folly, and said,—It is true, I first receive all meates that nourish mans body; but afterwards I send it againe to the nourishment of other parts of the same. Even so, quoth he, O you, my masters, and citizens of Rome, the reason is alike betweene the Senate and you. For, matters being wel digested, and their counsels throughly examined, touching the benefite of the commonwealth, the Senatours are cause of the common commodity that cometh unto every one of you. These perswasions pacified the people, conditionally that the Senate would grant there shold be yearely chosen five magistrates, which they now call *Tribuni Plebis*, whose office should be to defend the poore people from violence and oppressiou. So Junius Brutus and Sicinius Velutus were the first Tribunes of the people that were chosen, who had only bene the causers and procurers of this seditiou." H.

No public benefit which you receive,
But it proceeds or comes from them to you,
And no way from yourselves. — What do you think,
You, the great toe of this assembly? —

1 *Cit.* I the great toe? Why the great toe?

Men. For that, being one o'the lowest, basest, poorest,
Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost:
Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run,[13]
Lead'st first to win some vantage. —
But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs,
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle;
The one side must have bale.[14] — Hail, noble Marcius!

Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.

Mar. Thanks. — What's the matter, you dissentious rogues,
That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs?

1 *Cit.* We have ever your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to ye will flatter
Beneath abhorring. — What would you have, you curs,
That like nor peace nor war? the one affrights you;
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,

[13] *Rascal* and *in blood* are terms of the forest, both here used equivocally. The meaning seems to be, "thou worthless scoundrel, though thou art in the worst plight for running of all this herd of plebeians, like a deer not *in blood*, thou takest the lead in this tumult in order to obtain some private advantage to thyself." "Worst in blood" has a secondary meaning of *lowest in condition*

[14] *Bale* is *evil* or *mischief*. The word is pure Saxon, and was becoming obsolete in Shakespeare's time.

Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;
Where foxes, geese: You are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,
To make him worthy whose offence subdues him,
And curse that justice did it.[15] Who deserves greatness,
Deserves your hate; and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Trust ye?
With every minute you do change a mind,
And call him noble that was now your hate,
Him vile that was your garland. What's the matter
That in these several places of the city
You cry against the noble senate, who,
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another? — What's their seeking?

Men. For corn at their own rates; whereof they say
The city is well stor'd.

Mar. Hang 'em! They say?
They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
What's done i'the Capitol; who's like to rise,
Who thrives, and who declines; side factions, and give out
Conjectural marriages; making parties strong,
And feebling such as stand not in their liking
Below their cobbled shoes. They say there's grain enough?

[15] "Your virtue is to speak well of him whom his own offences have subjected to justice; and to rail at those laws by which he whom you praise was punished."

Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,[16]
And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry[17]
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high
As I could pick[18] my lance.

Men. Nay, these are all most thoroughly persuaded;
For, though abundantly they lack discretion,
Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you,
What says the other troop?

Mar. They are dissolv'd. Hang 'em!
They said they were an-hungry; sigh'd forth proverbs, —
That hunger broke stone walls; that dogs must eat;
That meat was made for mouths; that the gods sent not
Corn for the rich men only. — With these shreds
They vented their complainings; which being answer'd,
And a petition granted them, a strange one,
(To break the heart of generosity,[19]
And make bold power look pale,) they threw their caps
As they would hang them on the horns o'the moon,
Shouting their emulation.[20]

Men. What is granted them?

[16] That is, pity, compassion.

[17] *Quarry* or *querre*, signified slaughtered game of any kind, so called from being deposited in a square enclosed space in royal hunting. See Macbeth, Act i. sc. 2, note 3.

[18] That is, *pitch*; still in provincial use. The fact is, that in ancient language to *pick* was used for to cast, throw, or hurl; to *pitch* was to set or fix any thing in a particular spot. See King Henry VIII., Act v. sc. 3, note 18.

[19] *Generosity*, in the sense of its Latin original, for *nobleness high birth.*

[20] *Emulation* is *factious contention.* See Troilus and Cressida Act ii. sc. 2, note 17

Mar. Five tribunes, to defend their vulgar wisdoms,
Of their own choice: One's Junius Brutus,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not — 'Sdeath!
The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,
Ere so prevail'd with me: it will in time
Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes
For insurrection's arguing.

Men. This is strange.

Mar. Go; get you home, you fragments!

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Where's Caius Marcius?

Mar. Here: What's the matter?

Mes. The news is, sir, the Volsces are in arms

Mar. I am glad on't: then we shall have means to vent
Our musty superfluity. — See, our best elders!

Enter COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, *and other Senators;* JUNIUS BRUTUS, *and* SICINIUS VELUTUS.

1 *Sen.* Marcius, 'tis true that you have lately told us;
The Volsces are in arms.

Mar. They have a leader,
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't.
I sin in envying his nobility;
And, were I any thing but what I am,
I would wish me only he.

Com. You have fought together.

Mar. Were half to half the world by the ears, and he
Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make
Only my wars with him: he is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.

1 *Sen.* Then, worthy Marcius,
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.
Com. It is your former promise.
Mar. Sir, it is;
And I am constant. — Titus Lartius, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face.
What! art thou stiff? stand'st out?
Tit. No, Caius Marcius:
I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with the other,
Ere stay behind this business.
Men. O, true bred!
1 *Sen.* Your company to the Capitol; where, I know,
Our greatest friends attend us.
Tit. Lead you on.
Follow, Cominius; we must follow you;
Right worthy you priority.[21]
Com. Noble Marcius!
1 *Sen.* [*To the Citizens.*] Hence! To your homes, be gone.
Mar. Nay, let them follow:
The Volsces have much corn: take these rats thither,
To gnaw their garners. — Worshipful mutineers,
Your valour puts well forth: pray, follow.
[*Exeunt Senators*, COM. MAR. TIT. *and* MENEN. *Citizens steal away.*
Sic. Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?
Bru. He has no equal.
Sic. When we were chosen tribunes for the people, —
Bru. Mark'd you his lip and eyes?
Sic. Nay, but his taunts.

[21] That is, you *being* right worthy *of* priority or *precedence*.

Bru. Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird the gods.[22]

Sic. Bemock the modest moon.

Bru. The present wars devour him: he is grown
Too proud to be so valiant.[23]

Sic. Such a nature,
Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon. But I do wonder
His insolence can brook to be commanded
Under Cominius.

Bru. Fame, at the which he aims,—
In whom already he's well grac'd,—cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by
A place below the first: for what miscarries
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform
To th' utmost of a man; and giddy censure
Will then cry out of Marcius, "O, if he
Had borne the business!"

Sic. Besides, if things go well,
Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall
Of his demerits rob Cominius.[24]

Bru. Come:
Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,
Though Marcius earn'd them not; and all his faults
To Marcius shall be honours, though, indeed,
In aught he merit not.

[22] A *gird* is a cut, a sarcasm, or stroke of satire. See 2 King Henry IV., Act. i. sc. 2, note 3.

[23] That is, his pride on account of his valour and success in "the present wars" devours him. So in Troilus and Cressida: "He that is proud *eats up* himself." "Eat up with pride" is still a common expression. — The meaning of the latter part of the sentence seems to be, "he is grown too proud *of being* so valiant." H.

[24] *Demerits* and *merits* had anciently the same meaning. Thus in Cavendish's Life of Wolsey: "I have not promoted and preferred you to condign preferments according to your *demerits*."

Sic. Let's hence, and hear
How the despatch is made; and in what fashion,
More than his singularity, he goes
Upon his present action.
Bru. Let's along. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II. Corioli. The Senate-House.

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *and certain Senators.*

1 *Sen.* So, your opinion is, Aufidius,
That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels,
And know how we proceed.
Auf. Is it not yours?
What ever hath been thought on in this state,
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome
Had circumvention? 'Tis not four days gone,
Since I heard thence; these are the words: I think
I have the letter here; yes, here it is: [*Reads.*
"They have press'd[1] a power, but it is not known
Whether for east or west. The dearth is great,
The people mutinous; and it is rumour'd.
Cominius, Marcius, your old enemy,
(Who is of Rome worse hated than of you,)
And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,
These three lead on this preparation

[1] The use of *press'd* in this place is well explained by a passage in North's Plutarch: "The common people, being set on a broile and bravery with these words, would not appeare when the Consuls called their names by a bill, to *presse* them for the warres. Martius then, who was now growne to great credit, and a stout man besides, rose up and openly spake against these flattering Tribunes: but to the warres the people by no means would be brought or *constrained*." — This note were hardly needful, but that the word is commonly given *prest*, and explained *ready prompt*, from an old French word; as in The Merchant of Venice, Act i. sc. 1, note 6. S.

Whither 'tis bent: most likely, 'tis for you:
Consider of it."

1 Sen. Our army's in the field:
We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To answer us.

Auf. Nor did you think it folly
To keep your great pretences veil'd, till when
They needs must show themselves; which in the hatching,
It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery
We shall be shorten'd in our aim; which was,
To take in many towns,[2] ere, almost, Rome
Should know we were afoot.

2 Sen. Noble Aufidius,
Take your commission; hie you to your bands.
Let us alone to guard Corioli:
If they set down before's, for the remove
Bring up your army;[3] but I think you'll find
They've not prepar'd for us.

Auf. O, doubt not that!
I speak from certainties. Nay, more;
Some parcels of their powers are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your honours.
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
'Tis sworn between us we shall ever strike
Till one can do no more.[4]

All. The gods assist you!

Auf. And keep your honours safe!

1 Sen. Farewell.

2 Sen. Farewell.

All. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

[2] To *take in* was formerly used for to *subdue*, to *conquer*.

[3] "If the Romans besiege us, bring up your army *to remove them*."

[4] That is, keep on striking till one hath struck his last. Modern editions, following Malone, have turned *ever* into *never*. H

SCENE III.

Rome. An Apartment in MARCIUS' House.

Enter VOLUMNIA, *and* VIRGILIA: *They sit down on two low Stools, and sew.*

Vol. I pray you, daughter, sing; or express yourself in a more comfortable sort. If my son were my husband, I should freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour, than in the embracements of his bed, where he would show most love. When yet he was but tender-bodied, and the only son of my womb; when youth with comeliness pluck'd all gaze his way; when, for a day of kings' entreaties, a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding; I,—considering how honour would become such a person; that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir,—was pleas'd to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he return'd, his brows bound with oak.[1] I tell thee, daughter, I sprang

[1] This incident is related with much spirit in Plutarch as translated by North: "The first time he went to the wars, being but a stripling, was when Tarquine surnamed the Proud did come to Rome with all the aide of the Latines, and many other people of Italy; even as it were to set up his whole rest upon a battel by them, who with a great and mighty army had undertaken to put him into his kingdome againe; not so much to pleasure him, as to overthrow the power of the Romaines, whose greatnesse they both feared and envied. In this battel, wherein are many hote and sharpe encounters of either party, Martius valiantly fought in the sight of the Dictator; and, a Romaine souldier being throwne to the ground even hard by him, Martius straight bestrid him, and slue the enemie with his owne hands, that had before overthrowne the Romaine. Hereupon, after the battell was won, the Dictator did not forget so noble an act, and therefore first of all he crowned

not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

Vir. But had he died in the business, madam! how then?

Vol. Then his good report should have been my son: I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely: Had I a dozen sons,—each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius,—I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the lady Valeria is come to visit you.

Vir. 'Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself.

Vol. Indeed, you shall not.
Methinks, I hear hither your husband's drum;
See him pluck Aufidius down by th' hair;
As children from a bear, the Volsces shunning him.
Methinks, I see him stamp thus, and call thus,—
"Come on, you cowards! you were got in fear,
Though you were born in Rome." His bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes,
Like to a harvest-man that's task'd to mow
Or all, or lose his hire.

Vir. His bloody brow? O, Jupiter, no blood!

Vol. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man,
Than gilt[2] his trophy. The breasts of Hecuba,
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier

Martius with a garland of oaken boughes. For whosoever saveth the life of a Romaine, it is a manner among them to honour him with such a garland." H.

[2] *Gilt* is an old word for *gilding*. So in King Henry V.: "Our gayness and our *gilt* are all besmirch'd." W.

Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood,
At Grecian swords contemning.[3] — Tell Valeria,
We are fit to bid her welcome. [*Exit Gent.*

Vir. Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!

Vol. He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,
And tread upon his neck.

Re-enter Gentlewoman, with VALERIA *and her Usher*

Val. My ladies both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet madam, —

Vir. I am glad to see your ladyship.

Val. How do you both? you are manifest housekeepers. What are you sewing here? A fine spot,[4] in good faith. — How does your little son?

Vir. I thank your ladyship; well, good madam.

Vol. He had rather see the swords and hear a drum, than look upon his school-master.

Val. O' my word, the father's son: I'll swear 'tis a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I look'd upon him o' Wednesday half an hour together; he has such a confirm'd countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; catch'd it again; or whether his fall enrag'd him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth, and tear it; O, I warrant, how he mammock'd it![5]

[3] This line is printed in the original thus: "At Grecian sword. *Contenning*, tell *Valeria*;" *Contenning* being in italic type, as if it were a person's name. The second folio changes *sword* to *swords*, and *contenning* to *contending*. *Contemning* was long since proposed by Mr. Singer, and is found written in Mr. Collier's second folio. There can be little doubt that it is the right word; and certainly it makes a most apt and striking figure. H.

[4] That is, a handsome spot of embroidery. We often hear of *spotted* muslin.

[5] To *mammock* is to tear or cut in pieces.

Vol. One on's father's moods.

Val. Indeed la, 'tis a noble child.

Vir. A crack,[6] madam.

Val. Come, lay aside your stitchery; I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors!

Vol. She shall, she shall.

Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience: I will not over the threshold, till my lord return from the wars.

Val. Fie! you confine yourself most unreasonably: Come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

Vir. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

Vol. Why, I pray you?

Vir. 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another Penelope: yet they say all the yarn she spun in Ulysses' absence did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come; I would your cambric were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

Vir. No, good madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.

Val. In truth, la, go with me; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

Vir. O, good madam! there can be none yet.

[6] A *crack* is a sprightly forward boy. So in Shallow's account of the boy Jack Falstaff, 2 Henry IV., Act iii. sc. 2: "I saw him break Skogan's head at the court gate, when he was a *crack*, not thus high." And in Jonson's play The Devil is an Ass: "If we could get a witty *boy* now, Eugine, that were an excellent *crack*, I could instruct him to the true height." H.

Val. Verily, I do not jest with you: there came news from him last night.

Vir. Indeed, madam?

Val. In earnest, it's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is: The Volsces have an army forth, against whom Cominius the general is gone with one part of our Roman power: your lord and Titus Lartius are set down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Vol. Let her alone, lady; as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.

Val. In troth, I think she would. — Fare you well, then. — Come, good sweet lady. — Pr'ythee, Virgilia, turn thy solemness out o'door, and go along with us.

Vir. No, at a word, madam; indeed, I must not. I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well, then, farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. Before Corioli.

Enter, with Drum and Colours, MARCIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, *Officers and Soldiers. To them a Messenger.*

Mar. Yonder comes news: — A wager, they have met.

Lart. My horse to yours, no.

Mar 'Tis done.

Lart. Agreed

Mar. Say, has our general met the enemy?

Mess. They lie in view, but have not spoke as yet.
Lart. So, the good horse is mine.
Mar. I'll buy him of you
Lart. No, I'll nor sell nor give him: lend you him I will,
For half a hundred years. — Summon the town.
Mar. How far off lie these armies?
Mess. Within this mile-and-half.
Mar. Then shall we hear their 'larum, and they ours.
Now, Mars, I pr'ythee make us quick in work;
That we with smoking swords may march from hence
To help our fielded friends![1] — Come, blow thy blast.

A Parley sounded. Enter, on the Walls, some Senators, and Others.

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?
1 *Sen.* No, nor a man that fears you less than he,[2]
That's lesser than a little. Hark! our drums
[*Drums afar off*
Are bringing forth our youth. We'll break our walls
Rather than they shall pound us up: our gates,
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes;
They'll open of themselves. Hark you, far off!
[*Other Alarums.*
There is Aufidius: list, what work he makes
Amongst your cloven army.

[1] That is, our friends who are in the field of battle.

[2] The Poet means — No, nor a man that fears you *more* than he; but he often entangles himself in the use of *less* and *more*. In The Winter's Tale we meet with an inaccuracy of the same kind: "I ne'er heard yet, that any of these bolder vices wanted *less* impudence to gainsay what they did, than to perform it first." And in Cymbeline: "Be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without *less* quality." Here also *less* should be *more*

Mar. O, they are at it!
Lart. Their noise be our instruction. — Ladders, ho!

The Volsces enter and pass over the Stage.

Mar. They fear us not, but issue forth their city.
Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proof than shields. — Advance, brave Titus!
They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,
Which makes me sweat with wrath. — Come on, my fellows:
He that retires, I'll take him for a Volsce,
And he shall feel mine edge.

Alarum, and exeunt Romans and Volsces, fighting The Romans are beaten back to their Trenches. Re-enter MARCIUS *enraged.*

Mar. All the contagion of the south light on you,
You shames of Rome! you herd of — Boils and plagues
Plaster you o'er,[3] that you may be abhorr'd
Further than seen, and one infect another
Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese,
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
From slaves that apes would beat! Pluto and hell!

[3] In the original this passage stands thus, precisely:

"All the contagion of the South, light on you,
You Shames of Rome: you Heard of Byles and Plagues
Plaister you o're."

Mr. Collier's second folio changes "*you Heard of* Byles" into "*Unheard* of Byles." Mr. Singer also has a copy of the second folio enriched with manuscript corrections, wherein "*you* Heard" is changed to "*A* Heard." Both changes, it seems to us, are far from improvements. As the text stands, Marcius is characteristically seized with a transport of passion, and the break in his speech finely marks his sudden explosion of rage. H.

All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale
With flight and agued fear! Mend, and charge home,
Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe,
And make my wars on you: look to't. Come on;
If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,
As they us to our trenches follow.

Another Alarum. The Volsces and Romans re-enter, and the Fight is renewed. The Volsces retire into Corioli, and MARCIUS *follows them to the Gates.*

So, now the gates are ope: — now prove good seconds:
'Tis for the followers fortune widens them,
Not for the fliers: mark me, and do the like.

[*He enters the Gates, and is shut in.*

1 *Sol.* Fool-hardiness! not I.

2 *Sol.* Nor I.

3 *Sol.* See, they have shut him in.

[*Alarum continues.*

All. To the pot, I warrant him.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS.

Lart. What is become of Marcius?

All. Slain, sir, doubtless.

1 *Sol.* Following the fliers at the very heels,
With them he enters; who, upon the sudden,
Clapp'd-to their gates: he is himself alone,
To answer all the city.

Lart. O, noble fellow!
Who, sensible,[4] outdares his senseless sword,

[4] The old copy reads, "Who *sensibly* outdares." *Sensible* is having *sensation*. So before: "I would your cambric were *sensible* as your finger." There is a similar thought in Sidney's Arcadia: "Their very armour by piece-meale fell away from them yet their flesh abode the wounds constantly, as though it were less *sensible* of smart than the senseless armour."

And, when it bows, stands up. Thou art lost, Marcius :[5]
A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier
Even to Cato's wish ;[6] not fierce and terrible
Only in strokes ; but, with thy grim looks and
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world
Were feverous, and did tremble.

Re-enter MARCIUS *bleeding, assaulted by the Enemy*

1 *Sol.* Look, sir!
Lart. O, 'tis Marcius!
Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.
[*They fight, and all enter the City*

SCENE V. Within the Town. A Street.

Enter certain Romans, with spoils.

1 *Rom.* This will I carry to Rome.
2 *Rom.* And I this.
3 *Rom.* A murrain on't! I took this for silver.
[*Alarum continues still afar off.*

[5] The original reads, "Thou art *left* Marcius." The sense appears to require *lost;* and we have little doubt it was so written ; the long *s*, as it was then written, being easily mistaken for *f*. H.

[6] The original has it, — "Even to *Calues* wish ;" a misprint easily corrected by recurring to North's Plutarch : "For he was even such another as *Cato* would have a souldier and a captaine to be ; not only terrible and fierce to lay about him, but to make the enemy afeard with the sound of his voice and grimnesse of his countenance." Cato was not born till some 255 years after the death of Coriolanus. The Poet of course was led into the anachronism, by not observing the difference between historical narrative and dramatic representation H

Enter MARCIUS, *and* TITUS LARTIUS, *with a Trumpet.*

Mar. See here these movers, that do prize their hours[1]
As a crack'd drachm! Cushions, leaden spoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up. — Down with them! —
And hark, what noise the general makes! — To him! —
There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,
Piercing our Romans: then, valiant Titus, take
Convenient members to make good the city,
Whilst I with those that have the spirit will haste
To help Cominius.

Lart. Worthy sir, thou bleed'st;
Thy exercise hath been too violent for
A second course of fight.

Mar. Sir, praise me not;
My work hath yet not warm'd me: Fare you well.
The blood I drop is rather physical[2]
Than dangerous to me. To Aufidius thus
I will appear, and fight.

[1] That is, their *time*. Pope and Johnson changed *hours* to *honours*. *Hours* is ascertained to be the right reading, by referring to the authority which the Poet followed: "The city being taken in this sort, the most part of the souldiers began incontinently to spoile, to cary away, and to looke up the bootie they had wonne But Martius was marvellous angry with them, and cryed out on them, that *it was no time now to looke after spoile*, and to runne stragling here and there to enrich themselves, whilest the other Consull and their fellow-citizens peradventure were fighting with their enemies; and how that, leaving the spoile, they should seeke to winde themselves out of danger and perill." H.

[2] *Physical* is here used in the sense of *wholesome*, or *medicinal*. H.

Lart. Now the fair goddess, Fortune,
Fall deep in love with thee; and her great charms
Misguide thy opposers' swords! Bold gentleman,
Prosperity be thy page!

Mar. Thy friend no less
Than those she placeth highest! So, farewell.

Lart. Thou worthiest Marcius! —

[*Exit* MARCIUS.

Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place;
Call thither all the officers of the town,
Where they shall know our mind. Away! ·

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. Near the Camp of Cominius.

Enter COMINIUS *and Forces, retreating.*

Com. Breathe you, my friends: well fought; we are come off
Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,
Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, sirs,
We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have struck,
By interims and conveying gusts we have heard
The charges of our friends: — Ye Roman gods,[1]
Lead their successes as we wish our own;
That both our powers, with smiling fronts encountering,

Enter a Messenger.

May give you thankful sacrifice! — Thy news?

Mess. The citizens of Corioli have issued,
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle:

[1] The original has "*The* Roman gods;" but the words "give *you* thankful sacrifice" show that it should be *Ye*. The printer no doubt mistook *Ye* for the usual contraction of *the*. H.

I saw our party to their trenches driven,
And then I came away.

Com. Though thou speak'st truth,
Methinks, thou speak'st not well. How long is't since?

Mess. Above an hour, my lord.

Com. 'Tis not a mile; briefly, we heard their drums:
How could'st thou in a mile confound an hour,
And bring thy news so late?

Mess. Spies of the Volsces
Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel
Three or four miles about; else had I, sir,
Half an hour since brought my report.

Enter MARCIUS.

Com. Who's yonder,
That does appear as he were flay'd? O gods!
He has the stamp of Marcius, and I have
Before-time seen him thus.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor,
More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue
From every meaner man's.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.

Mar. O! let me clip you
In arms as sound as when I woo'd; in heart
As merry as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burn'd to bedward.

Com. Flower of warriors
How is't with Titus Lartius?

Mar. As with a man busied about decrees:

Condemning some to death, and some to exile;
Ransoming him or pitying,[2] threatening the other;
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.

Com. Where is that slave,
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches!
Where is he? Call him hither.

Mar. Let him alone;
He did inform the truth. But, for our gentlemen,
The common file, (A plague!— Tribunes for them!)
The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat, as they did budge
From rascals worse than they.

Com. But how prevail'd you?

Mar. Will the time serve to tell? I do not think—
Where is the enemy? Are you lords o'the field?
If not, why cease you till you are so?

Com. Marcius,
We have at disadvantage fought, and did
Retire to win our purpose.

Mar. How lies their battle? Know you on which side
They have plac'd their men of trust?

Com. As I guess, Marcius,
Their bands i' the vaward are the Antiates,[3]
Of their best trust; o'er them Aufidius,
Their very heart of hope.

Mar. I do beseech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By th' blood we have shed together, by the vows
We have made to endure friends, that you directly

[2] That is, remitting his ransom.

[3] That is, in the *front* are the soldiers of Antium. Shakespeare uses *Antiates* as a trisyllable, as if it had been written *Antiats*

Set me against Aufidius and his Antiates;
And that you not delay the present; but,
Filling the air with swords advanc'd and darts,
We prove this very hour.

Com. Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking: Take your choice of those
That best can aid your action.

Mar. Those are they
That most are willing.—If any such be here,
(As it were sin to doubt,) that love this painting
Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear
Lesser his person than an ill report;[4]
If any think brave death outweighs bad life,
And that his country's dearer than himself;
Let him, alone, or so many so minded,
Wave thus, to express his disposition,
And follow Marcius.

[*They all shout, and wave their Swords; take him up in their Arms, and cast up their Caps.*

O me, alone! Make you a sword of me?
If these shows be not outward, which of you
But is four Volsces? None of you but is
Able to bear against the great Aufidius
A shield as hard as his. A certain number,
Though thanks to all, must I select from all: the rest
Shall bear the business in some other fight,
As cause will be obey'd. Please you to march;
And four shall quickly draw out my command,
Which men are best inclin'd.[5]

[4] "His *person*" is evidently used here for "his *personal danger*," or "*danger to his* person." H.

[5] This passage has caused a good deal of perplexity. Mr Singer many years ago proposed *some* instead of *four*, supposing

Com. March on, my fellows:
Make good this ostentation, and you shall
Divide in all with us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. The Gates of Corioli.

TITUS LARTIUS, *having set a Guard upon Corioli, going with a Drum and Trumpet toward* COMINIUS *and* CAIUS MARCIUS, *enters with a Lieutenant, a Party of Soldiers, and a Scout.*

Lart. So, let the ports[1] be guarded: keep your duties,
As I have set them down. If I do send, despatch
Those centuries[2] to our aid; the rest will serve
For a short holding: If we lose the field,
We cannot keep the town.
Lieu. Fear not our care, sir
Lart. Hence, and shut your gates upon us.—
Our guider, come; to the Roman camp conduct us.
[*Exeunt.*

what is known to have sometimes been the case, that the long *s*, as then written, was mistaken by the printer for an *f*. The change is indeed plausible; but the passage, though something awkward, seems intelligible enough as it stands. Of course the meaning is, that Marcius, in order to save time, will delegate to certain men the office of selecting, for the body he is to command, such as have most heart for a post of special danger. Mr. Collier's second folio reads, — "Please you, march *before*; and *I* shall quickly draw;" thus suppressing *to*, transposing *four* and changing it into *before*, and inserting *I*; all which is mending with a witness. H.

[1] Gates.

[2] Companies of a hundred men.

SCENE VIII.

A Field of Battle between the Roman and the Volscian Camps.

Alarum. *Enter* MARCIUS *and* AUFIDIUS.

Mar. I'll fight with none but thee; for I do hate thee
Worse than a promise-breaker.
Auf. We hate alike:
Not Afric owns a serpent I abhor
More than thy fame I envy.[1] Fix thy foot.
Mar. Let the first budger die the other's slave,
And the gods doom him after!
Auf. If I fly, Marcius,
Halloo me like a hare.
Mar. Within these three hours, Tullus,
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,
And made what work I pleas'd: 'Tis not my blood
Wherein thou seest me mask'd: for thy revenge,
Wrench up thy power to th' highest.
Auf. Wert thou the Hector,

[1] We here adopt, with little hesitation, a correction from Mr Collier's second folio. The original reads thus:

"Not Afric owns a serpent I abhor
More than thy fame *and* envy."

The construction commonly put upon the passage is this: "Not Afric owns a serpent that I more abhor and envy, than I do thy fame;" *envy* being interpreted in the old sense of *hate*. But why should Aufidius profess to abhor and hate the fame of Marcius? when the plain truth is, that he *desires* or *covets* his fame, and therefore *envies* him the possession of it. The theory of the change which we have adopted is, that the pronoun *I* was mistaken by the printer for the usual contraction of *and*. H.

That was the whip [2] of your bragg'd progeny,
Thou should'st not scape me here. —

[*They fight, and certain Volsces come to the aid of* AUFIDIUS.

Officious, and not valiant — you have sham'd me
In your condemned seconds.[3]

[*Exeunt fighting, driven in by* MARCIUS

SCENE IX. The Roman Camp.

Alarum. A Retreat sounded. Flourish. Enter, at one side, COMINIUS *and Romans; at the other side,* MARCIUS, *with his Arm in a Scarf, and other Romans.*

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
Thou'lt not believe thy deeds: but I'll report it,
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles;
Where great patricians shall attend, and shrug,
I'the end admire; where ladies shall be frighted,
And, gladly quak'd, hear more; where the dull tribunes,
That with the fusty plebeians hate thine honours,
Shall say, against their hearts, — "We thank the gods,
Our Rome hath such a soldier!"
Yet cam'st thou to a morsel of this feast,
Having fully din'd before.

[2] That is, the *whip* that your bragg'd progenitors were possessed of. Steevens suggests that *whip* might be used as *crack* has been since, to denote any thing peculiarly boasted of; as the *crack* house in the country, the *crack* boy of the school, &c.

[3] "You have to my shame sent me help, which I *condemn* as intrusive."

Enter TITUS LARTIUS, *with his Power, from the Pursuit.*

Lart. O general!
Here is the steed, we the caparison:[1]
Hadst thou beheld —

Mar. Pray now, no more: my mother
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When she does praise me grieves me. I have done
As you have done; that's what I can; induc'd
As you have been; that's for my country:
He that has but effected his good will
Hath overta'en mine act.

Com. You shall not be
The grave of your deserving: Rome must know
The value of her own: 'twere a concealment
Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,
To hide your doings; and to silence that
Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,
Would seem but modest. Therefore, I beseech you,
(In sign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done,) before our army, hear me.

Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and they smart
To hear themselves remember'd.

Com. Should they not,[2]
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
And tent themselves with death. Of all the horses,
(Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store,) of all
The treasure in this field achiev'd and city,
We render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth,

[1] The meaning is, "This man performed the action, and we only filled up the show."

[2] That is, *not be remember'd.*

Before the common distribution, at
Your only choice.

Mar. I thank you, general;
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe to pay my sword: I do refuse it;
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing.

[*A long Flourish. They all cry*, MARCIUS MARCIUS! *cast up their Caps and Lances:* COMINIUS *and* LARTIUS *stand bare.*

Mar. May these same instruments which you profane
Never sound more, when drums and trumpets shall
I'the field prove flatterers! let courts and cities be
Made all of false-fac'd soothing,
Where steel grows soft as the parasite's silk:
Let them be made an overture for the wars![3]

[3] That is, let the instruments of music be used as a prelude to battle. The passage has caused a great deal of discussion; and, as commonly given, it seems impossible to make any sense out of it. The common arrangement and pointing stand thus:

"May these same instruments, which you profane,
Never sound more! When drums and trumpets shall
I'the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be
Made all of false-fac'd soothing. *When* steel grows
Soft as the parasite's silk, let *him* be made
An overture for the wars."

The only tolerable explanation of this reading is, that *him* is used for *it*, referring to *silk*, and that *overture* is a misprint for *coverture*; so that the meaning is, "when *steel* grows soft as *silk*, let armours be made of *silk* instead of *steel*." We keep to the metrical arrangement of the original, and adopt the pointing of Knight, as we also do the changes of *when* into *where*, and of *him* into *them*; *where* being a relative adverb, referring to *courts and cities*, and *them* referring to *instruments*. Every one experienced in proof-reading knows how apt *where* and *when*, and *him* and *them*, are to be mistaken for each other: so that the changes in this case need not be greatly scrupled. Touching the whole passage as here given, we may observe, that Marcius is referring

No more, I say. For that I have not wash'd
My nose that bled, or foil'd some debile wretch,
Which without note here's many else have done,
You shout me forth
In acclamations hyperbolical;
As if I lov'd my little should be dieted
In praises sauc'd with lies.

Com. Too modest are you;
More cruel to your good report, than grateful
To us that give you truly: By your patience,
If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we'll put you
(Like one that means his proper harm) in manacles
Then reason safely with you. — Therefore, be it known,
As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius
Wears this war's garland: in token of the which
My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,
With all his trim belonging; and, from this time,
For what he did before Corioli, call him,
With all the applause and clamour of the host,

to the "long flourish" which has just been made by the musical instruments in honour of his stout and valiant action. This he regards as a profanation; an using of that which was meant as an incitement to do, for the purpose of glorifying what has been done. And he wishes, not simply, as it is in the common reading, that those instruments may never sound more, but that they may never sound more, when thus abused to the end of sounding compliments and flatteries on the battle-field. All such "false-fac'd soothing" he would have confined to "courts and cities," where steel itself is used for ornament, not for fighting. That Marcius, with his all-devouring passion for war, should speak of courts and cities as made up of false-faced soothing, is quite characteristic; but, as he thinks they *are* so already, he would not wish they might *become* so when drums and trumpets leave prompting and turn to complimenting feats of arms. So that the sense of the whole is well stated by Mr. Verplanck: "Let trumpets and drums cease to sound, when they become flatterers in the field. Let falsehood and flattery have the rule in courts and cities, where even steel becomes soft as the parasite's silk. But let martial music be the prelude only to war." H

CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS.—
Bear the addition nobly ever!

[*Flourish. Trumpets sound, and Drums.*

All. Caius Marcius Coriolanus!

Cor. I will go wash;
And when my face is fair you shall perceive
Whether I blush or no: howbeit, I thank you.—
I mean to stride your steed, and at all times
To undercrest your good addition,
To the fairness of my power.[4]

Com. So, to our tent;
Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
To Rome of our success — You, Titus Lartius,
Must to Corioli back: send us to Rome
The best with whom we may articulate[5]
For their own good and ours.

Lart. I shall, my lord.

Cor. The gods begin to mock me. I that now
Refus'd most princely gifts am bound to beg
Of my lord general.

Com. Take it; 'tis yours:—What is't?

Cor. I sometime lay, here in Corioli,
At a poor man's house; he us'd me kindly.
He cried to me; I saw him prisoner;
But then Aufidius was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity: I request you
To give my poor host freedom.[6]

[4] That is, "he will endeavour to support the honourable distinction conferred upon him, to the fair extent of his power."

[5] That is, the *chief men* of Corioli, with whom we may *enter into articles*. Bullokar has the word "*articulate*, to set down articles, or conditions of agreement." We still retain the word *capitulate*, which anciently had nearly the same meaning, namely, "To *article* or agree upon articles."

[6] The Poet found this incident thus related in Plutarch: "Onely this grace, said he, I crave, and beseech you to grant me: Among the Volsces there is an old friend and hoast of mine, an honest

Com. O, well begg'd!
Were he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.
Lart. Marcius, his name?
Cor. By Jupiter, forgot! —
I am weary; yea, my memory is tir'd. —
Have we no wine here?
Com. Go we to our tent:
The blood upon your visage dries; 'tis time
It should be look'd to: Come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X. The Camp of the Volsces.

A Flourish. Cornets. Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *bloody, with two or three Soldiers.*

Auf. The town is ta'en!
1 *Sol.* 'Twill be deliver'd back on good condition
Auf. Condition! —
I would I were a Roman; for I cannot,
Being a Volsce, be that I am. — Condition! —
What good condition can a treaty find
I'the part that is at mercy? Five times, Marcius,
I have fought with thee: so often hast thou beat me;
And would'st do so, I think, should we encounter
As often as we eat. — By th' elements,
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,
He's mine, or I am his. Mine emulation
Hath not that honour in't it had; for where[1]

wealthy man, and now a prisoner; who, living before in great wealth in his owne countrey, liveth now a poore prisoner in the hands of his enemies; and yet, notwithstanding all this his misery and misfortune, it would do me great pleasure, if I could save him from this one danger, to keepe him from being sold as a slave." This is all there is said of the matter. H.

[1] *Where* for *whereas*.

I thought to crush him in an equal force,
True sword to sword, I'll potch[2] at him some way;
Or wrath or craft may get him.

1 *Sol.* He's the devil.

Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle. My valour poison'd
With only suffering stain by him, for him
Shall fly out of itself.[3] Nor sleep nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sick; nor fane nor Capitol,
The prayers of priests nor times of sacrifice, —
Embarquements[4] all of fury, — shall lift up
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
My hate to Marcius: where I find him, were it
At home upon my brother's guard,[5] even there,

[2] To *potch* is to thrust at with a sharp pointed instrument. Thus in Carew's Survey of Cornwall, speaking of fish: "They use to *poche* them with an instrument somewhat like a salmon-speare."

[3] That is, "my valour, to reach his life, shall lose its nature, cease to be generous in respect of time and means." The passage is printed with great inaccuracy in the original, being precisely thus: "My valors poison'd, with onely suff'ring staine by him: for him shall flye out of it selfe, nor sleepe, nor sanctuary," &c. — In the next line, the meaning is, "*he* being naked, sick."

H.

[4] *Embarquements*, as appears from Cotgrave and Sherwood, meant not only an *embarkation*, but an *embargoing*; which is evidently the sense of the word in this passage. Thus Sherwood: "To imbark, to imbargue. *Embarquer.* An imbarking, an imbarguing, *Embarquement.*"

[5] That is, in my own house under my brother's protection. — Upon this speech of Aufidius Coleridge remarks as follows: "I have such deep faith in Shakespeare's heart-lore, that I take for granted that this is in nature; although I cannot in myself discover any germ of possible feeling, which could wax and unfold itself into such a sentiment. However, I perceive that in this speech is meant to be contained a prevention of shock at the after-change in Aufidius' character." This comment is commented on by Mr. Verplanck thus: "Such a criticism from Coleridge is worthy the reader's consideration, but I cannot myself perceive its justice. . . . . The mortification of defeat embitters Aufidius' rivalry to hatred. When afterwards his banished rival appeals to

Against the hospitable canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in's heart. Go you to the city:
Learn, how 'tis held; and what they are that must
Be hostages for Rome.

1 *Sol.* Will not you go?

Auf. I am attended[6] at the cypress grove: I pray you,
('Tis south the city mills,) bring me word thither
How the world goes, that to the pace of it
I may spur on my journey.

1 *Sol.* I shall, sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. Rome. A Public Place.

Enter MENENIUS, SICINIUS, *and* BRUTUS.

Men. The augurer tells me we shall have news to-night.

Bru. Good or bad?

his nobler nature, that hatred dies away, and his generous feeling revives. Bitter jealousy and hatred again grow up, as his glories are eclipsed by his former adversary; yet this dark passion, too, finally yields to a generous sorrow at his rival's death. I think I have observed very similar alternations of such mixed motives and sentiments, in eminent men, in the collisions of political life." Certainly, both these comments are very fine. For ourselves, however, we can discover in the speech nothing more than the natural extravagance of a generous, but most ambitious and very inconstant mind, writhing under an agony of extreme disappointment. In such cases, dark thoughts of revenge often bubble up in the mind from an unseen depth, yet do not crystallize into character. H

[6] *Attended* is waited for.

Men Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Marcius.

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends

Men. Pray you, whom does the wolf love ?

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him ; as the hungry plebeians would the noble Marcius.

Bru. He's a lamb indeed, that baes like a bear.

Men. He's a bear indeed, that lives like a lamb. You two are old men : tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

Both Trib. Well, sir.

Men. In what enormity is Marcius poor in,[1] that you two have not in abundance ?

Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but stor'd with all.

Sic. Especially, in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boasting.

Men. This is strange now. Do you two know how you are censured here in the city, I mean of us o'the right-hand file ? Do you ?

Both Trib. Why, how are we censur'd ?

Men. Because you talk of pride now,—Will you not be angry ?

Both Trib. Well, well, sir ; well.

Men. Why, 'tis no great matter ; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience : give your dispositions the reins, and be angry at your pleasures ; at the least, if you take

[1] For this pleonastic use of the preposition see As You Like It, Act ii. sc. 7, note 10 ; also, King Henry VIII., Act i. sc. 1, note 13. So, likewise, in a Letter from Lord Burghley to the Earl of Shrewsbury, found among the Weymouth manuscripts, and quoted by Malone : "I did earnestly inquire of hym *in* what estate he stood *in* for discharge of his former debts." H.

t as a pleasure to you in being so You blame Marcius for being proud!

Bru. We do it not alone, sir.

Men. I know you can do very little alone; for your helps are many, or else your actions would grow wondrous single; your abilities are too infant-like, for doing much alone. You talk of pride: O, that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks,[2] and make but an interior survey of your good selves! O, that you could!

Bru. What then, sir?

Men. Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates (*alias*, fools) as any in Rome.

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough, too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tyber in't: said to be something imperfect in favouring the thirst complaint;[3] hasty, and tinder-like, upon too trivial motion: one that converses more with the buttock of the night, than

[2] Alluding to the fable, that every man has a bag hanging before him, in which he puts his neighbour's faults; and another behind him, in which he stows his own.

[3] The original reads "*first* complaint;" in which there appears neither humour nor sense. *Thirst* is derived from Mr. Collier's celebrated copy of the second folio. There can be little hesitation in receiving it, as it makes both the sense and the humour perfect. Perhaps the word ought to be printed *furst*, as Singer informs us that *thirst* was sometimes provincially spelt and pronounced that way. As to the preceding clause, we have a similar expression in Lovelace's delectable little song "To Althea, from Prison:"

> "When flowing cups run swiftly round,
> With no *allaying Thames*;
> Our careless heads with roses bound,
> Our hearts with loyal flames." H.

with the forehead of the morning.[4] What I think, I utter, and spend my malice in my breath. Meeting two such weals-men as you are, (I cannot call you Lycurguses,) if the drink you give me touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I cannot say your worships have deliver'd the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables; and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men, yet they lie deadly, that tell you you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it that I am known well enough, too? What harm can your bisson[5] conspectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough, too?

Bru. Come, sir, come; we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs:[6] you wear out a good wholesome forenoon in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fosset-seller, and then rejourn the controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience. — When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinch'd with the colic, you make faces like mummers; set up the bloody flag against all patience;[7] and, in roaring

[4] Rather a late lier down than an early riser. So in Love's Labour's Lost: "In the *posteriors* of this day, which the rude multitude call the afternoon."

[5] *Bisson*, which is spelt *beesome* in the original, is an old word for *blind*. So in Udal, St. Mark, chap. viii. "Thys manne was not purblynde, or a lyttle appayred and decayed in syght, but as *bysome* as was possible to be." The word was variously spelt *bizend, beesen, bison*. Richardson says it is still in use in some parts of the north of England. H

[6] That is, for their obeisance showed by bowing to you.

[7] That is, declare war against patience.

for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy pleading,[8] the more entangled by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cause is, calling both the parties knaves. You are a pair of strange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table, than a necessary bencher in the Capitol.

Men. Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are.[9] When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave, as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be entomb'd in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors since Deucalion, though, peradventure, some of the best of 'em were hereditary hangmen. Good den to your worships:[10] more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians. I will be bold to take my leave of you.

[BRU. *and* SIC. *retire to the back of the Scene.*

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, *and* VALERIA, *&c.*

How now, my as fair as noble ladies, (and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler,) whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

Vol. Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches; for the love of Juno, let's go.

[8] Here again we derive a judicious and valuable correction from Mr. Collier's second folio. The original has *bleeding* instead of *pleading*. It is not easy to discover why the former word should be used in such a connection. H.

[9] So in Much Ado about Nothing: "Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence."

[10] *Good den* is an old colloquialism for *good even* or *good day* In some modern editions it is changed to *good e'en* in this place See Much Ado about Nothing. Act iii. sc. 2, note 8. H

Men. Ha! Marcius coming home?

Vol. Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most prosperious approbation.

Men. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee.—Hoo! Marcius coming home?

Two Ladies. Nay, 'tis true.

Vol. Look, here's a letter from him: the state hath another, his wife another; and I think there's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very house reel to-night.—A letter for me?

Vir. Yes, certain, there's a letter for you; I saw it.

Men. A letter for me? It gives me an estate of seven years' health; in which time I will make a lip at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiric physic,[11] and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

Vir. O, no, no, no!

Vol. O, he is wounded! I thank the gods for't.

Men. So do I too, if it be not too much.—Brings 'a victory in his pocket?—The wounds become him.

Vol. On's brows, Menenius:[12] he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

[11] That is, quack medicine. The original has *emperickqutique*, which is commonly altered to *empiricutic* in modern editions There can be little doubt that *emperickqutique* was a misprint for *emperick physique*, which is the correction made in Mr. Collier's second folio.—Divers critics have made merry at the Poet for thus making Menenius refer to Galen, the person speaking having lived about 650 years before the person spoken of. We leave it for others to determine whether the anachronism were perpetrated in ignorance or in contempt of historical accuracy. H.

[12] That is, "*he brings victory* on his brows;" for he comes

Men. Has he disciplin'd Aufidius soundly?

Vol. Titus Lartius writes, they fought together, but Auſidius got off.

Men. And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that: an he had stay'd by him, I would not have been so fidius'd for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that's in them. Is the senate possess'd of this? [18]

Vol. Good ladies, let's go. — Yes, yes, yes! the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war. He hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

Val. In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

Men. Wondrous? ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Vir. The gods grant them true!

Vol. True! pow, wow.

Men. True! I'll be sworn they are true. — Where is he wounded? — [*To the Tribunes, who come forward.*] God save your good worships! Marcius is coming home: he has more cause to be proud. — Where is he wounded?

Vol. I'the shoulder, and i'the left arm: there will be large cicatrices to show the people, when he shall stand for his place. He received in the repulse of Tarquin seven hurts i'the body.

Men. One i'the neck, and two i'the thigh, — there's nine that I know.

the third time home *brow-bound* with the *oaken garland.* Volumnia's thoughts stick upon Menenius's question, — "Brings 'a victory in his pocket?" and she takes no notice of the words, — "The wounds become him." H.

[18] *Possessed* is informed.

Vol. He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

Men. Now it's twenty-seven: every gash was an enemy's grave. [*A Shout and Flourish.*] Hark! the trumpets.

Vol. These are the ushers of Marcius: before him he carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears.
Death, that dark spirit, in's nervy arm doth lie;
Which, being advanc'd, declines, and then men die.[14]

A Sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter COMINIUS *and* TITUS LARTIUS; *between them,* CORIOLANUS, *crowned with an oaken Garland; with Captains, Soldiers, and a Herald.*

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight
Within Corioli's gates; where he hath won,
With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; these
In honour follows Coriolanus:—
Welcome to Rome, renown'd Coriolanus!
[*Flourish*

All. Welcome to Rome, renown'd Coriolanus!

Cor. No more of this; it does offend my heart:
Pray now, no more.

Com. Look, sir, your mother,—

Cor. O!
You have, I know, petition'd all the gods
For my prosperity. [*Kneels*

Vol. Nay, my good soldier, up;
My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and
By deed-achieving honor newly nam'd,—

[14] That is, he has but to lift up his hand and let it fall, and men sink beneath it. M.

What is it? Coriolanus must I call thee?
But O! thy wife, —
Cor. My gracious silence, hail![15]
Would'st thou have laugh'd, had I come coffin'd home,
That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah! my dear,
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,
And mothers that lack sons.
Men. Now, the gods crown thee
Cor. And live you yet? — [*To* VALER.] O, my sweet lady! pardon.
Vol. I know not where to turn: — O, welcome home!
And welcome, general! — and you are welcome all!
Men. A hundred thousand welcomes! I could weep,
And I could laugh; I am light, and heavy: Welcome!
A curse begin at very root on's heart,
That is not glad to see thee! — You are three
That Rome should dote on; yet, by the faith of men,
We have some old crab-trees here at home, that will not
Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors!
We call a nettle but a nettle, and
The faults of fools but folly.
Com. Ever right.
Cor. Menenius, ever, ever.
Her. Give way there, and go on.

[15] By "gracious silence" is probably meant, "thou whose silent tears are more eloquent and grateful to me than the clamorous applause of the rest." Thus in Jonson's Every Man Out of his Humour: "You shall see sweet *silent rhetoric* and *dumb eloquence* speaking in her eye." *Gracious* is frequently used by Shakespeare for *grateful acceptable*, in the sense of the Italian *grati to*

Cor. [*To his Wife and Mother.*] Your hand, and yours:
Ere in our own house I do shade my head,
The good patricians must be visited;
From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings,
But with them change of honours.[16]
Vol. I have liv'd
To see inherited my very wishes,
And the buildings of my fancy:
Only there's one thing wanting, which I doubt not
But our Rome will cast upon thee.
Cor. Know, good mother,
I had rather be their servant in my way,
Than sway with them in theirs.
Com. On to the Capitol!
[*Flourish. Cornets. Exeunt in state, as before. The Tribunes remain.*
Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights
Are spectacled to see him: your prattling nurse
Into a rapture lets her baby cry,[17]
While she chats him: the kitchen malkin pins[18]

[16] "*Change* of honours" is *variety* of honours, as *change* of raiment is *variety* of raiment.

[17] *Rapture* was sometimes used for *fit* or *trance*. Thus Torriano: "A *rapture* or trance of the mind, or a distraction of the spirits." Also, in The Hospital for London Follies, 1602, quoted by Steevens: "Your darling will weep itself into a *rapture*, if you do not take heed." — *Chats*, in the next line, is changed to *cheers* in Collier's second folio. To this Mr. Singer objects, that "*cheers* is never used by Shakespeare in the sense of *applauding*;" and he proposes to read *claps*. It seems to us that *chats* is just the right word, as it agrees precisely with *prattling*. Of course, "she *chats* him" means "she *makes him the theme* of chat." H.

[18] "Kitchen *malkin*" is equivalent to kitchen *wench*, as "country *malkin*" is to country *wench*. *Malkin*, applied to a woman, is of frequent occurrence in old writers, and is supposed to be a diminutive of *Mal*, that is *Mary*, as *Wilkin* is of *Will*, and *Tom*

Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck,
Clambering the walls to eye him: stalls, bulks windows
Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd
With variable complexions, all agreeing
In earnestness to see him: seld-shown flamens[19]
Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar station: our veil'd dames
Commit the war of white and damask in
Their nicely-gawded cheeks to th' wanton spoil
Of Phœbus' burning kisses: such a pother,
As if that whatsoever god, who leads him,
Were slily crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful posture.

Sic. On the sudden,
I warrant him consul.

Bru. Then our office may,
During his power, go sleep.

Sic. He cannot temperately transport his honours
From where he should begin, and end;[20] but will
Lose those that he hath won.

Bru. In that there's comfort.

Sic. Doubt not the commoners for whom we stand,

kin of *Tom.* — *Lockram* was a kind of cheap coarse linen. — *Reechy* is reeking, that is, *smoky*. So in an old play called the Invisible Comedy, 1610: "Bade him go and wash his face, he look'd so *reechily*, like bacon hanging on the chimney's roof." H.

[19] *Seld* was often used for *seldom*. — "Vulgar station," in the next line but one, is a standing-place among the vulgar. — A *war of colours* in a woman's face seems to have been a favourite image with the Poet. So in the Taming of the Shrew: "Such *war of white and red* within her cheeks." And in The Rape of Lucrece:

"The silent *war* of lilies and of roses,
Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field." H.

[20] The meaning is, "He cannot carry his honours temperately from where he should begin *to where he should end*"

But they, upon their ancient malice, will
Forget, with the least cause, these his new honours;
Which that he will give them, make I as little
Question as he is proud to do't.[21]

Bru. I heard him swear,
Were he to stand for consul, never would he
Appear i'the market-place, nor on him put
The napless vesture of humility;
Nor, showing (as the manner is) his wounds
To th' people, beg their stinking breaths.

Sic. 'Tis right.

Bru. It was his word. O! he would miss it, rather
Than carry it but by the suit o'the gentry to him,
And the desire of the nobles.

Sic. I wish no better
Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it
In execution.

Bru. 'Tis most like he will.

Sic. It shall be to him, then, as our good wills,[22]
A sure destruction.

Bru. So it must fall out
To him, or our authorities. For an end,
We must suggest the people, in what hatred
He still hath held them; that to his power[23] he would
Have made them mules, silenc'd their pleaders, and
Dispropertied their freedoms; holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more soul, nor fitness for the world,
Than camels in their war; who hath their provand[24]
Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows
For sinking under them.

[21] "Proud to do't," is the same as "proud of doing it."
[22] That is, as our interest requires; *wills* being a verb
[23] That is, to *the utmost* of his power.
[24] *Provand* is an old word for *provender*.

Sic. This, as you say, suggested
At some time when his soaring insolence
Shall touch the people,[25] (which time shall not want,
If he be put upon't; and that's as easy
As to set dogs on sheep,) will be his fire
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

Bru. What's the matter?

Mess. You are sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis thought,
That Marcius shall be consul. I have seen
The dumb men throng to see him, and the blind
To hear him speak: matrons flung gloves,
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs,
Upon him as he pass'd:[26] the nobles bended,
As to Jove's statue; and the commons made
A shower and thunder, with their caps and shouts:
I never saw the like.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol;
And carry with us ears and eyes for th' time,
But hearts for the event.

Sic. Have with you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. The Same. The Capitol.

Enter two Officers, to lay Cushions.

1 *Off.* Come, come, they are almost here. How many stand for consulships?

[25] The original has "*teach* the people." *Touch* was proposed by Knight, and is found in Mr. Collier's second folio. H.

[26] Here we have another anachronism; the Romans being represented as doing what, in the days of chivalry, was done at tiltings and tournaments in honour of the successful combatant.

2 *Off.* Three, they say; but 'tis thought of every one Coriolanus will carry it.

1 *Off.* That's a brave fellow; but he's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people.

2 *Off.* 'Faith, there have been many great men that have flatter'd the people, who ne'er loved them; and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore: so that, if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground: Therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love or hate him, manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition; and, out of his noble carelessness, lets them plainly see't.

1 *Off.* If he did not care whether he had their love or no, he waved indifferently[1] 'twixt doing them neither good nor harm; but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him, and leaves nothing undone that may fully discover him their opposite. Now, to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the people, is as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love.

2 *Off.* He hath deserved worthily of his country; and his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those who, having been supple and courteous to the people, bonnetted,[2] without any further deed to have them at all into their estimation and report: but he hath so planted his honours in their eyes and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to

[1] That is, he *would wave* indifferently.

[2] *Bonnetted* is commonly explained as meaning to *take off* the cap or bonnet in token of humility. Knight, however, thinks, and with apparent justice, that the context requires the opposite meaning thus: "His ascent is not by such easy degrees as theirs who, using the arts of popularity, *put on* the cap of office and patrician dignity, without doing any thing further to earn it." H.

be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury; to report otherwise were a malice that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

1 *Off.* No more of him; he is a worthy man. Make way, they are coming.

A Sennet. Enter, with Lictors before them, COMINIUS *the Consul,* MENENIUS, CORIOLANUS, *many other Senators,* SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS. *The Senators take their places; the Tribunes take theirs also by themselves.*

Men. Having determin'd of the Volsces, and
To send for Titus Lartius, it remains,
As the main point of this our after-meeting,
To gratify his noble service, that
Hath thus stood for his country. Therefore, please you,
Most reverend and grave elders, to desire
The present consul, and last general
In our well-found successes, to report
A little of that worthy work perform'd
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus; whom
We meet here, both to thank, and to remember
With honours like himself.

1 *Sen.* Speak, good Cominius
Leave nothing out for length, and make us think
Rather our state's defective for requital,
Than we to stretch it out. Masters o'the people,
We do request your kindest ears; and, after,
Your loving motion toward the common body,
To yield what passes here.

Sic. We are convented
Upon a pleasing treaty; and have hearts
Inclinable to honour and advance
The theme of our assembly.

Bru. Which the rather
We shall be prest to do,[3] if he remember
A kinder value of the people, than
He hath hereto priz'd them at.
Men That's off, that's off:[4]
I would you rather had been silent. Please you
To hear Cominius speak?
Bru. Most willingly;
But yet my caution was more pertinent,
Than the rebuke you give it.
Men. He loves your people;
But tie him not to be their bedfellow.—
Worthy Cominius, speak.—Nay, keep your place.
[CORIOLANUS *rises, and offers to go away*
1 *Sen.* Sit, Coriolanus: never shame to hear
What you have nobly done.
Cor. Your honours' pardon:
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,
Than hear say how I got them.
Bru. Sir, I hope
My words dis-bench'd you not.
Cor. No, sir; yet oft,
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.
You sooth'd not,[5] therefore hurt not. But, your people,
I love them as they weigh.
Men. Pray now, sit down.

[3] *Prest* is ready, quick; a word of frequent use in the Poet's time. See The Merchant of Venice, Act i. sc. 1, note 6. The origigal reads, "we shall be *blest* to do." The change is taken from Collier's second folio. Mr. Singer says "it is a good and legitimate emendation, which I also find confirmed in my corrected copy of the second folio." H.

[4] That is, *from* the purpose.

[5] To *soothe* was often used for to *flatter*. We have already had "false-fac'd *soothing*" in the same sense. See Act i. sc. 9 note 3. H

Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head i'the sun,
When the alarum were struck, than idly sit
To hear my nothings monster'd. [*Exit.*

Men. Masters of the people,
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter,
(That's thousand to one good one,) when you now see
He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,
Than one on's ears to hear it? — Proceed, Cominius.

Com. I shall lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be utter'd feebly. — It is held
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver:[6] if it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the world
Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the mark of others: our then dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian chin he drove
The bristled lips before him. He bestrid
An o'er-press'd Roman, and i'the consul's view
Slew three opposers: Tarquin's self he met,
And struck him on his knee:[7] in that day's feats,
When he might act the woman in the scene,
He prov'd best man i'the field, and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age

[6] This thought was evidently borrowed from Plutarch: "Now in those daies, valiantnes was honored in Rome above all other vertues; which they call by the name of vertue it selfe, as including in that generall name all other speciall vertues besides: so that *virtus* in the Latine was as much as valiantnesse. But Martius, being more inclined to the warres than any other gentleman of his time, beganne from his childhood to give himselfe to handle weapons, and daily did exercise himselfe therein; and he esteemed outward armour to no purpose, unlesse one were naturally armed within." H.

[7] Not that he gave Tarquin a blow on the knee, but gave him such a blow as made him *fall on his knee.*

Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea;
And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,
He lurch'd all swords o'the garland.[8] For this last,
Before and in Corioli, let me say,
I cannot speak him home: he stopp'd the fliers,
And by his rare example made the coward
Turn terror into sport. As weeds before[9]
A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,
And fell below his stem: his sword, death's stamp,
Where it did mark, it took: from face to foot
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
Was tim'd with dying cries.[10] Alone he enter'd
The mortal gate o'the city, which he painted
With shunless destiny, aidless came off,
And with a sudden reinforcement struck
Corioli like a planet. Now all's his;
When by and by the din of war 'gan pierce
His ready sense: then straight his doubled spirit
Requicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,
And to the battle came he; where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
'Twere a perpetual spoil; and, till we call'd
Both field and city ours, he never stood
To ease his breast with panting.

Men. Worthy man!

1 *Sen.* He cannot but with measure fit the hon ours
Which we devise him.

[8] To *lurch* is to win or carry off easily the prize or stake at any game. Thus in Ben Jonson's Silent Woman: "You have *lurch'd* your friends *of the better half of the garland.*" Cole, in his Latin Dictionary, 1679, has "A *lurch*, duplex palma, facilis victoria."

[9] So in the first folio; in the second *weeds* is changed to *waves*, which is preferred by some editors. H.

[10] That is, the cries of the dying *keep time with* his every motion. H.

Com. Our spoils he kick'd at;
And look'd upon things precious, as they were
The common muck o'the world: he covets less
Than misery[1] itself would give; rewards
His deeds with doing them; and is content
To spend the time, to end it.

Men. He's right noble:
Let him be call'd for.

1 *Sen.* Call Coriolanus.

Off. He doth appear.

Re-enter CORIOLANUS.

Men. The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd
To make thee consul.

Cor. I do owe them still
My life and services.

Men. It then remains
That you do speak to the people.

Cor. I do beseech you,
Let me o'erleap that custom; for I cannot
Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them
For my wounds' sake to give their suffrage: please you,
That I may pass this doing.

Sic. Sir, the people
Must have their voices; neither will they bate
One jot of ceremony.

Men. Put them not to't:
Pray you, go fit you to the custom; and
Take to you, as your predecessors have,
Your honour with your form.[2]

Cor. It is a part

[1] *Misery* for *avarice*, because *miser* signifies *avaricious*.
[2] "*Your* form" is the form which custom prescribes to you

That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.

Bru. Mark you that?

Cor. To brag unto them, — thus I did, and thus; —
Show them th' unaching scars which I should hide,
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire
Of their breath only; —

Men. Do not stand upon't. —
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
Our purpose: — to them and to our noble consul
Wish we all joy and honour.

Sen. To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!
[*Flourish. Then exeunt Senators.*

Bru. You see how he intends to use the people.

Sic. May they perceive 's intent! He will require them,
As if he did contemn what he requested
Should be in them to give.

Bru. Come; we'll inform them
Of our proceedings here: on the market-place,
I know they do attend us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. The Same. The Forum.

Enter several Citizens.

1 *Cit.* Once,[1] if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.

2 *Cit.* We may, sir, if we will.

3 *Cit.* We have power in ourselves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do:[2] for if he show us his wounds and tell us his deeds, we

[1] That is, once for all.

[2] Power in the first instance here means *natural power* or *force*, and *then moral power*, or *right*.

are to put our tongues into those wounds, and speak for them; so, if he tell us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous; and for the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a monster of the multitude; of the which we, being members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous members.

1 *Cit.* And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve: for once[3] we stood up about the corn, he himself stuck not to call us the many-headed multitude.

3 *Cit.* We have been call'd so of many; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn, some bald, but that our wits are so diversely colour'd: and truly, I think, if all our wits were to issue out of one skull, they would fly east, west, north, south; and their consent of one direct way should be at once to all the points o'the compass.

2 *Cit.* Think you so? Which way do you judge my wit would fly?

3 *Cit.* Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will: 'tis strongly wedg'd up in a blockhead; but, if it were at liberty, 'twould, sure, southward.

2 *Cit.* Why that way?

3 *Cit.* To lose itself in a fog; where, being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conscience sake, to help to get thee a wife.

2 *Cit.* You are never without your tricks:—You may, you may.

3 *Cit.* Are you all resolv'd to give your voices? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it. I

[3] *Once* signifies here *one time*. Rowe inserted *when* after once which is indeed understood.

say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

Enter CORIOLANUS *and* MENENIUS.

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility; mark his behaviour. We are not to stay all together, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars; wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content. [*Exeunt.*

Men. O sir! you are not right: have you not known
The worthiest men have done't?

Cor. What must I say?—
I pray, sir,—Plague upon't! I cannot bring
My tongue to such a pace:—Look, sir; my wounds!
I got them in my country's service, when
Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran
From the noise of our own drums.

Men. O me, the gods
You must not speak of that: you must desire them
To think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me? Hang 'em!
I would they would forget me, like the virtues
Which our divines lose by 'em.[4]

Men. You'll mar all:

[4] That is, probably, "the virtuous precepts which our divines lose their time in preaching to them."—This use of the term *divines* has been set down as another anachronism. No doubt it is so. And so in North's Plutarch we often find that the ancient Greeks and Romans had *bishops* among them. The Poet simply uses the language of his time to represent what has been done at all times. H.

I'll leave you. Pray you, speak to them, I pray you,
In wholesome manner. [*Exit.*

Enter two Citizens.

Cor. Bid them wash their faces,
And keep their teeth clean. — So, here comes a brace. —
You know the cause, sir, of my standing here?

1 *Cit.* We do, sir: tell us what hath brought you to't.

Cor. Mine own desert.

2 *Cit.* Your own desert?

Cor. Ay, not mine own desire.

1 *Cit.* How! not your own desire?

Cor. No, sir: 'twas never my desire yet to trouble the poor with begging.

1 *Cit.* You must think, if we give you any thing, we hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well then, I pray, your price o'the consul ship?

1 *Cit.* The price is, to ask it kindly.

Cor. Kindly, sir? I pray let me ha't: I have wounds to show you, which shall be yours in private. — Your good voice, sir; what say you?

2 *Cit.* You shall ha't, worthy sir.

Cor. A match, sir. — There is in all two worthy voices begg'd. — I have your alms: adieu.

1 *Cit.* But this is something odd.

2 *Cit.* An 'twere to give again, — But 'tis no matter. [*Exeunt the two Citizens.*

Enter two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices that I may be consul, I have here the customary gown.

3 *Cit.* You have deserved nobly of your country, and you have not deserved nobly.

Cor. Your enigma?

3 *Cit.* You have been a scourge to her enemies, you have been a rod to her friends: you have not, indeed, loved the common people.

Cor. You should account me the more virtuous, that I have not been common in my love. I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother, the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them; 'tis a condition they account gentle: and, since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nŏd, and be off to them most counterfeitly; that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifully to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul.

4 *Cit.* We hope to find you our friend, and therefore give you our voices heartily.

3 *Cit.* You have received many wounds for your country.

Cor. I will not seal[5] your knowledge with showing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no further.

Both Cit. The gods give you joy, sir, heartily!

[*Exeunt.*

Cor. Most sweet voices! —
Better it is to die, better to starve,
Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.
Why in this wolvish toge[6] should I stand here,

[5] I will not strengthen or complete your knowledge. The *seal* is that which ratifies or completes a writing.

[6] *Toge* is of course a monosyllabic form of *toga*. The first folio reads "wolvish *tongue*," which was changed in the second folio to "wolvish *gown*," the editor or printer not knowing what to make of *tongue*. — This use of *wolvish* has been most variously

To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,
Their needless vouches? Custom calls me to't: —
What custom wills, in all things should we do't,
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heap'd
For truth to overpeer. — Rather than fool it so,
Let the high office and the honour go
To one that would do thus. — I am half through:
The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

Enter three other Citizens

Here come more voices. —
Your voices: for your voices I have fought;
Watch'd for your voices; for your voices, bear
Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six
I have seen, and heard of: for your voices,
Have done many things, some less, some more.
Your voices: indeed, I would be consul.

5 *Cit.* He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honest man's voice.

6 *Cit.* Therefore let him be consul. The gods give him joy, and make him good friend to the people!

All. Amen, amen. —
God save thee, noble consul! [*Exeunt Citizens.*

Cor. Worthy voices!

argued and discussed. We believe it to be nothing less nor more than a simple allusion to the scriptural figure of a wolf in sheep's clothing. Not by any means that the Poet meant to make Coriolanus call himself a wolf; but he regards the figure in question merely as a general image of one trying to seem what he is not; and so makes the speaker apply it to himself simply as one who stands there clad in "the napless vesture of humility," while his heart is full of pride and disdain towards the part he is acting, and towards those whose suffrage he is asking. Brutus expresses the same thing afterwards: "With a proud heart he wore his humble weeds." H

Re-enter MENENIUS, *with* BRUTUS, *and* SICINIUS.

Men. You have stood your limitation; and the tribunes
Endue you with the people's voice: Remains
That, in th' official marks invested, you
Anon do meet the senate.

Cor. Is this done?

Sic. The custom of request you have discharg'd:
The people do admit you, and are summon'd
To meet anon upon your approbation.

Cor. Where? at the senate-house?

Sic. There, Coriolanus.

Cor. May I change these garments?

Sic. You may, sir.

Cor. That I'll straight do; and, knowing myself again,
Repair to the senate-house.

Men. I'll keep you company.—Will you along?

Bru. We stay here for the people.

Sic. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt* CORIOL. *and* MENEN

He has it now; and by his looks, methinks,
'Tis warm at's heart.

Bru. With a proud heart he wore
His humble weeds. Will you dismiss the people?

Re-enter Citizens.

Sic. How now, my masters! have you chose this man?

1 *Cit.* He has our voices, sir.

Bru. We pray the gods he may deserve your loves.

2 *Cit.* Amen, sir. To my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us when he begg'd our voices.

3 *Cit.* Certainly,
He flouted us downright.

Cit. No, 'tis his kind of speech; he did not mock us.

2 *Cit.* Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says
He us'd us scornfully: he should have show'd us
His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for's country.

Sic. Why, so he did, I am sure.

All. No, no; no man saw 'em.

3 *Cit.* He said he had wounds, which he could show in private;
And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,
"I would be consul," says he: "aged custom,
But by your voices, will not so permit me;
Your voices therefore." When we granted that,
Here was, — "I thank you for your voices, — thank you, —
Your most sweet voices: — now you have left your voices,
I have no further with you." — Was not this mockery?

Sic. Why, either, were you ignorant to see't,[7]
Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness
To yield your voices?

Bru. Could you not have told him
As you were lesson'd, — When he had no power,
But was a petty servant to the state,
He was your enemy; even spake against
Your liberties, and the charters that you bear
I'the body of the weal: and now, arriving
A place of potency and sway o'the state,
If he should still malignantly remain
Fast foe to the plebeii, your voices might
Be curses to yourselves? You should have said,

[7] That is, why did you lack the wit to discern it?

That, as his worthy deeds did claim no less
Than what he stood for, so his gracious nature
Would think upon you for your voices, and
Translate his malice towards you into love,
Standing your friendly lord.

Sic. Thus to have said,
As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his spirit,
And try'd his inclination; from him pluck'd
Either his gracious promise, which you might,
As cause had call'd you up, have held him to;
Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,
Which easily endures not article
Tying him to aught: so, putting him to rage,
You should have ta'en th' advantage of his choler,
And pass'd him unelected.

Bru. Did you perceive,
He did solicit you in free contempt,
When he did need your loves; and do you think
That his contempt shall not be bruising to you,
When he hath power to crush? Why, had your bodies
No heart among you? Or had you tongues to cry
Against the rectorship of judgment?

Sic. Have you,
Ere now, denied the asker? and, now again,
On him that did not ask, but mock, bestow
Your sued-for tongues?

3 *Cit.* He's not confirm'd; we may deny him yet.

2 *Cit.* And will deny him:
I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

1 *Cit.* Ay, twice five hundred, and their friends to piece 'em.

Bru. Get you hence instantly; and tell those friends,
They have chose a consul, that will from them take

Their liberties; make them of no more voice
Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking,
As therefore kept to do so.

Sic. Let them assemble;
And, on a safer judgment, all revoke
Your ignorant election. Enforce his pride,[8]
And his old hate unto you: besides, forget not
With what contempt he wore the humble weed;
How in his suit he scorn'd you; but your loves,
Thinking upon his services, took from you
The apprehension of his present portance,[9]
Which most gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion
After the inveterate hate he bears you.

Bru. Lay
A fault on us, your tribunes; that we labour'd
(No impediment between) but that you must
Cast your election on him.

Sic. Say, you chose him
More after our commandment, than as guided
By your own true affections; and that your minds,
Preoccupied with what you rather must do
Than what you should, made you against the grain
To voice him consul. Lay the fault on us.

Bru. Ay, spare us not. Say, we read lectures to you,
How youngly he began to serve his country;
How long continued; and what stock he springs of,
The noble house o'the Marcians; from whence came
That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,
Who, after great Hostilius, here was king:
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,
That our best water brought by conduits hither;

[8] That is, *urge* his pride.
[9] *Portance* is *carriage, bearing.*

And Censorinus, darling of the people,[10]
And nobly nam'd so, twice being Censor,
Was his great ancestor.

Sic. One thus descended,
That hath besides well in his person wrought
To be set high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances; but you have found,
Scaling[11] his present bearing with his past,
That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your sudden approbation.

Bru. Say, you ne'er had done t
(Harp on that still) but by our putting-on;
And presently, when you have drawn your number,
Repair to th' Capitol.

All. We will so: almost all
Repent in their election. [*Exeunt Citizens*

Bru. Let them go on:
This mutiny were better put in hazard,
Than stay, past doubt, for greater.
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both obsérve and answer
The vantage of his anger.

[10] Pope supplied this verse, which the context evidently requires, and which is warranted by the narration in Plutarch, from whence this passage is taken: "The house of the Martians at Rome was of the number of the patricians, out of which hath sprung many noble personages, whereof Ancus Martius was one, King Numaes daughter's sonne, who was king of Rome after Tullus Hostilius. Of the *same house* were Publius and Quintus, who brought to Rome their best water they had by conduits. Censorinus *came of that familie*, that was so surnamed because the people had chosen him censor twice." Publius and Quintus and Censorinus were not the ancestors of Coriolanus, but his descendants. Caius Martius Rutilius did not obtain the name of Censorinus till the year of Rome 487; and the Marcian waters were not brought to the city by aqueducts till the year 613, near 350 years after the death of Coriolanus. Shakespeare confounded the ancestors and posterity of Coriolanus together.

[11] That is, *weighing* his past and present behaviour

Sic. To th' Capitol:
Come; we'll be there before the stream o'the people;
And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,
Which we have goaded onward. [*Exeunt*

ACT III.

SCENE I. The Same. A Street.

Cornets. *Enter* CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, *Senators, and Patricians.*

Cor. Tullus Aufidius, then, had made new head?

Lart. He had, my lord; and that it was which caus'd
Our swifter composition.

Cor. So then, the Volsces stand but as at first;
Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road
Upon 's again.

Com. They are worn, lord consul, so,
That we shall hardly in our ages see
Their banners wave again.

Cor. Saw you Aufidius?

Lart. On safeguard[1] he came to me; and did curse
Against the Volsces, for they had so vilely
Yielded the town: he is retir'd to Antium.

Cor. Spoke he of me?

Lart. He did, my lord.

Cor. How? what?

Lart. How often he had met you, sword to sword;
That of all things upon the earth he hated

[1] That is, with a guard to protect him.

Your person most; that he would pawn his fortunes
To hopeless restitution, so he might
Be call'd your vanquisher.

Cor. At Antium lives he?

Lart. At Antium.

Cor. I wish I had a cause to seek him there,
To oppose his hatred fully. — [*To* LART.] Welcome home.

Enter SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS.

Behold! these are the tribunes of the people,
The tongues o'the common mouth. I do despise them;
For they do prank them in authority,
Against all noble sufferance.

Sic. Pass no further.

Cor. Ha! what is that?

Bru. It will be dangerous to go on: no further.

Cor. What makes this change?

Men. The matter?

Com. Hath he not pass'd the noble and the common?

Bru. Cominius, no.

Cor. Have I had children's voices?

1 *Sen.* Tribunes, give way: he shall to th' marketplace.

Bru. The people are incens'd against him.

Sic. Stop,
Or all will fall in broil.

Cor. Are these your herd? —
Must these have voices, that can yield them now,
And straight disclaim their tongues? — What are your offices?
You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth?
Have you not set them on?

Men. Be calm, be calm.

Cor. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the nobility:
Suffer't, and live with such as cannot rule,
Nor ever will be rul'd.

Bru. Call't not a plot:
The people cry, you mock'd them; and of late,
When corn was given them gratis, you repin'd;
Scandal'd the suppliants for the people; call'd them
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

Cor. Why, this was known before.

Bru. Not to them all.

Cor. Have you inform'd them sithence?

Bru. How! I inform them?

Com. You are like to do such business.

Bru. Not unlike,
Each way, to better yours.[2]

Cor. Why, then, should I be consul? By yond clouds,
Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow tribune.

Sic. You show too much of that
For which the people stir. If you will pass
To where you are bound, you must inquire your way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit;
Or never be so noble as a consul,
Nor yoke with him for tribune.

Men. Let's be calm.

Com. The people are abus'd:—Set on.—This paltering
Becomes not Rome; nor has Coriolanus

[2] That is, likely to provide better for the security of the commonwealth than you (whose *business* it is) will do. To which the reply is pertinent, "Why, then, should I be consul?"

Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely[3]
I'the plain way of his merit.
Cor. Tell me of corn!
This was my speech, and I will speak't again,—
Men. Not now, not now.
1 *Sen.* Not in this heat, sir, now
Cor. Now, as I live, I will.—My nobler friends
I crave their pardons:—
For the mutable, rank-scented many, let them
Regard me as I do not flatter, and
Therein behold themselves. I say again,
In soothing them we nourish 'gainst our senate
The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,[4]
Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd and scatter'd,
By mingling them with us, the honour'd number;
Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that
Which they have given to beggars.
Men. Well, no more.
1 *Sen.* No more words, we beseech you.
Cor. How! no more?
As for my country I have shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs
Coin words till their decay, against those meazels[5]
Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought
The very way to catch them.
Bru. You speak o'the people.
As if you were a god to punish, not
A man of their infirmity.

[3] That is, treacherously The metaphor is from a *rub* at bowls.

[4] *Cockle* is a weed which grows up with and chokes the corn The thought is from North's Plutarch: "Moreover, he said that they nourished against themselves the naughty seed and *cockle* of insolency and sedition, which had been sowed and scattered abroad among the people."

[5] *Meazel*, or *mesell*, is the old term for a *leper*.

Sic. 'Twere well
We let the people know't.
Men. What, what? his choler?
Cor. Choler!
Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Jove, 'twould be my mind.
Sic. It is a mind
That shall remain a poison where it is,
Not poison any further.
Cor. Shall remain!—
Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark you
His absolute "shall?"
Com. 'Twas from the canon.
Cor. "Shall!"
O, good but most unwise patricians! why,
You grave but reckless senators, have you thus
Given Hydra here to choose an officer,
That with his peremptory "shall," being but
The horn and noise o'the monster, wants not spirit
To say he'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his? If he have power,
Then vail your ignorance;[6] if none, revoke
Your dangerous lenity.[7] If you are learn'd,

[6] To *vail* is to *lower* or *let fall*. See Measure for Measure, Act v. sc. 1, note 1. So that the meaning seems to be something thus: "If this man have power, then let your ignorance that gave it him bow down before him." H.

[7] The original has, "*awake* your dangerous lenity;" where it seems clear enough that *awake* reverses the drift of the argument. In Mr. Collier's second folio the passage is made to read thus: "If he have power, then vail your *impotence*; if none, *revoke* your dangerous *bounty*." But the following clause,—"if you are learn'd,"—makes against *impotence*, as it is evidently meant to be antithetic to "your ignorance." As to the substitution of *bounty* for *lenity*, it is to be observed that Coriolanus is here speaking, not against the Senate's bounty in letting the people have corn *gratis*, but against the Senate's indulgent temper, or *lenity*, in letting them have Tribunes as their own special magistrates. See Act i. sc. 1, note 12. H.

Be not as common fools; if you are not,
Let them have cushions by you. You are plebeians,
If they be senators; and they are no less,
When, both your voices blended, the great'st state
Most palates theirs.[8] They choose their magistrate;
And such a one as he, who puts his "shall,"
His popular "shall," against a graver bench
Than ever frown'd in Greece! By Jove himself,
It makes the consuls base; and my soul aches,
To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
The one by th' other.

Com. Well — on to th' market-place.

Cor. Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth
The corn o'the storehouse gratis, as 'twas us'd
Sometime in Greece, —

Men. Well, well; no more of that.

Cor. — Though there the people had more absolute power,
I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed
The ruin of the state.

[8] That is, most relishes their (the people's) voice. The original reads, "the great'st *taste*." The change is Mr. Singer's, who remarks that "the compositors, finding *palates* in the subsequent line, printed *taste* instead of *state*, consisting of the same letters." The meaning of the passage may now be rendered somewhat thus: "In giving the plebs a voice, you have reduced yourselves to a level with them, and, when the voices of the two orders are thus blended, the greatest state prefers the people's voice, they being the most numerous." This is corroborated by the corresponding passage in North's Plutarch, where Coriolanus is made to speak as follows: "We should, if we were wise, take from them their Tribuneship, which most manifestly is the embasing of the Consulship, and the cause of the division of their city. The state whereof, as it standeth, is not now as it was wont to be, but becometh dismembred in two factions, which maintaines alwaies civill dissention and discord between us, and will never suffer us againe to be united into one body." H.

Bru. Why, shall the people give
One that speaks thus their voice?
Cor. I'll give my reasons,
More worthier than their voices. They know the corn
Was not our recompense,[9] resting well assur'd
They ne'er did service for't. Being press'd to th' war,
Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,
They would not thread the gates:[10] this kind of service
Did not deserve corn gratis. Being i'the war,
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they show'd
Most valour, spoke not for them. Th' accusation
Which they have often made against the senate,
All cause unborn, could never be the motive
Of our so frank donation.[11] Well, what then?
How shall this bisson multitude digest
The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express
What's like to be their words: "We did request it,
We are the greater poll, and in true fear
They gave us our demands."—Thus we debase
The nature of our seats, and make the rabble
Call our cares fears; which will in time break ope

[9] That is, the recompense due from us to them. We learn from Mr. Collier, that in a copy of the fourth folio, which once belonged to Southern, *our* is changed to *their*. But it seems indifferent whether the reading be, *our* recompense *to* them, or *their* recompense *from* us. H.

[10] To *thread* the gates is to *pass through* them.

[11] The original has "could never be the *native* of our so frank donation." What may be the meaning of *native* here, is a question that has baffled editorial ingenuity. *Motive* was proposed by Monck Mason, and is found written in Mr. Collier's second folio, *Bisson multitude*, in the next sentence, is from the same source: the reading of the original being *bosome multiplied*. The emendation is undoubtedly right, and is one of great value. For the meaning of *bisson*, see Act ii. sc. 1, note 5. H.

The locks o'the senate, and bring in the crows
To peck the eagles. —

Men. Come, enough.

Bru. Enough, with over-measure.

Cor. No, take more:
What may be sworn by, both divine and human,
Seal what I end withal! — This double worship, —
Where one part does disdain with cause, the other
Insult without all reason; where gentry, title, wisdom
Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no
Of general ignorance, — it must omit
Real necessities, and give way the while
To unstable slightness. Purpose so barr'd, it follows
Nothing is done to purpose: therefore, beseech you, —
You that will be less fearful than discreet;
That love the fundamental part of state,
More than you doubt[12] the change on't; that prefer
A noble life before a long, and wish
To jump[13] a body with a dangerous physic,

[12] To *doubt* is to *fear*.

[13] To *jump* is to risk, venture, or set on a hazard; explained by Richardson thus: "To come or go at a *jump*, that is, suddenly, hastily, without seeing the ground to alight upon, at a risk or venture." The word occurs as a verb with the same sense in the well known speech of Macbeth, Act i. sc. 7: "We'd *jump* the life to come." Likewise as a substantive in Antony and Cleopatra, Act iii. sc. 8: "Our fortune lies upon this *jump*." The same use of the word is found in Holland's Pliny: "If we looke for good successe in our cure by ministring ellebore, &c., for certainly it putteth the patient to a *jumpe* or greate hazard." Mr. Singer has lately set forth, with much confidence, an opinion, which we were at first inclined to adopt, that *jump* in this place is a misprint for *imp*. *Imp* is a term in falconry, and signifies, primarily o graft or insert feathers into the damaged wing of a hawk; and so runs into a secondary meaning of to repair or restore by artificial means. He says of *jump* that "nothing can be made of it." Mr Singer is entitled to more respect than he sometimes shows

That's sure of death without it, — at once pluck out
The multitudinous tongue ; let them not lick
The sweet which is their poison. Your dishonour
Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the state
Of that integrity which should become 't ;[14]
Not having the power to do the good it would,
For th' ill which doth control it.

Bru. He has said enough.

Sic. He has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer
As traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch ! despite o'erwhelm thee ! —
What should the people do with these bald tribunes ?
On whom depending, their obedience fails
To th' greater bench. In a rebellion,
When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,
Then were they chosen : in a better hour,
Let what is meet, be said, it must be meet,
And throw their power i'the dust.[15]

Bru. Manifest treason.

Sic. This a consul ? no.

Bru. The Ædiles, ho ! — Let him be apprehended.

Enter an Ædile.

Sic. Go, call the people ; [*Exit Ædile*] in whose name, myself
Attach thee, as a traitorous innovator,

towards others who are not less worthy of it than himself. As explained and confirmed by our quotations, to *jump* a body is just the very thing that would needs be done by using *dangerous physic ;* nor is any thing more natural or more common than to use such physic in cases where the patient is "sure of death without it." In other words, the sense of *risk* agrees much better with the context here, than that of *mend*.. H.

[14] *Integrity* seems to be here used in its primitive sense of *wholeness*, or *entireness*. H.

[15] "Let it be said by you that what is *meet* to be done, *must* be meet, that is, *shall be done*, and put an end at once to the tribunitian power."

A foe to the public weal: Obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.

Cor Hence, old goat!

Senators. We'll surety him.

Com. Aged sir, hands off

Cor. Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones
Out of thy garments.

Sic. Help, ye citizens!

Re-enter the Ædile, with others, and a Rabble of Citizens.

Men. On both sides more respect.

Sic. Here's he that would
Take from you all your power.

Bru. Seize him, Ædiles!

Citizens. Down with him! down with him!

2 *Sen.* Weapons, weapons, weapons!

[*They all bustle about* CORIOLANUS.

Tribunes, patricians, citizens!—what ho!—
Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens!

Citizens. Peace, peace, peace! stay, hold, peace!

Men. What is about to be?—I am out of breath;
Confusion's near: I cannot speak.—You, tribunes
To the people,—Coriolanus, patience:—
Speak, good Sicinius.

Sic. Hear me, people!—Peace!

Citizens. Let's hear our tribune:—Peace! Speak, speak, speak.

Sic. You are at point to lose your liberties:
Marcius would have all from you; Marcius,
Whom late you have nam'd for consul.

Men. Fie, fie, fie!
This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

Senators. To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.

Sic. What is the city but the people?

Citizens. True, the people are the city.

Bru. By the consent of all, we were establish'd
The people's magistrates.

Citizens. You so remain.

Men. And so are like to do.

Cor. That is the way to lay the city flat;
To bring the roof to the foundation,
And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruin.

Sic. This deserves death.

Bru. Or let us stand to our authority,
Or let us lose it.—We do here pronounce,
Upon the part o'the people, in whose power
We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy
Of present death.

Sic. Therefore, lay hold of him.
Bear him to th' rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into destruction cast him.

Bru. Ædiles, seize him.

Citizens. Yield, Marcius, yield.

Men. Hear me one word.
Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.

Ædiles. Peace, peace!

Men. Be that you seem, truly your country's friends,
And temperately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redress.

Bru. Sir, those cold ways,
That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous
Where the disease is violent.—Lay hands upon him,
And bear him to the rock.

Cor. [*Drawing his Sword.*] No; I'll die here.
There's some among you have beheld me fighting:
Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me

Men. Down with that sword!—Tribunes, withdraw awhile.

Bru. Lay hands upon him.

Men. Help Marcius, help
You that be noble! help him, young and old!

Citizens. Down with him! down with him!

[*In this Mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ædiles, and the People are beat in.*

Men. Go, get you to your house; be gone, away!
All will be naught else.

2 *Sen.* Get you gone.

Cor. Stand fast!
We have as many friends as enemies.

Men. Shall it be put to that?

1 *Sen.* The gods forbid!
I pr'ythee, noble friend, home to thy house:
Leave us to cure this cause.

Men. For 'tis a sore upon us,
You cannot tent yourself: Begone, 'beseech you.

Com. Come, sir, along with us.

Cor. I would they were barbarians, as they are,
Though in Rome litter'd; not Romans, as they are not,
Though calv'd i'the porch o'the Capitol!

Men. Begone;
Put not your worthy rage into your tongue:
One time will owe another.[16]

Cor. On fair ground,
I could beat forty of them.

Men. I could myself
Take up a brace o'the best of them; yea, the two tribunes.

Com. But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetic;

[16] "Another time will offer when you may be quits with them." There is a common proverb "One good turn deserves another."

And manhood is call'd foolery, when is stands
Against a falling fabric. — Will you hence,
Before the tag return? whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
What they are us'd to bear.

Men. Pray you, be gone.
I'll try whether my old wit be in request
With those that have but little: this must be patch'd
With cloth of any colour.

Com. Nay, come away.

[*Exeunt* CORIOL., COMIN., *and Others.*

1 *Pat.* This man has marr'd his fortune.

Men. His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for's power to thunder. His heart's his mouth:
What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent;
And, being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death. — [*A Noise within.*
Here's goodly work!

2 *Pat.* I would they were a-bed!

Men. I would they were in Tyber! — What, the vengeance,
Could he not speak them fair?

Re-enter BRUTUS *and* SICINIUS, *with the Rabble.*

Sic. Where is this viper
That would depopulate the city, and
Be every man himself?

Men. You worthy tribunes, —

Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock
With rigorous hands: he hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial
Than the severity of the public power,
Which he so sets at nought.

1 *Cit.* He shall well know,
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,
And we their hands.
Citizens. He shall, sure on't.
Men. Sir, sir,—
Sic. Peace!
Men. Do not cry havoc,[17] where you should but hunt
With modest warrant.
Sic. Sir, how comes't that you
Have holp to make this rescue?
Men. Hear me speak.—
As I do know the consul's worthiness,
So can I name his faults.—
Sic. Consul!—what consul?
Men. The consul Coriolanus.
Bru. He a consul!
Citizens. No, no, no, no, no!
Men. If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good people,
I may be heard, I'd crave a word or two;
The which shall turn you to no further harm,
Than so much loss of time.
Sic. Speak briefly, then;
For we are peremptory to despatch
This viperous traitor: To eject him hence,
Were but our danger, and to keep him here,
Our certain death; therefore it is decreed
He dies to-night.
Men. Now, the good gods forbid

[17] This signal for general slaughter was not to be pronounced with impunity, but by authority. Thus in the Statutes and Ordynaunces of Warre, 1513: "That no man be so hardy to crye *havoke*, upon payne of him that is so founde begynner, to dye therfore, and the remenaunt to be emprysoned, and their bodies to be punyshed at the kinges wyll."

That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her deserved[18] children is enroll'd
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own!

Sic. He's a disease that must be cut away.

Men. O! he's a limb that has but a disease;
Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, easy.
What has he done to Rome that's worthy death?
Killing our enemies? The blood he hath lost,
(Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,
By many an ounce,) he dropp'd it for his country;
And what is left, to lose it by his country,
Were to us all that do't and suffer it,
A brand to th' end o'the world.

Sic. This is clean kam.[19]

Bru. Merely awry. When he did love his country,
It honour'd him.

Men. The service of the foot,
Being once gangren'd, is not then respected
For what before it was?

Bru. We'll hear no more.—
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence;
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread further.

[18] *Deserved* for *deserving;* as *delighted* for *delighting* in Othello.

[19] That is, all wrong; the same as "merely awry" in the next line. *Kam* is an old word for *crooked;* thus explained by Cotgrave: "All goes cleane contrarie, quite *kamme*." The word occurs in Richard Hooker's Sermon on The Nature of Pride: "Where is, then, the obliquity of the mind of man? His mind is perverse, *kam*, and crooked, when it bendeth so, that it swerveth either to the right hand or to the left, by excess or defect, from that exact rule whereby human actions are measured." *Clean kam* appears to have been corrupted into *kim-kam;* of which word Holland's Plutarch furnishes several instances: "First mark, I beseech you, the comparison, how they go clean *kim kam*, and against the stream, as if rivers run up hills." H.

Men. One word more, one word:
This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find
The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will too late
Tie leaden pounds to's heels. Proceed by process;
Lest parties (as he is belov'd) break out,
And sack great Rome with Romans.
Bru. If it were so, —
Sic. What do ye talk?
Have we not had a taste of his obedience?
Our Ædiles smote? ourselves resisted? — Come! —
Men. Consider this: He has been bred i'the wars
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill-school'd
In boulted language; meal and bran together
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
Where he shall answer by a lawful form,
In peace, to his utmost peril.
1 *Sen.* Noble tribunes,
It is the humane way: the other course
Will prove too bloody, and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.
Sic. Noble Menenius,
Be you, then, as the people's officer. —
Masters, lay down your weapons.
Bru. Go not home.
Sic. Meet on the market-place; — we'll attend you there:
Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed
In our first way.
Men. I'll bring him to you. —
[*To the Senators.*] Let me desire your company
He must come,
Or what is worst will follow.
1 *Sen.* Pray you, let's to him.
[*Exeunt*

SCENE II. A Room in Coriolanus's House.

Enter Coriolanus, *and Patricians.*

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears: present me
Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels;
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight; yet will I still
Be thus to them.

1 *Pat.* You do the nobler.

Cor. I muse,[1] my mother
Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them woollen vassals; things created
To buy and sell with groats; to show bare heads
In congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance[2] stood up
To speak of peace or war.—

Enter Volumnia.

I talk of you:
Why did you wish me milder? Would you have me
False to my nature? Rather say, I play
The man I am.

Vol. O, sir, sir, sir![3]
I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out.

Cor. Let go.

Vol. You might have been enough the man you are,

[1] That is, I *wonder*.

[2] *Ordinance* is here used, apparently, for *order* or *rank*.

[3] In Mr. Collier's second folio this is altered to, "O, *son, son, son!*" which is certainly a plausible, perhaps an admissible change

H.

With striving less to be so: lesser had been
The thwartings of your dispositions,[4] if
You had not show'd them how you were dispos'd,
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

Cor. Let them hang

Vol. Ay, and burn too.

Enter MENENIUS, *and Senators.*

Men. Come, come; you have been too rough, something too rough:
You must return, and mend it.

1 *Sen.* There's no remedy;
Unless, by not so doing, our good city
Cleave in the midst, and perish.

Vol. Pray be counsell'd:
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain that leads my use of anger
To better vantage.[5]

Men. Well said, noble woman.
Before he should thus stoop to th' herd,[6] but that
The violent fit o'the time craves it as physic
For the whole state, I would put mine armour on,
Which I can scarcely bear.

[4] The old copy reads "*things* of your dispositions." The emendation is Theobald's.

[5] This speech certainly appears very elliptical as it stands. In Mr. Collier's second folio a whole line is supplied to complete the sense, thus:

> "I have a heart as little apt as yours
> *To brook control without the use of anger;*
> But yet a brain that leads my use of anger
> To better vantage."

Which, though not admissible into the text, forms a good comment on it, and brings out the right meaning. Mr. Singer thinks it probable "that the word *apt* has been misprinted for *soft*."

H.

[6] Old copy has "stoop to th' *heart*." Theobald made the correction. *Herd* being then spelt *heard*, the error easily crept in

Cor. What must I do?

Men. Return to th' tribunes.

Cor. Well, what then? what then?

Men. Repent what you have spoke.

Cor. For them?—I cannot do it to the gods;
Must I then do't to them?

Vol. You are too absolute;
Though therein you can never be too noble,
But when extremities speak. I have heard you say
Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,
I'the war do grow together: grant that, and tell me
In peace what each of them by th' other lose,
That they combine not there.

Cor. Tush, tush!

Men. A good demand.

Vol. If it be honour in your wars to seem
The same you are not, (which for your best ends
You adopt your policy,) how is it less or worse,
That it shall hold companionship in peace
With honour, as in war; since that to both
It stands in like request?

Cor. Why force you this?

Vol. Because that now it lies you on to speak
To the people; not by your own instruction,
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you,
But with such words that are but roted[7] in
Your tongue, though but bastards and syllables
Of no allowance to your bosom's truth.
Now, this no more dishonours you at all,
Than to take in a town with gentle words,
Which else would put you to your fortune and
The hazard of much blood.—

[7] The old copy reads *roated*. Mr. Boswell says, perhaps it should be *rooted*: we have no example of *roted* for *got by rote*, but it is much in Shakespeare's manner of forming expressions.

I would dissemble with my nature, where
My fortunes and my friends at stake, requir'd
I should do so in honour: I am in this,
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles;
And you will rather show our general lowts[8]
How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon 'em,
For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard
Of what that want[9] might ruin.

Men. Noble lady!—
Come, go with us: speak fair; you may salve so,
Not[10] what is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.

Vol. I pr'ythee now, my son,
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand;
And thus far having stretch'd it, (here be with them,)
Thy knee bussing the stones, (for in such business
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
More learned than the ears,) waving thy head,
Which often—thus,—correcting thy stout heart,[11]
Now humble as the ripest mulberry
That will not hold the handling: Or say to them
Thou art their soldier, and, being bred in broils,
Hast not the soft way which, thou dost confess,
Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,
In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame

[8] Common clowns.

[9] That is, the *want* of their loves.

[10] *Not* seems here to signify *not only*.

[11] That is, "which often *do*—thus,—correcting thy stout heart." Of course at the word *thus* she waves her head several times, acting out the verb while omitting it in her speech, and so making a practical illustration of what she would have him do. Commentators have stumbled much at the passage, from not knowing what to do with *which*. All becomes clear enough, when we thus make *which* to be governed, not by the *verbal sign* of the action, but by the action itself.

Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
As thou hast power and person.

Men. This but done,
Even as she speaks, why, their hearts were yours:
For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free
As words to little purpose.

Vol. Pr'ythee now,
Go, and be rul'd; although, I know, thou hadst rather
Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf,
Than flatter him in a bower. Here is Cominius.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. I have been i'the market-place; and, sir, 'tis fit
You make strong party, or defend yourself
By calmness or by absence: all's in anger.

Men. Only fair speech.

Com. I think 'twill serve, if he
Can thereto frame his spirit.

Vol. He must, and will. —
Pr'ythee now, say you will, and go about it.

Cor. Must I go show them my unbarbed sconce?[12]
Must I with my base tongue give to my noble heart
A lie that it must bear? Well, I will do't:
Yet were there but this single plot to lose,[13]
This mould of Marcius, they to dust should grind it,
And throw't against the wind. — To th' market place!
You have put me now to such a part, which never
I shall discharge to th' life.

[12] *Unbarbed* is *unarmed*. Cotgrave says that a *barbute* was a ridinghood, and that it also signified *the bearer of a helmet*. It was probably used for any kind of covering that concealed the head and face.

[13] *Plot* is piece, portion, applied to a piece of earth, and here elegantly transferred to the body.

Com. Come, come, we'll prompt you.

Vol. I pr'ythee now, sweet son, as thou hast said
My praises made thee first a soldier, so,
To have my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before.

Cor. Well, I must do't:
Away, my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's spirit! My throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired with my drum,[14] into a pipe
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
That babies lulls asleep! The smiles of knaves
Tent in my cheeks;[15] and schoolboys' tears take up
The glasses of my sight! A beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips; and my arm'd knees,
Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an alms! — I will not do't;
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,
And by my body's action teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.

Vol. At thy choice, then.
To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour,
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin: let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness;[16] for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me;
But owe[17] thy pride thyself.

Cor. Pray, be content:

[14] That is, "which *played in concert* with my drum." So in The Merchant of Venice: "Still *quiring* to the young-ey'd cherubims."

[15] To *tent* is here to *dwell*, to *take up residence*.

[16] The meaning probably is, "let me suffer the worst that thy pride can bring upon me, rather than thus live in fear of what will grow from thy obstinacy." H.

[17] That is, *own*.

Mother, I am going to the market-place;
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,
Cog their hearts from them, and come home belov'd
Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going:
Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul,
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I'the way of flattery further.

Vol. Do your will. [*Exit.*

Com. Away; the tribunes do attend you: arm yourself
To answer mildly; for they are prepar'd
With accusations, as I hear, more strong
Than are upon you yet.

Cor. The word is, mildly.—Pray you, let us go.
Let them accuse me by invention, I
Will answer in mine honour.

Men. Ay, but mildly.

Cor. Well, mildly be it then; mildly. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III. The Same. The Forum.

Enter SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS.

Bru. In this point charge him home, that he affects
Tyrannical power: if he evade us there,
Enforce him with his envy[1] to the people;
And that the spoil got on the Antiates
Was ne'er distributed.—

Enter an Ædile.

What! will he come?

Æd. He's coming.

Bru. How accompanied?

[1] That is, *object* his *hatred.*

Æd. With old Menenius, and those senators
That always favour'd him.

Sic. Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procur'd,
Set down by th' poll?

Æd. I have; 'tis ready.

Sic. Have you collected them by tribes?

Æd. I have.

Sic. Assemble presently the people hither:
And when they hear me say, "It shall be so
I'the right and strength o'the commons," be it either
For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,
If I say fine, cry "fine;" if death, cry "death;"
Insisting on the old prerogative
And power i'the truth o'the cause.

Æd. I shall inform them.

Bru. And when such time they have begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd
Enforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence.

Æd. Very well.

Sic. Make them be strong, and ready for this hint,
When we shall hap to give't them.

Bru. Go; about it.— [*Exit Ædile.*
Put him to choler straight: He hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his word[2]
Of contradiction: being once chaf'd, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temperance; then he speaks
What's in his heart; and that is there which looks
With us to break his neck.

Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, *Senators, and Patricians.*

Sic. Well, here he comes.

[2] The old copy reads "his *worth* of contradiction." The correction is Singer's.

Men. Calmly, I do beseech you

Cor. Ay, as an ostler, that for th' poorest piece
Will bear the knave by th' volume.[3] — The honour'd gods
Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supplied with worthy men! plant love among us!
Throng our large temples with the shows of peace
And not our streets with war!

1 *Sen.* Amen, amen!

Men. A noble wish.

Re-enter Ædile, with Citizens.

Sic. Draw near, ye people.

Æd. List to your tribunes: Audience; peace! I say.

Cor. First, hear me speak.

Both Tri. Well, say. — Peace, ho

Cor. Shall I be charg'd no further than this present?
Must all determine here?

Sic. I do demand,
If you submit you to the people's voices,
Allow their officers, and are content
To suffer lawful censure for such faults
As shall be prov'd upon you?

Cor. I am content.

Men. Lo, citizens! he says he is content.
The warlike service he has done, consider;
Think on the wounds his body bears, which show
Like graves i'the holy churchyard.

Cor. Scratches with briers;
Scars to move laughter only.

Men. Consider, further,
That when he speaks not like a citizen,

[3] Will bear being called a knave as often as would fill out a volume.

You find him like a soldier: Do not take
His rougher accents for malicious sounds,
But, as I say, such as become a soldier,
Rather than envy you.[4]

Com. Well, well; no more

Cor. What is the matter,
That, being pass'd for consul with full voice,
I am so dishonour'd, that the very hour
You take it off again?

Sic. Answer to us.

Cor. Say, then: 'tis true, I ought so.

Sic. We charge you, that you have contriv'd to take
From Rome all season'd office, and to wind
Yourself into a power tyrannical;
For which you are a traitor to the people.

Cor. How! Traitor?

Men. Nay, temperately: Your promise.

Cor. The fires i'the lowest hell fold in the people!
Call me their traitor? — Thou injurious tribune!
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say,
Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods.

Sic. Mark you this, people?

Citizens. To th' rock! to th' rock with him

Sic. Peace!
We need not put new matter to his charge:
What you have seen him do and heard him speak,
Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,
Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying
Those whose great power must try him; even this,

[4] That is rather than *spite* or *malign* you

So criminal, and in such capital kind,
Deserves th' extremest death.

Bru. But since he hath serv'd well for Rome,—

Cor. What do you prate of service?

Bru. I talk of that, that know it.

Cor. You?

Men. Is this the promise that you made your mother?

Com. Know, I pray you,—

Cor. I'll know no further.
Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, flaying, pent to linger
But with a grain a day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word,
Nor check my carriage[5] for what they can give,
To have't with saying, good morrow.

Sic. For that he has
(As much as in him lies) from time to time
Envied against the people, seeking means
To pluck away their power; as[6] now at last
Given hostile strokes, and that not[7] in the presence
Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
That do distribute it; in the name o'the people,

[5] The original has, "nor check my *courage*." There is no apparent reason why Coriolanus should speak of his *courage* in this connection; nor is his courage made any ground of objection against him by the people. We therefore accept the correction found in Mr. Collier's second folio; and the rather, forasmuch as Singer tell us the same is made in his copy of the second folio. The misprint of *courage* for *carriage* occurs again in 3 Henry VI., Act ii. sc. 2:

"My lord, cheer up your spirits: our foes are nigh,
And this soft *courage* makes your followers faint." H.

[6] *As* may here be a misprint for *has*, or *and*; or it may signify *as well as*: such elliptical modes of expression are not uncommon in Shakespeare.

Not is here again used for *not only*.

And in the power of us the tribunes, we,
Even from this instant, banish him our city;
In peril of precipitation
From off the rock Tarpeian, never more
To enter our Rome gates. I'the people's name,
I say, it shall be so.

Citizens. It shall be so, it shall be so; let him away:
He's banish'd, and it shall be so.

Com. Hear me, my masters, and my common friends; —

Sic. He's sentenc'd: no more hearing.

Com. Let me speak
I have been consul, and can show for Rome
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love
My country's good with a respect more tender,
More holy and profound, than mine own life,
My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase,
And treasure of my loins; then, if I would
Speak that —

Sic. We know your drift: Speak what?

Bru. There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd,
As enemy to the people and his country:
It shall be so.

Citizens. It shall be so, it shall be so.

Cor. You common cry of curs![8] whose breath I hate
As reek o'the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
As the dead carcasses of unburied men
That do corrupt my air, I banish you:
And here remain with your uncertainty!

[8] *Cry* here signifies a *pack*. So in a subsequent scene: "You have made good work, you and your *cry*." A *cry* of hounds was the old term for a *pack*.

Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair! Have the power still
To banish your defenders; till, at length,
Your ignorance, (which finds not, till it feels,)
Making but reservation of yourselves,[9]
(Still your own foes,) deliver you, as most
Abated captives,[10] to some nation
That won you without blows! Despising,
For you, the city, thus I turn my back:
There is a world elsewhere.[11]

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, MENENIUS, *Senators, and Patricians.*

Æd. The people's enemy is gone, is gone!

Citizens. Our enemy is banish'd! he is gone! Hoo! hoo!

[*The people shout, and throw up their Caps.*

Sic. Go, see him out at gates; and follow him,
As he hath follow'd you, with all despite:
Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the city.

[9] Coriolanus imprecates upon the base plebeians that they may still retain the power of banishing their *defenders*, till their undiscerning folly, which can foresee no consequences, leave none in the city *but themselves;* so that for want of those capable of conducting their defence, they may fall an easy prey to some nation who may conquer them without a struggle. If we were to read as Malone would have us,—"Making *not* reservation of yourselves,"—it would imply that the people *banished themselves*, after having banished their defenders.

[10] *Abated* is overthrown, depressed. To *abate* castles and houses, is to *overthrow* them. To *abate* the courage of a man was to *depress* or *diminish* it.

[11] It is remarkable that, among the political maxims of the speculative Harrington, there is one that he might have borrowed from this speech:—"*The people cannot see, but they can feel.*" It is not much to the honour of the people, that they have the same character of stupidity from their enemy and their friend. Such was the power of our author's mind, that he looked through life in all its relations private and civil. JOHNSON.

Citizens. Come, come; let us see him out at gates; come. —
The gods preserve our noble tribunes! — Come.
[*Exeunt*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

The Same. Before a Gate of the City.

Enter CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, *and several young Patricians.*

Cor. Come, leave your tears: a brief farewell. — The beast
With many heads butts me away. — Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient courage? you were us'd
To say extremity was the trier of spirits;
That common chances common men could bear;
That when the sea was calm all boats alike
Show'd mastership in floating; fortune's blows
When most struck home, being gentle-minded, craves
A noble cunning:[1] you were us'd to load me

[1] That is, "when fortune's blows are most struck home, to bear them with a sweet and quiet mind requires a noble wisdom;" *cunning* being often used for *wisdom* or *skill*. In the original the passage stands thus, pointing and all: "Fortunes blowes, when most strooke home, being *gentle wounded*, craves a noble cunning." The words, "being gentle wounded," have caused a good deal of perplexity and discussion. Certainly the language is most awkward and obscure. The sense is commonly explained thus: "When fortune strikes her hardest blows, to be wounded and yet

With precepts, that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.

Vir. O heavens! O heavens!

Cor. Nay, I pr'ythee, woman, —

Vol. Now, the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome,
And occupations perish!

Cor. What, what, what!
I shall be lov'd when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had been the wife of Hercules,
Six of his labours you'd have done, and sav'd
Your husband so much sweat. — Cominius,
Droop not: adieu. — Farewell, my wife! my mother!
I'll do well yet. — Thou old and true Menenius,
Thy tears are salter than a younger man's,
And venomous to thine eyes. — My sometime general,
I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
Heart-hardening spectacles: tell these sad women,
'Tis fond to wail inevitable strokes,
As 'tis to laugh at 'em. — My mother, you wot well,
My hazards still have been your solace; and
Believe't not lightly, (though I go alone,
Like to a lonely dragon that his fen [2]
Makes fear'd and talk'd of more than seen,) your son
Will or exceed the common, or be caught
With cautelous [3] baits and practice.

continue calm, requires a noble wisdom." The change of *gentle wounded* to *gentle-minded* is from Collier's second folio. It relieves the passage of awkwardness and obscurity, and also of the tautology in *blows struck home* and *wounded*; both which, as the misprint was easy, are strong reasons for thinking it right. H.

[2] The *fen* is the dragon's pestilential abode, which is talked of and shunned. H.

[3] *Cautelous* is *crafty, subtle, insidious.* Warburton says that *caute* "signified only a prudent foresight or caution, but, passing

Vol. My first son,[4]
Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius
With thee a while: determine on some course,
More than a wild exposure[5] to each chance
That starts i'the way before thee.

Cor. O, the gods!

Com. I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee
Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st hear of us,
And we of thee: so, if the time thrust forth
A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send
O'er the vast world to seek a single man,
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
I'the absence of the needer.

Cor. Fare ye well:
Thou hast years upon thee; and thou art too full
Of the wars' surfeits, to go rove with one
That's yet unbruis'd: bring me but out at gate. —
Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
My friends of noble touch,[6] when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.
While I remain above the ground, you shall
Hear from me still; and never of me aught
But what is like me formerly.

Men. That's worthily
As any ear can hear. Come; let's not weep. —
If I could shake off but one seven years
From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,
I'd with thee every foot.

Cor. Give me thy hand: —
Come. [*Exeunt*

through French hands, it lost its innocence, and now signifies fraud, deceit." — *Common*, in the preceding line, has *hazards* understood. H.

[4] *First* is used here, apparently, in the sense of *noblest*. H.

[5] The original has *exposture*; doubtless a misprint for *exposure*. H.

[6] That is, of true metal. The metaphor from the touchstone for trying metals, is common in Shakespeare.

SCENE II.

The Same. A Street near the Gate.

Enter SICINIUS, BRUTUS, *and an Ædile.*

Sic. Bid them all home: he's gone, and we'll no further.—
The nobility are vex'd, who, we see, have sided
In his behalf.
Bru. Now we have shown our power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done,
Than when it was a-doing.
Sic. Bid them home:
Say, their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient strength.
Bru. Dismiss them home. [*Exit Ædile.*

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, *and* MENENIUS.

Here comes his mother.
Sic. Let's not meet her.
Bru. Why?
Sic. They say she's mad.
Bru. They have ta'en note of us:
Keep on your way.
Vol. O! y'are well met: The hoarded plague o'the gods
Requite your love!
Men. Peace, peace! be not so loud.
Vol. If that I could for weeping, you should hear,—
Nay, and you shall hear some.— [*To* BRUT.] Will you be gone?
Vir. [*To* SICIN.] You shall stay, too. I would I had the power
To say so to my husband.

Sic. Are you mankind?[1]

Vol. Ay, fool; is that a shame? Note but this, fool:
Was not a man my father? Hadst thou foxship
To banish him that struck more blows for Rome,
Than thou hast spoken words?

Sic. O, blessed heavens!

Vol. More noble blows, than ever thou wise words;
And for Rome's good. — I'll tell thee what, — yet go: —
Nay, but thou shalt stay, too. — I would my son
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
His good sword in his hand.

Sic. What then?

Vir. What then!
He'd make an end of thy posterity.

Vol. Bastards, and all. —
Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!

Men. Come, come; peace!

Sic. I would he had continu'd to his country
As he began, and not unknit, himself,
The noble knot he made.

Bru. I would he had.

Vol. I would he had! 'Twas you incens'd the rabble:
Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of those mysteries which Heaven
Will not have earth to know.

Bru. Pray, let us go.

Vol. Now, pray, sir, get you gone:
You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear this:
As far as doth the Capitol exceed

[1] That is, "are you a *man?*" implying, of course, that she is somewhat viraginous. She kills the insult by ignoring it, choosing to understand him as asking whether she be *human*. H.

The meanest house in Rome; so far my son
(This lady's husband here, this, do you see)
Whom you have banish'd does exceed you all.

Bru. Well, well; we'll leave you.

Sic. Why stay we to be baited
With one that wants her wits? [*Exeunt Tribunes.*

Vol. Take my prayers with you. —
I would the gods had nothing else to do,
But to confirm my curses! Could I meet them
But once a day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lies heavy to't.

Men. You have told them home,
And, by my troth, you have cause. You'll sup with me?

Vol. Anger's my meat; I sup upon myself,
And so shall starve with feeding. — Come, let's go:
Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,
In anger Juno-like. Come, come, come.

Men. Fie, fie, fie! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Highway between Rome and Antium.

Enter a Roman and a Volsce, meeting.

Rom. I know you well, sir, and you know me. your name, I think, is Adrian.

Vol. It is so, sir: truly, I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman; and my services are, as you are, against 'em. Know you me yet?

Vol. Nicanor? No.

Rom. The same, sir.

Vol. You had more beard when I last saw you;

but your favour is well approv'd by your tongue.[1] What's the news in Rome? I have a note from the Volscian state, to find you out there: You have well saved me a day's journey.

Rom. There hath been in Rome strange insurrection; the people against the senators, patricians, and nobles.

Vol. Hath been! Is it ended, then? Our state thinks not so: they are in a most warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.

Rom. The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again. For the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy, Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness to take all power from the people, and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

Vol. Coriolanus banish'd?

Rom. Banish'd, sir.

Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.

Rom. The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said, the fittest time to corrupt a man's wife is when she's fallen out with her husband Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer, Coriolanus, being now in no request of his country.

[1] The original reads, "your favour is well *appear'd* by your tongue." *Approv'd* was proposed by Steevens, and is found in Collier's second folio. Singer is very confident that it should be *appay'd*, a word of frequent use in old writers, and meaning *satisfied*. In that case the sense would be rendered something thus; "Your voice *makes up* for the change in your looks, and so *satisfies* me that you are the same" H.

Vol. He cannot choose. I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you: You have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I shall between this and supper tell you most strange things from Rome, all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?

Vol. A most royal one: the centurions and their charges distinctly billeted, already in the entertainment,[2] and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

Vol. You take my part from me, sir: I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Antium. Before AUFIDIUS's House.

Enter CORIOLANUS, *in mean Apparel, disguised and muffled.*

Cor. A goodly city is this Antium. — City,
'Tis I that made thy widows: many an heir
Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars
Have I heard groan, and drop. Then, know me not;
Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones,

Enter a Citizen.

In puny battle slay me. — Save you, sir.

[2] That is, taken into pay.

Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will,
Where great Aufidius lies. Is he in Antium?

Cit. He is, and feasts the nobles of the state at his house this night.

Cor. Which is his house, 'beseech you?

Cit. This, here, before you.

Cor. Thank you, sir: farewell. [*Exit Citizen.*
O world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose house,[1] whose bed, whose meal and exercise
Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissension of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity: so, fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends,
And interjoin their issues. So with me:
My birth-place hate I,[2] and my love's upon
This enemy town. — I'll enter: if he slay me,
He does fair justice; if he give me way,
I'll do his country service. [*Exit.*

[1] The old copy has *hours* instead of *house*. The change is made in Collier's second folio, and approved by Singer; moreover the context seems to request it, the misprint was easy, and *hour* occurs in the next line but one. H.

[2] In the original, "my birth-place *have* I." The correction was made by Steevens. H.

SCENE V.

The Same. A Hall in AUFIDIUS's House.

Music within. Enter a Servant.

1 *Serv.* Wine, wine, wine! What service is here! I think our fellows are asleep. [*Exit.*

Enter another Servant.

2 *Serv.* Where's Cotus! my master calls for him. Cotus! [*Exit.*

Enter CORIOLANUS.

Cor. A goodly house. The feast smells well; but I
Appear not like a guest.

Re-enter the first Servant.

1 *Serv.* What would you have, friend? Whence are you? Here's no place for you: pray, go to the door.

Cor. I have deserv'd no better entertainment,
In being Coriolanus.[1]

Re-enter second Servant.

2 *Serv.* Whence are you, sir? Has the porter his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such companions? Pray, get you out.

Cor. Away!

2 *Serv.* Away? Get you away.

Cor. Now, thou'rt troublesome.

[1] That is, in having derived that surname from the sack of Corioli.

2 *Serv.* Are you so brave? I'll have you talk'd with anon.

Enter a third Servant. The first meets him.

3 *Serv.* What fellow's this?

1 *Serv.* A strange one as ever I look'd on: I cannot get him out o'the house. Pr'ythee, call my master to him.

3 *Serv.* What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you, avoid the house.

Cor. Let me but stand; I will not hurt your hearth.

3 *Serv.* What are you?

Cor. A gentleman.

3 *Serv.* A marvellous poor one.

Cor. True, so I am.

3 *Serv.* Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station; here's no place for you. Pray you, avoid: come.

Cor. Follow your function; go, and batten[2] on cold bits. [*Pushes him away.*

3 *Serv.* What, will you not? Pr'ythee, tell my master what a strange guest he has here.

2 *Serv.* And I shall. [*Exit.*

3 *Serv.* Where dwell'st thou?

Cor. Under the canopy.

3 *Serv.* Under the canopy?

Cor. Ay.

3 *Serv.* Where's that?

Cor. I'the city of kites and crows.

3 *Serv.* I'the city of kites and crows?—What an ass it is!—Then, thou dwell'st with daws, too?

Cor. No; I serve not thy master.

[2] Feed.

3 *Serv.* How, sir! Do you meddle with my master?

Cor. Ay; 'tis an honester service than to meddle with thy mistress. Thou prat'st, and prat'st: serve with thy trencher; hence! [*Beats him away.*

Enter AUFIDIUS *and the second Servant.*

Auf. Where is this fellow?

2 *Serv.* Here, sir: I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within.

Auf. Whence com'st thou? what would'st thou? thy name? Why speak'st not? Speak, man: what's thy name?

Cor. [*Unmuffling.*] If, Tullus, not yet thou know'st me, and, seeing me, dost not think me for the man I am, necessity commands me name myself.

Auf. What is thy name? [*Servants retire.*

Cor. A name unmusical to the Volscians' ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf. Say, what's thy name?
Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in't: though thy tackle's torn,
Thou show'st a noble vessel. What's thy name?

Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown. Know'st thou me yet?

Auf. I know thee not. — Thy name?

Cor. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the Volsces,
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may
My surname, Coriolanus. The painful service,
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country, are requited
But with that surname; a good memory[8]

[8] *Memory* for *memorial.*

And witness of the malice and displeasure
Which thou should'st bear me. Only that name remains:
The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest;
And suffer'd me by th' voice of slaves to be
Whoop'd out of Rome. Now, this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth: not out of hope,
Mistake me not, to save my life; for if
I had fear'd death, of all the men i'the world
I would have 'voided thee; but in mere spite,
To be full quit of those my banishers,
Stand I before thee here. Then, if thou hast
A heart of wreak[4] in thee, that will revenge
Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims
Of shame[5] seen through thy country, speed thee straight,
And make my misery serve thy turn: so use it,
That my revengeful services may prove
As benefits to thee; for I will fight
Against my canker'd country with the spleen
Of all the under fiends. But if so be
Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more fortunes
Thou art tir'd; then, in a word, I also am
Longer to live most weary, and present
My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice;
Which not to cut, would show thee but a fool,
Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,
And cannot live but to thy shame, unless
It be to do thee service.

[4] *Wreak* is an old term for *revenge*. So in Titus Andronicus "Take *wreak* on Rome for this ingratitude."

[5] That is, shameful losses of territory.

Auf. O Marcius, Marcius!
Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my heart
A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter
Should from yond' cloud speak divine things,
And say, "'Tis true;" I'd not believe them more
Than thee, all-noble Marcius.—Let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where-against
My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,
And scar'd the moon with splinters! Here I clip
The anvil of my sword;[6] and do contest
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Contend against thy valour. Know thou first,
I lov'd the maid I married; never man
Sigh'd truer breath: but that I see thee here,
Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart,
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars! I tell thee,
We have a power on foot; and I had purpose
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
Or lose mine arm for't. Thou hast beat me out[7]
Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me:
We have been down together in my sleep,
Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,
And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy Marcius,
Had we no other quarrel else to Rome, but that
Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all

[6] To *clip* is to *embrace*. He calls Coriolanus the *anvil of his sword*, because he had formerly laid as heavy blows on him as a smith strikes on his anvil.

[7] That is, fully, completely.

From twelve to seventy; and, pouring war
Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
Like a bold flood o'er-bear.[8] O, come! go in,
And take our friendly senators by th' hands;
Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
Who am prepar'd against your territories,
Though not for Rome itself.

Cor. You bless me, gods!

Auf. Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt have
The leading of thine own revenges, take
Th' one half of my commission; and set down—
As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st
Thy country's strength and weakness—thine own ways;
Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,
Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
To fright them, ere destroy. But come in:
Let me commend thee first to those that shall
Say "yea" to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!
And more a friend than e'er an enemy;
Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand! Most welcome! [*Exeunt* CORIOL. *and* AUFID.

1 *Serv.* [*Advancing.*] Here's a strange alteration!

2 *Serv.* By my hand, I had thought to have strucken him with a cudgel; and yet my mind gave me, his clothes made a false report of him.

1 *Serv.* What an arm he has! He turn'd me about with his finger and his thumb, as one would set up a top.

[8] This is commonly printed *o'er-beat*, following the old copies, most of which give it thus. But Mr. Collier found it printed *o'er-bear* in a copy of the first folio belonging to Lord Francis Egerton; which Steevens, without any guide, conjectured to be the true reading.

2 *Serv.* Nay, I knew by his face that there was something in him: He had, sir, a kind of face, methought, — I cannot tell how to term it.

1 *Serv.* He had so; looking, as it were, — Would I were hang'd, but I thought there was more in him than I could think.

2 *Serv.* So did I, I'll be sworn. He is simply the rarest man i'the world.

1 *Serv.* I think he is; but a greater soldier than he, you wot one.

2 *Serv.* Who? my master?

1 *Serv.* Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 *Serv.* Worth six on him.

1 *Serv.* Nay, not so neither; but I take him to be the greater soldier.

2 *Serv.* 'Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say that: for the defence of a town, our general is excellent.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and for an assault too.

Re-enter third Servant.

3 *Serv.* O, slaves! I can tell you news; news you rascals.

1, 2 *Serv.* What, what, what? let's partake.

3 *Serv.* I would not be a Roman, of all nations I had as lief be a condemn'd man.

1, 2 *Serv.* Wherefore? wherefore?

3 *Serv.* Why, here's he that was wont to thwack our general, — Caius Marcius.

1 *Serv.* Why do you say, thwack our general?

3 *Serv.* I do not say, thwack our general; but he was always good enough for him.

2 *Serv.* Come, we are fellows, and friends: he was ever too hard for him; I have heard him say so himself.

1 *Serv.* He was too hard for him directly, to say the truth on't: before Corioli, he scotch'd him and notch'd him like a carbonado.

2 *Serv.* An he had been cannibally given, he might have broil'd and eaten him, too.

1 *Serv.* But, more of thy news.

3 *Serv.* Why, he is so made on here within, as if he were son and heir to Mars; set at upper end o'the table; no question ask'd him by any of the senators, but they stand bald before him: Our general himself makes a mistress of him; sanctifies himself with 's hand,[9] and turns up the white o'the eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i'the middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday; for the other has half, by the intreaty and grant of the whole table. He'll go, he says, and sowle [10] the porter of Rome gates by the ears: He will mow down all before him, and leave his passage poll'd.[11]

2 *Serv.* And he's as like to do't as any man I can imagine.

3 *Serv.* Do't? he will do't: for, look you, sir, he has as many friends as enemies; which friends, sir, (as it were,) durst not (look you, sir) show themselves (as we term it) his friends, whilst he's in directitude.[12]

[9] Considers the touch of his hand as holy; clasps it with the same reverence as a lover would clasp the hand of his mistress.

[10] To *sowle* is to pull by the ears. It is still provincially in use for pulling, dragging, or lugging. Heywood uses it in his comedy called Love's Mistress, 1636: "Venus will *sowle* me by the ears for this." And in a letter from Mr. Garrard to Lord Strafford: "A lieutenant *soled him well by the ears*, and drew him by the hair about the room."

[11] That is, bared, cleared. To *poll* is to *crop close*, to *shear*; and has all the figurative meanings of *tondeo* in Latin. To *pill* and *poll* was to *plunder* and *strip*.

[12] Probably meant as a blunder for *discreditude*; the servant

1 *Serv.* Directitude! what's that?

3 *Serv.* But when they shall see, sir, his crest up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

1 *Serv.* But when goes this forward?

3 *Serv.* To-morrow; to-day; presently. You shall have the drum struck up this afternoon: tis, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 *Serv.* Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing, but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

1 *Serv.* Let me have war, say I: it exceeds peace, as far as day does night; it's sprightly, waking, audible, and full of vent.[13] Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy; mull'd,[14] deaf, sleepy, insensible; a getter of more bastard children, than wars a destroyer of men.

2 *Serv.* 'Tis so: and as wars, in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher; so it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3 *Serv.* Reason; because they then less need one another. The wars, for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volscians. They are rising, they are rising.

All. In, in, in, in. *Exeunt.*

endeavouring to say something very grand and fine. Coll'er's second folio unnecessarily changes it to *dejectitude*. H.

[13] That is, full of *rumour*, of matter for discourse. Collier's second folio alters *vent* to *vaunt*. H

[14] *Mulled* is *softened*, as wine when it is burnt and sweetened.

SCENE VI. Rome. A public Place.

Enter SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him;
His remedies are tame. The present peace
And quietness o'the people, which before
Were in wild hurry, here do make his friends
Blush that the world goes well; who rather had,
Though they themselves did suffer by't, behold
Dissentious numbers pestering streets, than see
Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and going
About their functions friendly.

Enter MENENIUS.

Bru. We stood to't in good time. — Is this Menenius?

Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he. O, he is grown most kind of late. — Hail, sir!

Men. Hail to you both!

Sic. Your Coriolanus, sir, is not much miss'd but with his friends: the commonwealth doth stand, and so would do, were he more angry at it.

Men. All's well; and might have been much better, if he could have temporiz'd.

Sic. Where is he, hear you?

Men. Nay, I hear nothing; his mother and his wife hear nothing from him.

Enter Three or Four Citizens.

Citizens. The gods preserve you both!

Sic. Good-den, our neighbours.

Bru. Good-den to you all, good-den to you all.

1 *Cit.* Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our knees,
Are bound to pray for you both.

Sic. Live, and thrive!

Bru. Farewell, kind neighbours: We wish'd Coriolanus
Had lov'd you as we did.

Citizens. Now, the gods keep you!

Both Tri. Farewell, farewell. [*Exeunt Citizens*

Sic. This is a happier and more comely time,
Than when these fellows ran about the streets,
Crying confusion.

Bru. Caius Marcius was
A worthy officer i'the war; but insolent,
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,
Self-loving,—

Sic. And affecting one sole throne,
Without assistance.

Men. I think not so.

Sic. We should by this, to all our lamentation,
If he had gone forth consul, find it so.

Bru. The gods have well prevented it; and Rome
Sits safe and still without him.

Enter Ædile.

Æd. Worthy tribunes,
There is a slave whom we have put in prison,
Reports, the Volsces with two several powers
Are enter'd in the Roman territories;
And with the deepest malice of the war
Destroy what lies before them.

Men. 'Tis Aufidius,
Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world;
Which were inshell'd when Marcius stood for Rome,
And durst not once peep out.

Sic. Come, what talk you
Of Marcius?

Bru. Go, see this rumourer whipp'd. — It cannot be,
The Volsces dare break with us.
Men. Cannot be!
We have record that very well it can;
And three examples of the like have been
Within my age. But reason with the fellow,[1]
Before you punish him, where he heard this;
Lest you should chance to whip your information,
And beat the messenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.
Sic. Tell not me:
I know this cannot be.
Bru. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The nobles in great earnestness are going
All to the senate-house: some news is come
That turns their countenances.
Sic. 'Tis this slave. —
Go, whip him 'fore the people's eyes: — his raising
Nothing but his report!
Mess. Yes, worthy sir,
The slave's report is seconded; and more,
More fearful, is deliver'd.
Sic. What more fearful?
Mess. It is spoke freely out of many mouths
(How probable, I do not know) that Marcius,
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome,
And vows revenge as spacious as between
The young'st and oldest thing.
Sic. This is most likely

[1] To *reason* with is to *talk* with.

Bru. Rais'd only, that the weaker sort may wish
God Marcius home again.[2]
Sic. The very trick on't.
Men. This is unlikely:
He and Aufidius can no more atone,[3]
Than violentest contrariety.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. You are sent for to the senate.
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius
Associated with Aufidius, rages
Upon our territories; and have already
O'erborne their way, consum'd with fire, and took
What lay before them.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. O, you have made good work!
Men. What news? what news?
Com. You have holp to ravish your own daughters, and
To melt the city leads upon your pates;
To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses;—
Men. What's the news? what's the news?
Com. Your temples burned in their cement, and
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd
Into an auger's bore.
Men. Pray now, your news?—
You have made fair work, I fear me.—Pray, your news?
If Marcius should be join'd with Volscians,—

[2] Of course "*god* Marcius" is spoken ironically. The old copies read "*good* Marcius." The change is from Mr. Collier's second folio; and we adopt it partly because the magnificent sneer expressed by it is in Shakespeare's manner. Misprints often occur both ways between *good* and *god*. H.

[3] That is, *at-one, accord, agree*. *Atone* and *atonement* are many times used by Shakespeare in this sense

Com. If!
He is their god: he leads them like a thing
Made by some other deity than nature,
That shapes man better; and they follow him
Against us brats, with no less confidence
Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,
Or butchers killing flies.
Men. You have made good work,
You and your apron men; you, that stood so much
Upon the voice of occupation[4] and
The breath of garlic-eaters!
Com. He will shake
Your Rome about your ears.
Men. As Hercules
Did shake down mellow fruit.[5] You have made fair work!
Bru. But is this true, sir?
Com. Ay; and you'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the legions
Do smilingly revolt, and who resist
Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools. Who is't can blame him?
Your enemies and his find something in him.
Men. We are all undone, unless
The noble man have mercy.
Com. Who shall ask it?
The tribunes cannot do't for shame; the people
Deserve such pity of him as the wolf
Does of the shepherds: for his best friends, if they
Should say, "Be good to Rome," they charg'd him even

[4] That is, *mechanics*. To smell of *garlic* was a brand of vulgarity; as to smell of leeks was no less so among the Roman people.

[5] A ludicrous allusion to the apples of the Hesperides

As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,
And therein show'd like enemies.[6]

Men. 'Tis true.
If he were putting to my house the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face
To say, "'Beseech you, cease."—You have made fair hands,
You and your crafts! you've crafted fair![7]

Com. You have brought
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never
So incapable of help.

Tri. Say not, we brought it.

Men. How! Was it we? We lov'd him; but, like beasts
And cowardly nobles, gave way unto your clusters,
Who did hoot him out o'the city.

Com. But I fear
They'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,
The second name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer. Desperation
Is all the policy, strength, and defence,
That Rome can make against them.

Enter a Troop of Citizens.

Men. Here come the clusters.—
And is Aufidius with him?—You are they
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast
Your stinking, greasy caps, in hooting at
Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming;

[6] "They charg'd, and therein show'd," has here the force of "they would charge, and therein show."

[7] The original reads,—"You and your *crafts, you* have crafted fair." *Handicrafts* is from Mr. Collier's second folio. It completes the otherwise deficient measure of the line; while the play upon the word *hand* in *handicrafts*, as well as that upon *handicrafts* in *crafted*, is in character.

And not a hair upon a soldier's head,
Which will not prove a whip: as many coxcombs
As you threw caps up will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter:
If he could burn us all into one coal,
We have deserv'd it.

Citizens. 'Faith, we hear fearful news.

1 *Cit.* For mine own part,
When I said banish him, I said 'twas pity.

2 *Cit.* And so did I.

3 *Cit.* And so did I; and, to say the truth, so did very many of us. That we did, we did for the best; and though we willingly consented to his banishment, yet it was against our will.

Com. You're goodly things, you voices!

Men. You have made
Good work, you and your cry![8] — Shall 's to the Capitol?

Com. O, ay; what else?

[*Exeunt* COMIN. *and* MENEN.

Sic. Go, masters, get you home; be not dismay'd:
These are a side that would be glad to have
This true which they so seem to fear. Go home,
And show no sign of fear.

1 *Cit.* The gods be good to us! Come, masters, let's home. I ever said we were i'the wrong, when we banish'd him.

2 *Cit.* So did we all. But come, let's home.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*

Bru. I do not like this news.

Sic. Nor I.

[8] *Pack*, alluding to a pack of hounds. See Act iii. sc. 3 note 8.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol. — Would half my wealth
Would buy this for a lie!
Sic. Pray, let us go.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

A Camp; at a small distance from Rome.

Enter AUFIDIUS, *and his Lieutenant.*

Auf. Do they still fly to the Roman?
Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft's in him; but
Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat.
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end;
And you are darken'd in this action, sir,
Even by your own.
Auf. I cannot help it now,
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot
Of our design. He bears himself more proudlier
Even to my person, than I thought he would
When first I did embrace him: yet his nature
In that's no changeling; and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.
Lieu. Yet I wish, sir,
(I mean for your particular,) you had not
Join'd in commission with him; but either
Had borne the action of yourself, or else
To him had left it solely.
Auf. I understand thee well; and be thou sure
When he shall come to his account, he knows not
What I can urge against him. Although it seems,
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent
To th' vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,
And shows good husbandry for the Volscian state,

Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon
As draw his sword; yet he hath left undone
That which shall break his neck or hazard mine,
Whene'er we come to our account.

Lieu. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry Rome?

Auf. All places yield to him ere he sits down;
And the nobility of Rome are his:
The senators and patricians love him, too:
The tribunes are no soldiers; and their people
Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty
To expel him thence. I think he'll be to Rome,
As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it
By sovereignty of nature.[1] First he was
A noble servant to them, but he could not
Carry his honours even: whether 'twas pride,
Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man; whether defect of judgment,
To fail in the disposing of those chances
Which he was lord of; or whether nature,
Not to be other than one thing, not moving
From th' casque to th' cushion,[2] but commanding peace

[1] Referring to the power of fascination formerly attributed to the osprey. This fine allusion is well explained by the following from Drayton's Poly-Olbion, Song xxv.:

"The *ospray* oft here seen, though seldom here it breeds,
Which over them the fish no sooner do espy,
But (betwixt him and them by an antipathy)
Turning their bellies up as though their death they saw,
They at his pleasure lie, to stuff his glutt'nous maw." H.

[2] Aufidius assigns three probable reasons for the miscarriage of Coriolanus; pride, which easily follows an uninterrupted train of success; unskilfulness to regulate the consequences of his own victories; a stubborn uniformity of nature, which could not make the proper transition from the *casque* to the *cushion*, or *chair of civil authority*; but acted with the same despotism in peace as in war. —JOHNSON

Even with the same austerity and garb
As he controll'd the war: but one of these
(As he hath spices of them all, not all,[3]
For I dare so far free him) made him fear'd,
So hated, and so banish'd: But he has a merit,
To choke it in the utterance.[4] So our virtues
Lie in the interpretation of the time;
And power, unto itself most commendable,
Hath not a tomb so evident as a hair
T' extol what it hath done.[5]
One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;
Rights by rights suffer,[6] strengths by strengths do fail.

[3] Not all *in their full extent.*

[4] But such is his merit as ought to choke the utterance of his faults.

[5] We here have one of the most troublesome passages in the play. In the original it stands thus.

> "So our *virtue*
> Lie in the interpretation of the time.
> And power, unto itself most commendable,
> Hath not a tomb so evident as a *chair*
> T'extol what it hath doue."

Upon this Mr. Singer remarks as follows: "Well might Steevens exclaim that the passage and the comments upon it were equally unintelligible. The whole speech is very incorrectly printed in the folio. Thus we have *'was* for *'twas*, *detect* for *defect*, *virtue* for *virtues*; and evidently *chair* for *hair*. What is the meaning of — 'hath not a tomb so evident as a *chair?*' A *hair* has some propriety, as used for a thing almost invisible. I take the meaning to be, — 'So our virtues lie at the mercy of the time's interpretation; and power, which esteems itself so highly while living, hath not when defunct the least particle of praise allotted to it.' A late writer of our own country, Mr. Richard Grant White, says, — "Long since, it seemed plain to me that we should read — 'Hath not a tomb so *eloquent* as a *cheer.*'" We do not quite understand why a *cheer* should be spoken of as *eloquent*; and should much rather suppose "as *eloquent* as a *tear*" to be the right reading. And, for aught we can see, *chair* might as well be a misprint for *tear*, as *evident* for *eloquent*. Mr. Collier's second folio alters *chair* into *cheer*, but keeps the line otherwise unchanged.

H.

[6] In the original we have, — "Rights by rights *fouler:*" which

Come, let's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine,
Thou art poor'st of all; then, shortly art thou mine.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. Rome. A public Place.

Enter MENENIUS, COMINIUS, SICINIUS, BRUTUS, *and Others.*

Men. No, I'll not go: you hear what he hath said,
Which was sometime his general; who lov'd him
In a most dear particular. He call'd me father;
But what o'that? Go, you that banish'd him,
A mile before his tent fall down, and knee
The way into his mercy.[1] Nay, if he coy'd
To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.

Com. He would not seem to know me.

Men. Do you hear?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name.
I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together. Coriolanus
He would not answer to; forbad all names:
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,

is universally regarded as a misprint. Various corrections have been proposed, as *founder* by Malone, and *foil'd are* by Singer. *Suffer* is taken from Mr. Collier's second folio, as seeming, on the whole, preferable to the others; though *founder* strikes us as a very plausible emendation. A misprint of *fouler* for *suffer* was the more likely, when *s*, being written long, was liable to be mistaken for *f*. H.

[1] So in the original. Modern editions generally have demented the expression by turning *knee* into *kneel*. Of course, to *knee* one's way is to go on one's *knees*, as to *foot* one's way is to go on one's *feet*. H

Till he had forg'd himself a name i'the fire
Of burning Rome.

Men. Why, so; you have made good work
A pair of tribunes that have wreck'd for Rome,
To make coals cheap, a noble memory![2]

Com. I minded him, how royal 'twas to pardon
When it was least expected: he replied,
It was a bare petition of a state
To one whom they had punish'd.

Men. Very well: Could he say less?

Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For 's private friends: his answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome, musty chaff. He said 'twas folly,
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
And still to nose th' offence.

Men. For one poor grain or two?
I am one of those; his mother, wife, his child,
And this brave fellow too, we are the grains:
You are the musty chaff; and you are smelt
Above the moon. We must be burnt for you.

Sic. Nay, pray, be patient: if you refuse your aid
In this so never-needed help, yet do not
Upbraid 's with our distress. But, sure, if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,

[2] That is, destroyed a noble *memorial* of Rome by expatriating the great fame and services of Coriolanus. The original gives the passage thus, precisely:

> "A paire of Tribunes, that have wrack'd for Rome,
> To make Coales cheape: A Noble memory."

In the Poet's time *wreck* was commonly spelt *wrack*. Modern editions, till Collier's, turn *wrack'd* into *rack'd*, and explain it to mean "harassed by exactions:" which explanation, to say the least, is very obscure and far-fetched. It is true, as alleged in favour of the common reading, that *rack* also was often spelt *wrack*; but this does not shake us from that given by Mr. Collier.

H.

More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our countryman.

Men. No; I'll not meddle.

Sic. Pray you, go to him.

Men. What should I do?

Bru. Only make trial what your love can do
For Rome towards Marcius.

Men. Well; and say that Marcius
Return me, as Cominius is return'd,
Unheard, what then?—
But as a discontented friend, grief-shot
With his unkindness? say't be so?

Sic. Yet your good will
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the measure
As you intended well.

Men. I'll undertake it:
I think he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip,
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.
He was not taken well; he had not din'd:[3]
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we have stuff'd
These pipes and these conveyances of our blood
With wine and feeding,[4] we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts: therefore I'll watch him
Till he be dieted to my request,
And then I'll set upon him.

Bru. You know the very road into his kindness,
And cannot lose your way.

[3] "This observation is not only from nature, and finely expressed, but admirably befits the mouth of one who, in the beginning of the play, had told us that he loved convivial doings."—WARBURTON.

[4] The Poet here attributes to the old Romans the modern customs of the Romish Church; by whose discipline the priests are forbid to break their fast before the celebration of mass, which must take place after sun-rise, and before mid-day.

Men. Good faith, I'll prove him,
Speed how it will. I shall ere long have knowledge
Of my success. [*Exit.*

Com. He'll never hear him.

Sic. Not?

Com. I tell you, he does sit in gold, his eye
Red as 'twould burn Rome, and his injury
The jailer to his pity. I kneel'd before him;
'Twas very faintly he said, "Rise;" dismiss'd me
Thus, with his speechless hand: what he would do
He sent in writing after me, what he would not;
Bound with an oath, to yield to his conditions:[5]
So that all hope is vain,
Unless in's noble mother and his wife;
Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him
For mercy to his country. Therefore, let's hence,
And with our fair entreaties haste them on.
[*Exeunt*

SCENE II.

The Volscian Camp before Rome. The Guard at their Stations.

Enter to them MENENIUS.

1 *G.* Stay! whence are you?

[5] A passage hard to be understood at best, and still more obscure as commonly pointed, thus: "What he would do, he sent in writing after me; what he would not, bound with an oath, to yield to his conditions;" which is severing "what he would do" from "bound with an oath," and "what he would not" from "he sent in writing after me." As now given the sense may be rendered thus: "He sent in writing after me both what he would do, and what he would not; binding the whole with an oath that we should yield to his conditions." H.

[6] That is, "unless there be hope *in* his noble mother and his wife:" or perhaps the construction should be thus: "Unless his noble mother and his wife solicit him for mercy to his country; who, as I hear, mean *to do so.*" H.

2 *G.* Stand, and go back.

Men. You guard like men: 'tis well; but, by your leave,
I am an officer of state, and come
To speak with Coriolanus.

1 *G.* From whence?

Men. From Rome.

1 *G.* You may not pass; you must return: our general
Will no more hear from thence.

2 *G.* You'll see your Rome embrac'd with fire before
You'll speak with Coriolanus.

Men. Good my friends,
If you have heard your general talk of Rome
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks,[1]
My name hath touch'd your ears: it is Menenius.

1 *G.* Be it so; go back: the virtue of your name
Is not here passable.

Men. I tell thee, fellow,
Thy general is my lover:[2] I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have read
His fame unparallel'd, haply, amplified;
For I have ever magnified[3] my friends
(Of whom he's chief) with all the size that verity
Would without lapsing suffer: nay, sometimes,

[1] *Lots* to *blanks* is *chances* to *nothing*.

[2] That is, friend. See The Merchant of Venice, Act iii. sc. 4, note 1.

[3] Here again we adopt, with some hesitation, a change from Mr. Collier's second folio. The original has "for I have ever *verified* my friends." The theory of the change of course is, that the printer misread *verified* from his eye having caught *verity* in the next line. Some corruption of the text has long been suspected, and various changes proposed; but none so good as *magnified*, which falls in perfectly with the meaning and position of *amplified* and *size*

Like to a bowl upon a subtle[4] ground,
I have tumbled past the throw, and in his praise
Have almost stamp'd the leasing.[5] Therefore, fellow,
I must have leave to pass.

1 *G.* 'Faith, sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalf, as you have uttered words in your own, you should not pass here: no, though it were as virtuous to lie, as to live chastely. Therefore, go back.

Men. Pr'ythee, fellow, remember my name is Menenius, always factionary[6] on the party of your general.

2 *G.* Howsoever you have been his liar, (as you say you have,) I am one that, telling true under him, must say you cannot pass. Therefore, go back.

Men. Has he din'd, canst thou tell? for I would not speak with him till after dinner.

1 *G.* You are a Roman, are you?

Men. I am, as thy general is.

1 *G.* Then you should hate Rome, as he does. Can you, when you have push'd out your gates the very defender of them, and in a violent popular ignorance given your enemy your shield, think to front his revenges with the easy groans of old women, the virginal palms[7] of your daughters, or with the palsied intercession of such a decay'd

[4] *Subtle* here means *smooth, level.* So in Ben Jonson's Chlorida: "Tityus's breast is counted the *subtlest* bowling-ground in all Tartary."

[5] That is, almost given the stamp of truth to a *lie.* For an instance of *leasing* see Twelfth Night, Act i. sc. 5, note 7. H.

[6] *Factionary* seems used in its primitive sense; *active.*

[7] *Virginal palms* of course means the palms or hands of virgins held up in supplication. Singer thinks it possible that we should read "virginal *qualms.*" A strange possibility! H

dotant as you seem to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in, with such weak breath as this? No, you are deceiv'd; therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for your execution. You are condemn'd; our general has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

Men. Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimation.

2 *G.* Come, my captain knows you not.

Men. I mean, thy general.

1 *G.* My general cares not for you. Back, I say; go, lest I let forth your half pint of blood;—back,—that's the utmost of your having:—back

Men. Nay, but fellow, fellow,—

Enter CORIOLANUS *and* AUFIDIUS.

Cor. What's the matter?

Men. Now, you companion, I'll say an errand for you; you shall know now that I am in estimation; you shall perceive that a Jack[8] guardant cannot office me from my son Coriolanus: guess, but by my entertainment with him, if thou stand'st not i'the state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship, and crueller in suffering; behold now presently, and swoon for what's to come upon thee.—The glorious gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does! O, my son! my son! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee; but, being assured none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of our gates with sighs; and conjure thee to par-

[8] Equivalent to *Jack in office*, one who is proud of his petty consequence. *Companion* was used as we use *fellow*.

don Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here; this, who, like a block, hath denied my access to thee.

Cor. Away!

Men. How! away?

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs
Are servanted to others: though I owe
My revenge properly, my remission lies
In Volscian breasts.[9] That we have been familiar,
Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison, rather
Than pity note how much.—Therefore, be gone:
Mine ears against your suits are stronger than
Your gates against my force. Yet, for I lov'd thee
Take this along; I writ it for thy sake,
[*Gives a Paper.*
And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius,
I will not hear thee speak.—This man, Aufidius,
Was my belov'd in Rome; yet thou behold'st—

Auf. You keep a constant temper.

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS *and* AUFIDIUS

1 *G.* Now, sir! is your name Menenius?

2 *G.* 'Tis a spell, you see, of much power. You know the way home again.

1 *G.* Do you hear how we are shent for keeping your greatness back?[10]

2 *G.* What cause do you think I have to swoon?

Men. I neither care for the world, nor your general: for such things as you, I can scarce think there's any, you are so slight. He that hath a will to die by himself,[11] fears it not from another. Let your general do his worst. For you, be that you

[9] "Though I have a *peculiar right* in revenge, in the power of forgiveness the Volscians are joined." *Owe* for *own*.

[10] *Shent* is an old word for *rebuked* or *scolded at*.

[11] That is, by his own hands.

are, long; and your misery increase with your age! I say to you, as I was said to, Away! [*Exit.*

1 *G.* A noble fellow, I warrant him.

2 *G.* The worthy fellow is our general: he is the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III. The Tent of CORIOLANUS.

Enter CORIOLANUS, AUFIDIUS, *and Others.*

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow
Set down our host. — My partner in this action,
You must report to th' Volscian lords, how plainly[1]
I have borne this business.

Auf. Only their ends
You have respected; stopp'd your ears against
The general suit of Rome; never admitted
A private whisper, no, not with such friends
That thought them sure of you.

Cor. This last old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,
Lov'd me above the measure of a father;
Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge
Was to send him; for whose old love, I have
(Though I show'd sourly to him) once more offer'd
The first conditions, which they did refuse,
And cannot now accept; to grace him only
That thought he could do more, a very little
I have yielded to. Fresh embassies and suits,
Nor from the state nor private friends, hereafter
Will I lend ear to. — Ha! what shout is this?
[*Shout within.*

[1] How *plainly* is how *openly*, how remotely from artifice or concealment

Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the same time 'tis made? I will not. —

Enter, in mourning habits, VIRGILIA *and* VOLUMNIA, *leading young* MARCIUS; VALERIA, *and Attendants.*

My wife comes foremost; then, the honour'd mould
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
The grand-child to her blood. But, out, affection!
All bond and privilege of nature, break!
Let it be virtuous, to be obstinate. —
What is that courtesy worth? or those doves' eyes,
Which can make gods forsworn? — I melt, and am not
Of stronger earth than others. — My mother bows,
As if Olympus to a molehill should
In supplication nod; and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which
Great nature cries "Deny not." — Let the Volsces
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy; I'll never
Be such a gosling to obey instinct, but stand,
As if a man were author of himself,
And knew no other kin.

Vir. My lord and husband!

Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome

Vir. The sorrow, that delivers us thus chang'd,
Makes you think so.

Cor. Like a dull actor now
I have forgot my part, and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh,
Forgive my tyranny; but do not say
For that, "Forgive our Romans." — O, a kiss
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
Now, by the jealous queen of heaven,[2] that kiss

[2] Juno, the guardian of marriage, and consequently the avenger of connubial perfidy.

I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since. You gods! I prate,
And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unsaluted. Sink, my knee, i'the earth;
[*Kneels.*
Of thy deep duty more impression show
Than that of common sons.

Vol. O, stand up bless'd!
Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,
I kneel before thee, and unproperly
Show duty, as mistaken all this while
Between the child and parent. [*Kneels.*

Cor. What is this?
Your knees to me? to your corrected son?
Then, let the pebbles on the hungry beach [3]
Fillip the stars; then, let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun,
Murdering impossibility, to make
What cannot be, slight work.

Vol. Thou art my warrior;
I holp to frame thee. Do you know this lady?

Cor. The noble sister of Publicola,
The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle
That's curded by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple: Dear Valeria! [4]

[3] The *hungry beach* is the *sterile beach*; *hungry* soil, and *hungry* gravel, are common phrases. If it be necessary to seek a more recondite meaning, the shore *hungry*, or *eager* for shipwrecks, *littus avarum*, will serve.

[4] A lady named Valeria was one of the great examples of chastity held out by the writers of the middle ages. The following lines, from Shirley's Gentleman of Venice, deserve to be cited here:

"Thou art chaste
As the white down of heaven, whose feathers play
Upon the wings of the cold winter's gale,
Trembling with fear to touch th' impurer earth."

Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours,
Which by th' interpretation of full time
May show like all yourself.

Cor. The god of soldiers,
With the consent of supreme Jove,[5] inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou may'st prove
To shame unvulnerable, and stick i'the wars
Like a great seamark, standing every flaw,[6]
And saving those that eye thee!

Vol. Your knee, sirrah.

Cor. That's my brave boy!

Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself
Are suitors to you.

Cor. I beseech you, peace!
Or, if you'd ask, remember this before:
The things I have forsworn to grant may never
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
Again with Rome's mechanics: tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural: desire not
To allay my rages and revenges with
Your colder reasons.

Vol. O, no more, no more!
You have said you will not grant us any thing;
For we have nothing else to ask, but that
Which you deny already: Yet we will ask;
That, if you fail in our request, the blame
May hang upon your hardness: therefore, hear us.

Cor. Aufidius, and you Volsces, mark; for we'll

[5] This is inserted with great decorum. Jupiter was the tutelary god of Rome.

[6] A *flaw* is a violent blast or sudden gust of wind. Carew thus describes it, in his Survey of Cornwall: "One kind of these storms they call a *flaw*, or *flaugh*, which is a mighty gale of wind passing suddenly to the shore, and working strong effects upon whatsoever it encounters in its way."

Hear nought from Rome in private. — Your request?

Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment
And state of bodies would bewray what life
We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself,
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither: since that thy sight, which should
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts,
Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and sorrow;
Making the mother, wife, and child, to see
The son, the husband, and the father, tearing
His country's bowels out. And to poor we,
Thine enmity's most capital; thou barr'st us
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy: for how can we,
Alas! how can we for our country pray,
Whereto we are bound, together with thy victory,
Whereto we are bound? Alack! or we must lose
The country, our dear nurse; or else thy person,
Our comfort in the country. We must find
An evident calamity, though we had
Our wish, which side should win; for either thou
Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles through our streets, or else
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin;
And bear the palm, for having bravely shed
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,
I purpose not to wait on fortune till
These wars determine: if I cannot persuade thee
Rather to show a noble grace to both parts,
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner

March to assault thy country, than to tread
(Trust to't, thou shalt not) on thy mother's womb.
That brought thee to this world.

Vir. Ay, and on mine,
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
Living to time.

Boy. He shall not tread on me:
I'll run away till I am bigger, but then I'll fight

Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.
I have sat too long. [*Rising.*

Vol. Nay, go not from us thus.
If it were so, that our request did tend
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
The Volsces whom you serve, you might condemn us,
As poisonous of your honour: No; our suit
Is, that you reconcile them: while the Volsces
May say, "This mercy we have show'd;" the Romans,
"This we receiv'd;" and each in either side
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, "Be bless'd
For making up this peace!" Thou know'st, great son,
The end of war's uncertain; but this certain,
That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou shalt thereby reap is such a name,
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses;
Whose chronicle thus writ,—"The man was noble,
But with his last attempt he wip'd it out,
Destroy'd his country, and his name remains
To th' ensuing age abhorr'd." Speak to me, son!
Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour,
To imitate the graces of the gods;
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o'the air,
And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt

That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak?
Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man
Still to remember wrongs? — Daughter, speak you;
He cares not for your weeping. — Speak thou, boy;
Perhaps thy childishness will move him more
Than can our reasons. — There's no man in the world
More bound to's mother; yet here he lets me prate
Like one i'the stocks. Thou hast never in thy life
Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy;
When she, poor hen! fond of no second brood,
Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,
Loaden with honour. Say, my request's unjust,
And spurn me back; but, if it be not so,
Thou art not honest, and the gods will plague thee,
That thou restrain'st from me the duty which
To a mother's part belongs. — He turns away:
Down, ladies! let us shame him with our knees.
To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride,
Than pity to our prayers. Down; an end;
This is the last; — so we will home to Rome,
And die among our neighbours. — Nay, behold us:
This boy that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneels and holds up hands for fellowship,
Does reason our petition with more strength
Than thou hast to deny't. — Come, let us go:
This fellow had a Volscian to his mother;
His wife is in Corioli, and this child,
Like him, by chance. — Yet give us our despatch.
I am hush'd until our city be a-fire,
And then I'll speak a little.

Cor. [*Holds her by the hand, silent, then speaks.*]
O mother, mother!
What have you done? Behold, the heavens do ope,
The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
They laugh at. O, my mother, mother! O!

You have won a happy victory to Rome;
But, for your son,—believe it, O, believe it!—
Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
If not most mortal to him. But let it come.—
Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,
Were you in my stead, say, would you have heard
A mother less, or granted less, Aufidius?

Auf. I was mov'd withal.

Cor. I dare be sworn, you were:
And, sir, it is no little thing to make
Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir,
What peace you'll make, advise me. For my part,
I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you; and pray you,
Stand to me in this cause.—O mother! wife!

Auf. [*Aside.*] I am glad thou hast set thy mercy and thy honour
At difference in thee: out of that I'll work
Myself a firmer fortune.

[*The ladies make signs to* CORIOLANUS

Cor. [*To them.*] Ay, by and by;
But we will drink together; and you shall bear
A better witness back than words, which we,
On like conditions, will have counterseal'd.
Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve
To have a temple built you: all the swords
In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace. [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV. Rome. A Public Place.

Enter MENENIUS *and* SICINIUS.

Men. See you yond' coign o'the Capitol, yond' corner stone ?

Sic. Why, what of that ?

Men. If it be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him. But I say there is no hope in't; our throats are sentenc'd, and stay[1] upon execution.

Sic. Is't possible, that so short a time can alter the condition of a man ?

Men. There is differency between a grub and a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub. This Marcius is grown from man to dragon: he has wings; he's more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He lov'd his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me; and he no more remembers his mother now, than an eight-year-old horse. The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes. When he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading. He is able to pierce a corslet with his eye; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his state, as a thing made for Alexander.[2] What he bids be done, is finish'd with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god but eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him: There is no

[1] That is, stay but for it.

[2] That is, as one made to resemble Alexander.

more mercy in him, than there is milk in a male tiger; that shall our poor city find: and all this is 'long of you.[3]

Sic. The gods be good unto us!

Men. No, in such a case the gods will not be good unto us. When we banish'd him, we respected not them; and, he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your house:
The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune,
And hale him up and down; all swearing, if
The Roman ladies bring not comfort home,
They'll give him death by inches.

Enter another Messenger.

Sic. What's the news?

Mess. Good news, good news!—The ladies have prevail'd,
The Volscians are dislodg'd, and Marcius gone:
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
No, not th' expulsion of the Tarquins.

Sic. Friend,
Art thou certain this is true? is it most certain?

Mess. As certain as I know the sun is fire:
Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it?
Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide,
As the recomforted through th' gates. Why, hark you!

[*Trumpets and Hautboys sounded, and Drums beaten, all together. Shouting also within*

The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes,

[3] That is, all this is *because* of you.

Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting Romans,
Make the sun dance. Hark you! [*Shouting again.*
Men. This is good news:
I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia
Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,
A city full; of tribunes, such as you,
A sea and land full. You have pray'd well to-day:
This morning, for ten thousand of your throats
I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy!
[*Shouting and Music.*

Sic. First, the gods bless you for your tidings; next,
Accept my thankfulness.

Mess. Sir, we have all great cause to give great thanks.

Sic. They are near the city.

Mess. Almost at point to enter.

Sic. We'll meet them, and help the joy. [*Going.*

Enter the Ladies, accompanied by Senators, Patricians, and People. They pass over the Stage.

1 *Sen.* Behold our patroness, the life of Rome!
Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,
And make triumphant fires; strew flowers before them:
Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius;
Repeal him with the welcome of his mother:
Cry,—Welcome, ladies, welcome!—

All. Welcome, ladies! welcome!
[*A Flourish with Drums and Trumpets.*
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. Antium. A Public Place.

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *with Attendants.*

Auf. Go tell the lords o'the city, I am here

Deliver them this paper: having read it,
Bid them repair to th' market-place; where I,
Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse,[1]
The city ports[2] by this hath enter'd, and
Intends t' appear before the people, hoping
To purge himself with words: Despatch.
[*Exeunt Attendants.*

Enter Three or Four Conspirators of AUFIDIUS' *Faction.*

Most welcome!

1 *Con.* How is it with our general?

Auf. Even so,
As with a man by his own alms empoison'd,
And with his charity slain.

2 *Con.* Most noble sir,
If you do hold the same intent wherein
You wish'd us parties, we'll deliver you
Of your great danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell;
We must proceed as we do find the people.

3 *Con.* The people will remain uncertain, whilst
'Twixt you there's difference; but the fall of either
Makes the survivor heir of all.

Auf. I know it;
And my pretext to strike at him admits
A good construction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd
Mine honour for his truth: who being so heighten'd,
He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,
Seducing so my friends; and, to this end,
He bow'd his nature, never known before
But to be rough, unswayable, and free.

[1] That is, *he whom* I accuse.
[2] *Ports* are *gates*.

3 *Con.* Sir, his stoutness
When he did stand for consul, which he lost
By lack of stooping,—
Auf. That I would have spoke of.
Being banish'd for't, he came unto my hearth;
Presented to my knife his throat: I took him;
Made him joint servant with me; gave him way
In all his own desires; nay, let him choose
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest men; serv'd his designments
In mine own person; holp to reap the fame,
Which he did end all his;[3] and took some pride
To do myself this wrong: till, at the last,
I seem'd his follower, not partner; and
He wag'd me with his countenance,[4] as if
I had been mercenary.
1 *Con.* So he did, my lord;
The army marvell'd at it: and, in the last,
When he had carried Rome, and that we look'd
For no less spoil than glory,—
Auf. There was it;
For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him.

[3] That is, which he *in the* end *did make* all his. We are not a little moved to adopt in this place a change proposed by Singer, as *reap* and *end* seem to mean the same thing, whereas the context clearly requires words of different meanings. Mr. Collier's second folio having changed *end* to *ear*, Singer remarks thereupon as follows: "The substitution of *ear* for *end* is a good emendation of an evident misprint, but the correctors have only half done their work: *ear*, that is, plough, and *reap* should change places; or Aufidius is made to say that he had a share in the harvest, while Coriolanus had all the labour of ploughing." The reading would then be,—"Holp to *ear* the fame which he did *reap* all his." The passage, however, makes tolerable sense as it stands, and therefore we retain it. For this use of *ear* see King Richard II., Act iii. sc. 2, note 16. H.

[4] The verb *to wage* was formerly in general use for *to stipend*, *to reward*. The meaning is, "the countenance he gave me was a kind of *wages*." So in Heywood's Wise Woman of Hogsdon: "I receive thee gladly to my house, and *wage* thy stay."

At a few drops of women's rheum, which are
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour
Of our great action: therefore shall he die,
And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark!

[*Drums and Trumpets sound, with great Shouts of the People.*

1 *Con.* Your native town you enter'd like a post,
And had no welcomes home; but he returns,
Splitting the air with noise.

2 *Con.* And patient fools,
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear
With giving him glory.

3 *Con.* Therefore, at your vantage,
Ere he express himself or move the people
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,
Which we will second. When he lies along,
After your way his tale pronounc'd shall bury
His reasons with his body.

Auf. Say no more:
Here come the lords.

Enter the Lords of the City.

Lords. You are most welcome home.

Auf. I have not deserv'd it
But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd
What I have written to you?

Lords. We have.

1 *Lord.* And grieve to hear't
What faults he made before the last, I think,
Might have found easy fines; but there to end
Where he was to begin, and give away
The benefit of our levies, answering us
With our own charge,[b] making a treaty where
There was a yielding; — this admits no excuse.

Auf. He approaches; you shall hear him.

[b] That is, making the cost of the war its recompense.

Enter CORIOLANUS, *with Drums and Colours; a Crowd of Citizens with him.*

Cor. Hail, lords! I am return'd your soldier;
No more infected with my country's love,
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
Under your great command. You are to know,
That prosperously I have attempted, and
With bloody passage led your wars even to
The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought home,
Do more than counterpoise, a full third part,
The charges of the action. We have made peace
With no less honour to the Antiates,
Than shame to th' Romans; and we here deliver,
Subscrib'd by th' consuls and patricians,
Together with the seal o'the senate, what
We have compounded on.

Auf. Read it not, noble lords;
But tell the traitor, in the high'st degree
He hath abus'd your powers.

Cor. Traitor!—How now!

Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius.

Cor. Marcius!

Auf. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius. Dost thou think
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name
Coriolanus in Corioli?—
You lords and heads o'the state, perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and given up,
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome
(I say your city) to his wife and mother;
Breaking his oath and resolution, like
A twist of rotten silk; never admitting
Counsel o'the war; but at his nurse's tears

He whin'd and roar'd away your victory ;
That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wondering each at other.

Cor. Hear'st thou, Mars ?

Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears !

Cor. Ha !

Auf. No more.[6]

Cor. Measureless liar ! thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy ! O slave !—
Pardon me, lords ; 'tis the first time that ever
I was forc'd to scold. Your judgments, my grave lords,
Must give this cur the lie : and his own notion
(Who wears my stripes impress'd upon him, that
Must bear my beating to his grave) shall join
To thrust the lie unto him.

1 *Lord.* Peace, both ! and hear me speak.

Cor. Cut me to pieces, Volsces ; men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me.—Boy ! False hound !
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That, like an eagle in a dovecote, I
Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioli :
Alone I did it.—Boy !

Auf. Why, noble lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,
'Fore your own eyes and ears ?

Conspirators. Let him die for't.

All People. Tear him to pieces ; do it presently
He kill'd my son,—my daughter :—He kill'd my cousin Marcus :—He kill'd my father.—

2 *Lord.* Peace, ho !—no outrage —peace !
The man is noble, and his fame folds in

[6] That is. "no more" than a "boy of tears.

This orb o'the earth.[7] His last offences to us
Shall have judicious hearing.[8] — Stand, Aufidius,
And trouble not the peace.

Cor. O, that I had him,
With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe,
To use my lawful sword!

Auf. Insolent villain!

Conspirators. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him!

[AUFIDIUS *and the Conspirators draw, and kill* CORIOLANUS, *who falls:* AUFIDIUS *stands on him.*

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold!

Auf. My noble masters, hear me speak.

1 *Lord.* O Tullus!

2 *Lord.* Thou hast done a deed whereat valour will weep.

3 *Lord.* Tread not upon him. — Masters all, be quiet:
Put up your swords.

Auf. My lords, when you shall know (as in this rage,
Provok'd by him, you cannot) the great danger
Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice
That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours
To call me to your senate, I'll deliver
Myself your loyal servant, or endure
Your heaviest censure.

1 *Lord.* Bear from hence his body,
And mourn you for him: let him be regarded
As the most noble corse, that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.

2 *Lord.* His own impatience

[7] His fame overspreads the world.

[8] *Judicious* here has the sense of *judicial:* the two being formerly convertible terms.

Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.
Let's make the best of it.

Auf. My rage is gone,
And I am struck with sorrow. — Take him up:
Help, three o'the chiefest soldiers; I'll be one. —
Beat thou the drum that it speak mournfully;
Trail your steel pikes. — Though in this city he
Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he shall have a noble memory.[9] —
Assist.

[*Exeunt, bearing the body of* CORIOLANUS
A dead March sounded.

[9] Here again we have *memory* used for *memorial*. See the first scene of this Act, note 2: also, Act iv. sc. 5, note 3. K.

INTRODUCTION

TO

THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CÆSAR.

THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CÆSAR was printed with remarkable clearness and accuracy, the acts being regularly marked, but not the scenes, in the folio of 1623, where it stands the sixth in the division of Tragedies. Perhaps no play in the volume has fewer troublesome readings, or presents less occasion for editorial ingenuity in ascertaining the text; for which cause it has suffered comparatively little from the mendings and tamperings of modern editors. Notwithstanding, some accidental omissions and some needless changes have been made, which will be found duly noticed as they occur, in our foot-notes.

We have no clear authority towards fixing the date of the composition. External evidence there is none whatever, on which any great reliance can be placed for this purpose. Malone assigned the year 1607 as the probable time of the writing; his only ground for doing so being the supposition that it was written after the appearance of a tragedy on the same subject by Lord Sterline; which tragedy he supposed to have been first published in 1607 But, in the first place, there is no reason for inferring the date of either of these tragedies from that of the other; they have nothing in common but what would naturally result from using a common authority; while at the same time the subject had been too often treated dramatically to warrant the argument of either play having been suggested by the other: in the second place, Lord Sterline's tragedy is now known to have been published as early as 1604.

Mr. Collier thinks there is good ground for believing that the play in hand was acted before 1603. We shall set forth his argument as succinctly as possible. In the last speech but one of the play, Antony speaks of Brutus thus:

> "His life was gentle; and *the elements*
> *So mix'd in him*, that *Nature* might stand up,
> And say to all the world, '*This was a man!*'

In Drayton's Barons' Wars, as published in 1603, occurs the following stanza, speaking of Mortimer:

> "Such one he was, of him we boldly say,
> In whose rich soul all sovereign powers did suit,
> In whom in peace *the elements all lay*
> *So mix'd*, as none could sovereignty impute;
> As all did govern, yet all did obey:
> His lively temper was so absolute,
> That 't seem'd, when Heaven his model first began,
> In him it show'd *perfection in a man.*"

Mr Collier thinks Italic type is hardly wanted to prove that one poet borrowed not only the thought but the very words of the other. The question is, who was the borrower? The Barons' Wars first appeared in 1596; but what is said of Mortimer in that edition bears no likeness whatsoever to the speech of Antony. Drayton afterwards recast the whole poem, and put forth an edition in 1603, containing the stanza quoted above. Mr. Collier's argument is, that Drayton, having before that date seen the play in manuscript or heard it at the theatre, caught and copied the idea and words of Shakespeare, without being conscious of it; and hence the resemblance in question. And he thinks this conclusion is further strengthened by the fact, that in the later editions of the poem, in 1605, 1608, 1610, and 1613, the stanza remained the same as in that of 1603; while in that of 1619, after Shakespeare's death and before the tragedy was published, the resemblance was made still closer, thus:

> "He was a man, then, boldly dare to say,
> In whose rich soul the virtues well did suit,
> In whom *so mix'd the elements did lay*,
> That none to one could sovereignty impute;
> As all did govern, so did all obey:
> He of a temper was so absolute,
> As that it seem'd, when *Nature* him began,
> She meant to show *all that might be in man.*"

We give this argument for what it is worth, and hope it has lost none of its proper force in our statement. Nevertheless, we have to own that we can make nothing out of it for the purpose. Nay, of the two, we should rather conclude from the premises here furnished, that the indebtedness, if there be any, lies the other way. For we believe, not only that Shakespeare was in fact the greatest thief of mental treasure in his time, but that he could therefore all the better afford to borrow from others, forasmuch as he had so much more of his own than any body else, and forasmuch as his own was so much better than anybody's else. And indeed we hold it to be one of his highest merits, that his genius sucked in whatever of good there was in the intellectual atmosphere where it moved, and then reproduced it in just the right

place, and applied it exactly where and as it would best fit But in this case the thought, however just and happy it may seem to us, or may be in itself, was really but a philosophical commonplace among the writers of Shakespeare's time; who held that all things both in the world of matter and of mind were composed of the four original elements, earth, water, air, and fire; and that harmony and felicity of mind and character lay in these elements being rightly mixed: these standing together in due proportion, order and excellence were the result; otherwise, the result was eccentricity or defect. Images and expressions implying this theory are often met with in the Poet's works, and hardly less often in other writers of that age. If, however, there were in this case any thing more than a mere coincidence of thought and language, the most likely conclusion would seem to be, that Shakespeare, having read Drayton's poem, borrowed his matter, and that then Drayton, having heard Shakespeare's play, borrowed his improvement of it.

Other critics of great and well-seasoned judgment, and from whose conclusions we are very reluctant to dissent, refer this drama to the Poet's latest period, placing it, as to the time of writing, in the same class with The Tempest, The Winter's Tale, and Coriolanus. Among those so judging are found the high names of Coleridge, Campbell, and Verplanck. And their judgment herein is avowedly grounded, not on the qualities of style and versification, but on what they consider the more calm and ripened tone of philosophic thought pervading the play. The point need not be better stated than in the words of Campbell: "I cannot, on the whole, but remark a more matured tone of philosophy in the classical and later, than in the earlier and romantic, dramas of Shakespeare. By his classical dramas I mean the three great ones, Julius Cæsar, Antony and Cleopatra, and Coriolanus. The philosophy that illuminates Hamlet has, possibly from the hero being neither entirely in his perfect mind nor entirely out of it, a certain vagueness and obscurity, unlike the deep and clear insight into human nature displayed in the classical dramas which I have named. I attribute this difference, not to the influence of classical or unclassical subjects, but to the ripened growth of the Poet's mind."

Now, for ourselves, we cannot discover, in Julius Cæsar, quite that serene and mellow philosophy, that entire and absolute aloofness of self from the representation, that pure and perfect transparency of mind, — like the light of heaven, revealing every thing it looks upon, yet remaining itself unseen, — which especially distinguishes the dramas that we reckon of the Poet's latest period. On the contrary, we seem to feel, in this play, somewhat of the same enthusiasm — a chaste and well-regulated enthusiasm, we grant, that scarce disturbs the balance of dramatic justice, and such as an angel need not blush to acknowledge — which discovers

itself in Hamlet and other plays written between 1600 and 1605 To go no further, there are several speeches put into the mouth of Cæsar, which cannot be regarded as historically characteristic; and which certainly do not give a just impression of that greatest of all the Romans, and who was perhaps the man of the highest and most varied powers and accomplishments, that ever figured in the political history of the world. In this part of the drama at least, we seem to miss somewhat of that wonderful calmness and elevation of soul, which discloses itself in Coriolanus and The Tempest, as if the Poet had looked on too many things, and seen into them and through them, to be at all captivated to or from the special interests of any one of them; having reached that stage and perfection of art, — if indeed it be not something higher than the highest art, and which but uses art as an organ for discoursing the harmonies of truth, — that he could pass into and, as it were, become the very persons themselves whom he studied or created, reproducing all the thoughts and feelings that were in them, as if they were his own, and yet all the while remain firmly himself and firmly within himself.

Another sort of argument has been drawn from the political cast and complexion of the three "classical dramas," that they were written after the Poet's mind had been specially excited to inquiries of that nature, by the great questions of public right against royal prerogative, which grew into general agitation early in the reign of James I. We will give this point the benefit of Mr. Verplanck's clear and judicious statement. He is speaking of Julius Cæsar: "The composition of this drama, like that of Coriolanus, may with all reasonable probability be assigned to some of the seven or eight years subsequent to 1607; — that period of the author's life and of the history of English liberty, when the principles of popular rights were first distinctly and continuously brought into collision with the doctrine of divine regal power and prerogative. Not indeed that the English people had not long before, even under the Plantagenets, often been driven by wrong to assert their natural or chartered rights, and thus to preserve a larger share of personal liberty than was to be found elsewhere. But it was in the early years of James I. that these great questions were first formally carried into the elections, and made the subject of elaborate discussion, as well as of popular appeal, through the press and the action of the House of Commons. When the public mind had been roused to such inquiries, it was natural that the dramatic poet — as the experience of every age of revolution and strong political excitement has shown — should partake, in some way, of the spirit animating and pervading all about him. Shakespeare appears to have looked at and studied the phenomena of political strife, with the eye at once of an artist, as to their external appearance, and of a philosopher, as to their principles and moral causes; but with little of the spirit of a partizan."

And in another place, where he is speaking to the same subject, he mentions the years 1610 and 1613 as the time when these questions broke out into open legislative controversy, and came to be matter of formal debate and of steady concerted action in Parliament. But, in the first place, it stands to reason and experience that such agitations should be brewing in secret, mingling in the currents of private study and social converse, and entering largely into "the talk man holds with week-day man in the hourly walk of the mind's business," for some years before they could work and establish themselves into definite legislative and judicial issues. In the second place, they grew forth into such action and expression some years earlier than the time assigned. The very first Parliament after the accession of James was deeply charged with their spirit and efficacy, thus showing that they had for some time been gathering strength, and were then ready to leap forth into effect upon the first coming of opportunity. The proclamation convoking this Parliament was itself irregular, assuming it as the right of the crown to control the election and return of members. After the meeting, their first business was upon an issue with the king, which ended in establishing their right of exclusive jurisdiction in such cases. Then, the king having set himself, with that bungling and blundering wrong-headedness which was probably inherent in him, to dictate their privileges, and to make the law subject to his will, the House of Commons planted itself in an attitude of firm resistance. And when the king took upon him to censure some parts of their course, this gave rise to a high-toned vindication, which was drawn up by a committee and in pursuance of an order of the House, setting forth a full and pertinent justification of the censured proceedings, and asserting, with respectful boldness and in explicit language, the constitutional rights and liberties of Parliament. This was in the spring of 1604. At the time fixed for the next session, which was in the fall of 1605, the struggle was on the point of being resumed, when it was arrested and postponed by the all-exciting discovery of the Gunpowder Plot. As soon as this excitement had in a measure passed off, the struggle was renewed in all its bitterness; and continued thenceforward through the whole of the reign. From all which it seems clear enough that the elements of this contest, so far from being asleep till 1610, were thoroughly prepared and marshalled for practical assertion even so early as the first year of James.

But, what seems still more decisive against the argument in hand, these classical dramas have not, that we can discover, any peculiarity in this respect but what would grow naturally from the subject-matter itself, as the Poet found it in Plutarch. Had he invented the collisions and struggles between public right and individual temper, which mark these plays, then indeed his course might fairly be derived from the special rising currents of popular thought at the time: but, in the instances here represented, and

in all the main characters and circumstances attending them, with the single exception of "the mightiest Julius," he follows with remarkable closeness the narratives of the historian. The persons and events he took just as they were furnished to his hand; though it is indeed true, that, in selecting and ordering them for dramatic reproduction, he penetrated far more deeply than Plutarch did or could into the principles which underlie and determine the forms and workings of social and civil organisation. For it seems to have been a necessity of his genius, in reknitting the facts and characters of history, to evolve their inmost significance, and train them forth complicated with the largest and deepest insight of those living laws which gave them shape and made them what they were.

All which seems to clear up the ground for what we believe to be the only argument that will really hold touching the date of Julius Cæsar. This argument has reference solely to the diction and metre of the play, the general form and structure of the sentences, the cast and texture of the imagery; in all which respects the play relishes, to our mind, of the Poet's style during the first five years of the seventeenth century, the same period which gave us Hamlet and Othello, and when it will hardly be questioned that his insight of things was deep enough and his grasp of them large enough to fill up the measures of any criticism that has yet made its appearance. Shakespeare began with what may be regarded as a preponderance of the lyrical or poetic elements over the dramatic. As we trace the growth and course of his mind upward and onward, we may, it seems to us, discover a gradual rising of the latter elements into greater strength and prominence, until at last they had the former in complete subjection. Now, where external evidence is wanting, it is mainly from the relative strength of these elements in the composition, that we argue the probable date. And we submit, that in Julius Cæsar the versification is more free and flowing, the diction more gliding and continuous, the course of the sentence more even and regular, the imagery more round and amplified, than we find in the dramas confessedly of his latest period. So that, touching the date of the writing, we rest in much the same conclusion as Mr. Collier, though we come to it on very different grounds.

The historical materials of this drama were taken from the Lives of Julius Cæsar, Brutus, and Antony, as set forth in North's translation of Plutarch. We proceed to condense, retaining, however, as far as practicable the very words of the translator, so much of the narratives as relates to the main action of the play. The matter of various accessory scenes and passages will be found distributed to the proper places in the form of notes; our design being, that the reader shall have before him all the Plutarchian originals of the drama.

Marcius Brutus, having framed his life by the rules of virtue and

study of philosophy, and having employed his wit, which was gentle and constant, in attempting great things, methinks he was rightly made and framed unto virtue. So that his very enemies which wish him most hurt because of his conspiracy against Cæsar, if there were any thing noble done in this conspiracy, refer it wholly unto Brutus; and all the cruel and violent acts unto Cassius, who was Brutus' familiar friend, but not so well given and conditioned as he.

Marcus Cato the philosopher was brother unto Servilia, Marcus Brutus' mother; whom Brutus studied most to follow of all the Romans, and afterwards married his daughter. Touching the Grecian philosophers, there was no sect of them but he heard and liked; but above all he loved Plato's sect best, and did not much give himself to the New Academy.

When the Empire was divided into factions, and Cæsar and Pompey were in arms one against the other, it was thought that Brutus would take part with Cæsar, because Pompey not long before had put his father to death. But Brutus, preferring the respect of his country before private affection, and persuading himself that Pompey had juster cause to enter into arms than Cæsar, took part with Pompey; though oftentimes meeting him before he thought scorn to speak to him. It is reported that Pompey, when he saw him come, rose out of his chair, and went and embraced him before them all, and used him as honourably as he could have done the noblest man that took his part. Brutus, being in Pompey's camp, did nothing but study all day long, except he were with Pompey. Furthermore, when others slept, or thought what would happen the morrow after, he fell to his book, and wrote all day long till night.

Now, when Cæsar took sea to go into Africa against Cato and Scipio, he left Brutus governor of Gaul in Italy, which was a great good hap for that Province. For, while others were spoiled by the insolence and covetousness of governors, Brutus was a comfort and rest unto them. But he referred it wholly unto Cæsar's grace and goodness. When Cæsar returned, and progressed up and down Italy, the things that pleased him best to see were the cities under Brutus' charge, and Brutus himself, who honoured Cæsar in person, and whose company also Cæsar greatly esteemed. Now, there were divers sorts of Prætorships in Rome, and it was looked for that Brutus and Cassius would make suit for the chiefest Prætorship, called the Prætorship of the city; because he that had that office was a judge to minister justice unto the citizens. Therefore they strove one against another, though they were allied together, Cassius having married Junia, Brutus' sister; and the place was so sought of either party, that one of them put another into suit of law. Cæsar, when he had heard them both, told his friends, — "Indeed, Cassius hath alleged best reason, yet shall he not be chosen before Brutus." Thus Brutus

had the first Prætorship, and Cassius the second; who thanked not Cæsar so much for that he had, as he was angry with him for that he lost.

The chiefest cause that made Cæsar mortally hated was the covetous desire he had to be called king; which first gave the people just cause, and next his secret enemies honest colour, to bear him ill-will. Notwithstanding, they that procured him this honour gave out that it was written in the Sibylline prophecies, how the Romans might overcome the Parthians, if they made war with them and were led by a king, but otherwise they were unconquerable. And they were so bold, besides, that, Cæsar returning to Rome from the city of Alba, when they came to salute him they called him king. But, the people being offended, and Cæsar also angry, he said he was not called king, but Cæsar.

Now, when Cassius felt his friends and did stir them up against Cæsar, they all agreed to take part with him, so Brutus were the chief of their conspiracy. For they told him that so high an enterprise did not so much require men of courage to draw their swords, as to have a man of such estimation as Brutus, to make every man think that by his presence the fact were holy and just. Therefore Cassius, considering this matter, did speak to Brutus for the first time since the suit they had for the Prætorship. So, when he was reconciled to him, he asked him if he were determined to be in the Senate-house the first day of March, because he heard that Cæsar's friends should move the council that day that Cæsar should be called king by the Senate. Brutus answered, he would not be there. "But what if we be sent for," said Cassius, "how then?" "For myself, then," said Brutus, "I mean not to hold my peace, but to withstand it, and rather die than lose my liberty." Cassius replied, "Why, what Roman is he alive that will suffer thee to die for thy liberty? What, knowest thou not that thou art Brutus? Thinkest thou that they be cobblers, tapsters, and such like base mechanical people, that write these bills and scrolls which are found daily in thy Prætor's chair, and not the noblest men and best citizens that do it? No; be thou well-assured, that of other Prætors they look for gifts, and for common plays, and to see fencers fight at the sharp; but at thy hands they specially require the taking away of the tyranny, being fully bent to suffer any extremity for thy sake, so thou wilt show thyself to be the man thou art taken for and that they hope thou art." Thereupon he kissed Brutus and embraced him; and so, each taking leave of other, they went both to speak with their friends about it.

Amongst Pompey's friends there was one called Cains Ligarius, who had been accused unto Cæsar for taking part with Pompey, and Cæsar discharged him. Therefore Brutus went to see him being sick in his bed, and said unto him, — "Ligarius, at what a time art thou sick!" Ligarius, rising up and taking him by the

right hand, said unto him, — "Brutus, if thou hast any great enterprise in hand worthy of thyself, I am whole." After that time they began to feel all whom they trusted, and did not only pick out their friends, but those also whom they thought stout enough to attempt any desperate matter, and not afraid to lose their lives. For this cause they durst not acquaint Cicero with their conspiracy, although he was a man whom they loved dearly and trusted best; for they were afraid that he, being a coward by nature, and age also having increased his fear, would quite turn their purpose and quench the heat of their enterprise. Furthermore, only the name and great calling of Brutus did bring on the most of them to consent; who, not taking or giving any caution or assurance, nor binding themselves one to another by any religious oaths, all kept the matter so secret, and so cunningly handled it, that, notwithstanding the gods did reveal it by manifest signs and tokens from above, and by predictions of sacrifices, yet all this would not be believed.

Now, a day being appointed for the meeting of the Senate, at what time they hoped Cæsar would not fail to come, the conspirators determined then to put their enterprise in execution; and the rather, that all the noblest and chiefest men of the city would be there; who, when they should see such a great matte executed, would every man set to their hands for the defence of their liberty. They thought also that the place where the council should be kept was chosen of purpose by Divine Providence. For it was one of the porches about the theatre in the which there was a place full of seats; where also was set up the image of Pompey, which the city had made and consecrated in honour of him. In this place was the assembly of the Senate to be, just on the fifteenth day of March, which the Romans call *Idus Martius;* so that it seemed some god of purpose had brought Cæsar thither to be slain for revenge of Pompey's death.

When the day was come, Brutus went out of his house with a dagger by his side under his long gown. The other conspirators were all assembled at Cassius' house, and from thence they came all together unto Pompey's porch, looking that Cæsar would come straight thither. Notwithstanding, there fell out many misfortunes, enough to have marred the enterprise. The first and chiefest was Cæsar's long tarrying; for, because the sacrifices appeared unlucky, his wife kept him at home, and the Soothsayers bade him beware he went not abroad. The second cause was, a senator called Popilius Lena, after he had saluted Brutus and Cassius, rounded softly in their ears, — "I pray the gods you may go through with that you have in hand; but, despatch, for your enterprise is bewrayed." He presently departed, and left them both afraid that their conspiracy would out.

When Cæsar came, Popilius Lena went unto him and kept him a long time with talk. Wherefore, the conspirators, not hearing

what he said to Cæsar, were afraid, every man of them; and it was easy to see they were all of a mind, that it was no tarrying for them till they were apprehended, but rather that they should kill themselves. And when Cassius and certain others clapped their hands on their swords under their gowns to draw them, Brutus, marking the countenance and gesture of Lena, said nothing, but with a pleasant look encouraged Cassius. Immediately after, Lena went from Cæsar and kissed his hand; which showed plainly that it was for some matter concerning himself that he had held him so long in talk. All the senators being entered into the place where the council should be kept, Trebonius drew Antony aside as he came into the house, and held him with a long talk. So, Cæsar coming in, all the Senate stood up on their feet to do him honour. When he was set, the conspirators flocked about him, and amongst them one Metellus Cimber, who made humble suit for the calling home of his brother that was banished. They all made as though they were intercessors for him, and took Cæsar by the hands, and kissed his head and breast. Cæsar at the first simply refused their intreaties, but afterwards, perceiving that the more they were denied the more they pressed upon him, he violently thrust them from him. Then Cimber with both hands plucked Cæsar's gown over his shoulders, and Casca, that stood behind him, drew his dagger, and strake Cæsar in the neck, but gave him no great wound. But Cæsar, turning straight unto him, caught hold of his hand and held it hard, and cried out in Latin, — "O, traitor Casca, what doest thou?" Casca, on the other side, cried in Greek, — "Brother, help me." At the beginning of this stir, they that were present, not knowing of the conspiracy, were so amazed at the sight they had no power to fly, neither to help him, nor so much as once to make an outcry. They, on the other side, that had conspired his death, compassed him in on every side with their swords drawn, that Cæsar turned him nowhere but he was stricken at by some, and still had naked swords in his face, and was hackled and mangled among them, as a wild beast taken of hunters. For it was agreed among them, that every man should give him a wound, because all their parts should be in this murder. Men report that Cæsar did still defend himself against the rest, running every way with his body; but, when he saw Brutus with his sword drawn, he pulled his gown over his head, and made no more resistance, and was driven against the base whereon Pompey's image stood, which ran all of a gore blood till he was slain. It is reported that he had three-and-twenty wounds upon his body; and, so many swords lighting on him, one hurt another, and among them Brutus caught a blow on his hand, and all the rest were every man of them bloodied.

Cæsar being slain in this manner, Brutus, standing in the midst of the house, would have stayed the other senators to tell them the reason why they had done this fact. But they, as men bo'h

afraid and amazed, fled one upon another's neck in haste to get out at the door, and no man followed them. For it was agreed between them that they should kill no man but Cæsar only, and intreat all the rest to defend their liberty. All the conspirators but Brutus thought it good also to kill Antony; but Brutus would not agree to it; first, for that it was not honest, secondly, because there was hope of change in him. For he did not mistrust but that Antony, when he should know that Cæsar was dead, would willingly help his country to recover her liberty. So he saved Antony's life, who at that time disguised himself, and stole away. But Brutus and his consorts went straight to the Capitol. There, a great number of men being assembled, Brutus made an oration unto them, to win the favour of the people, and to justify that they had done. All those that were by said they had done well, and cried unto them that they should boldly come down from the Capitol: whereupon they came down to the market-place. The rest followed, but Brutus went foremost, honourably compassed about with the noblest men of the city, who brought him to the pulpit for orations. When the people saw him in the pulpit, although they were a multitude of rakehells of all sorts, and had a good will to make some stir; yet, being ashamed to do it for the reverence they bare unto Brutus, they kept silence to hear what he would say. Howbeit, immediately after, they showed that they were not all contented with the murder: for when another called Cinna would have spoken, and began to accuse Cæsar, they fell into a great uproar, and marvellously reviled him; insomuch that the conspirators returned to the Capitol. There Brutus, being afraid to be besieged, sent back the noblemen that came thither with him, thinking it no reason that they who were no partakers of the murder should be partakers of the danger.

The next morning, the Senate being assembled, it was decreed to pardon and forget all that was past, and to establish friendship and peace again; and Antony, to put them in heart, sent them his son for a pledge. Upon this assurance, they came down from the Capitol, where every man saluted and embraced each other, among whom Antony himself bade Cassius to supper, and Lepidus bade Brutus, and so one bade another, as they had friendship and acquaintance together. The next day they came to talk of Cæsar's will and testament. Then, Antony thinking good his testament should be read openly, and that his body should be honourably buried, and not in hugger-mugger, lest the people might take occasion to be worse offended; Cassius stontly spake against it, but Brutus went with the motion: wherein it seemeth he committed a second fault. For when Cæsar's testament was openly read among them, whereby it appeared that he bequeathed unto every citizen seventy-five drachmas, and left his gardens and arbours unto the people, which he had on this side of the river Tyber, the people then loved him, and were marvellous sorry for

him. Afterwards, when Cæsar's body was brought into the market-place, Antony, making his funeral oration, and perceiving that his words moved the people to compassion, framed his eloquence to make their hearts yearn the more; and, taking Cæsar's gown all bloody in his hand, he laid it open in the sight of them all, showing what a number of cuts and holes it had. Therewithal the people fell presently into such a rage and mutiny that there was no more order kept amongst them. For some cried, "Kill the murderers;" others plucked up forms, tables, and stalls, and, having laid them all on a heap together, they set them on fire, and thereon did put the body of Cæsar, and burnt it in the midst of the most holy places; and, when the fire was thoroughly kindled, some here, some there took burning firebrands, and ran with them to the murderers' houses, to set them on fire. Howbeit, the conspirators, foreseeing the danger, provided for themselves and fled.

The state of Rome standing thus, there fell out another change when young Octavius Cæsar came to Rome. He was the son of Julius Cæsar's niece, whom he had adopted and made his heir by his last will and testament. When Julius Cæsar was slain, he was in the city of Apollonia where he studied; but when he heard of his death he returned to Rome, where, to curry favour with the people, he took upon him his adopted father's name, and made distribution of the money which his father had bequeathed unto them. After that, these three, Octavius Cæsar, Antony, and Lepidus, made an agreement, and by those articles divided the provinces belonging to the Empire among themselves; and did set up bills of proscription and outlawry, condemning two hundred of the noblest men of Rome to suffer death, and among that number Cicero was one.

Whilst Brutus and Cassius were together in the city of Smyrna, Brutus prayed Cassius to let him have some part of his money, whereof he had great store. Cassius' friends hindered this request, persuading him that it was no reason that Brutus should have the money, which Cassius had gotten together by sparing and levied with great ill-will of the people, to bestow liberally on his soldiers and by this means win their good wills. Notwithstanding, Cassius gave him a third part of the total sum. Some time after, Brutus sent to pray Cassius to come to the city of Sardis, and so he did. Now, as it commonly happeneth in great affairs between two persons, having many friends and so many captains under them, there ran tales and complaints betwixt them. Therefore before they fell in hand with any other matter, they went into a little chamber together, and bade every man avoid, and shut the doors to them. Then they began to pour out their complaints one to the other, and grew hot and loud, earnestly accusing one another, and at length fell both a-weeping. Their friends that were without, hearing them loud and angry between themselves, were amazed and afraid, lest it would grow to a further matter.

The next day, Brutus, upon complaint of the Sardians, did condemn and note Lucius Pella, who had been a Prætor of the Romans, for that he was convicted of robbery and pilfery in his office. This judgment much misliked Cassius, because, not many days before, two of his friends having been convicted of the like offence, he had openly cleared them. Therefore he greatly reproved Brutus, that he would show himself so straight and severe, in such a time as was meeter to bear a little than to take things at the worst. Brutus answered, that he should remember the Ides of March, at which time they slew Julius Cæsar, who neither pilled nor robbed the country, but was a favourer of them that did. And if there were any cause why they might set aside justice and equity, they should have had more reason to suffer Cæsar's friends to do what wrong they would, than to bear with their own men.

When they raised their camp, there came two eagles that lighted upon two of the foremost ensigns, and followed the soldiers, who gave them meat, until they came near to the city of Philippi; and there one day before the battle they flew away. Octavius Cæsar came not thither till ten days after; and Antony camped against Cassius, and Brutus on the other side against Cæsar. Brutus first of all mustered his army, and did purify it in the fields, according to the manner of the Romans. It is reported that, while occupied about this purification, there chanced certain unlucky signs unto Cassius. For one of his sergeants that carried the rods before him brought him the garland of flowers turned backward, the which he should have worn on his head in the time of sacrificing. Yet further, there was seen a marvellous number of fowls of prey, that feed upon dead carcasses; and bee-hives also were found in a certain place within the camp, which began somewhat to alter Cassius' mind from Epicurus' opinions. Thereupon he was of opinion not to try this war at one battle, but rather to draw it out, considering that they were the stronger in money and the weaker in men. But Brutus did desire nothing more than to put all to the hazard of a battle as soon as might be, to the end he might either quickly restore his country to her liberty, or rid him forthwith of this miserable world. Thereupon it was determined they should fight the next day. So Brutus all supper-time looked cheerful, like one that had good hope, and talked wisely of philosophy, and after supper went to bed. But, touching Cassius, Messala reporteth that he supped in his tent with a few friends, and that all supper-time he looked very sadly and was full of thoughts, although it was against his nature; and that after supper he took him by the hand, and told him in Greek, — "Messala, I protest unto thee and make thee my witness, that I am compelled against my mind and will, as Pompey the Great was, to put the liberty of our country to the hazard of a battle. Yet we must be lively and of good courage, although we follow evil counsel." Messala writeth that Cassius, having spoke these last words, bade

him farewell, and willed him to come to supper tho next night, be cause it was his birth-day.

The next morning by break of day the signal of battle was set out in their camp, which was an arming scarlet coat; and both the chieftains spake together in the midst of their armies. There Cassius began to speak first, and said, — 'The gods grant us, O Brutus, that this day we may win the field, and ever after ive quietly one with another. But since the greatest things amongst men are most uncertain, and if the battle fall out otherwise to-day than we wish, we shall hardly meet again, what art thou then determined to do, to fly or to die?" Brutus answered, — "I trust, I know not how, a certain rule of philosophy, by the which I did greatly blame Cato for killing himself, as being no lawful act, touching the gods, nor, concerning men, valiant; not to yield to Divine Providence and patiently take whatsoever it pleaseth Him to send us, but to draw back and fly. But now, being in the midst of danger, I am of a contrary mind. For, if it be not the will of God that this battle fall out fortunate for us, I will look no more for hope, neither make any new supply for war, but will rid me of this miserable world: for I gave up my life for my country on the Ides of March." Cassius fell a-laughing, to hear what he said, and, embracing him, said, — "Come on, then, and let us go and charge our enemies with this mind; for either we shall conquer, or we shall not need to fear the conquerors."

After this talk, they fell to consultation for the ordering of the battle. Then Brutus prayed he might have the leading of the right wing. Cassius gave it him, and willed that Messala should also be in that wing. Brutus sent little bills to the colonels and captains, in which he wrote the word of battle. By this means very few of them understood what the word was, and the most part never tarried to have it told them, but ran with great fury to assail the enemies; whereby the legions were marvellously scat tered. Then, being very earnest to follow them that fled, they ran into their camp, and Brutus among them. But that which the conquerors thought not of, occasion showed to them that were overcome; and that was, the left wing left naked of the right, who were strayed too far off. So they gave a hot charge, and overcame the wing where Cassius was, beating them into their camp, the which they spoiled. So that Brutus had conquered all on his side, and Cassius had lost all on the other: for nothing undid them, but that Brutus went not to help Cassius, thinking he had overcame, as himself had done; and Cassius tarried not for Brutus, thinking he had been overthrown, as himself was. Now, Brutus, returning from the chase, woudered much not to see Cassius' tem standing up high as it was wont. This made him mistrust what had happened: so he appointed a number of men to keep the camp he had taken, and sent for those that yet followed the chase thinking to lead them to the aid of Cassius.

On the other side, Cassius was angry to see how Brutus' men ran to give charge and tarried not for the word of battle, and grieved, besides, that the men, after they had overcome, fell straight to spoil, and were not careful to compass in the rest of the enemies behind. By reason of this delay, Cassius found himself compassed in with the right wing of his enemies: whereupon his horsemen brake and fled; and he, perceiving his footmen also to give ground, did what he could to keep them from flying, and took an ensign from one of the ensign-bearers that fled, and stuck it fast at his feet. At length he also was compelled to fly, with a few about him, to a little hill, from whence they might see what was done in the plain. Howbeit, Cassius himself saw nothing, for his sight was very bad, saving how the enemies spoiled his camp, and also a great troop of horsemen whom Brutus sent to aid him. These he thought were his enemies that followed him; yet he sent Titinius to go and know who they were. Brutus' horsemen saw him coming afar off, and when they knew he was one of Cassius' friends they shouted for joy; and some 'lighted from their horses and went and embraced him, others compassed him round with songs of victory and great rushing of harness, so that they made all the field ring again. But this marred all. For Cassius, thinking that Titinius was taken of the enemies, then spake these words: "Desiring too much to live, I have lived to see one of my best friends taken, for my sake, before my face." After that, he got into a tent where nobody was, and took Pindarus with him, a bondman whom he reserved for such a pinch ever after the battle of the Parthians; then, easting his cloak over his head, and holding out his bare neck unto Pindarus, gave him his head to be stricken off. So the head was found severed from the body; but after that time Pindarus was never seen. By and by, they knew the horsemen, and saw Titinius crowned with a garland of triumph, who came with great speed unto Cassius: but, when he perceived by the cries and tears of his friends the misfortune that had chanced, he drew out his sword, cursing himself a thousand times that he had tarried so long, and slew himself presently in the field. Brutus in the mean time understood that Cassius had been overthrown, but knew nothing of his death till he came near to his camp. So, when he was come thither, after he had lamented the death of Cassius, calling him the last of the Romans, it being impossible that Rome should ever breed again so noble and valiant a man; he sent his body to the city of Thassos, fearing lest his funerals in the camp should cause great disorder. Then he called his soldiers together, and did encourage them again.

Now, after Brutus had brought his army into the field, he paused a long time before he gave the signal of battle. In that place where himself fought in person he had the better, and brake into the left wing of his enemies. But the others, when the captains would have had them march, were afraid of being compassed

in behind, and therefore did spread themselves; whereby having weakened themselves, they could not withstand the enemies, but turned tail and fled. And those that had put them to flight came in straight to compass Brutus behind, who in the midst of the conflict did all that was possible for a skilful captain and valiant soldier for the obtaining of victory. There was the son of Marcus Cato slain, valiantly fighting among the lusty youth. For, notwithstanding he was very weary and over-harried, yet would he not fly, but, manfully fighting and laying about him, telling aloud his name and also his father's name, he was beaten down among many of his enemies whom he had slain about him. So there were slain all the chiefest gentlemen and nobility, who ran into any danger to save Brutus' life; amongst whom was one of his friends called Lucilius, who, seeing a troop of men going right against Brutus, told them he was Brutus, and prayed them to bring him to Antony. The men, being very glad of this good hap, carried him in the night, and sent some before to tell Antony of their coming. When Lucilius was brought to him, he said with a bold countenance, — "Antony, I dare assure thee that no enemy hath taken or shall take Marcus Brutus alive: God keep him from that fortune. But wheresoever he be found, alive or dead, he will be found like himself." Antony, on the other side, looking upon them that had brought him, said, — "My friends, I think you are sorry you have failed of your purpose; but I assure you, you have taken a better booty than you followed. For, instead of an enemy, you have brought me a friend; and if you had brought me Brutus alive, truly I cannot tell what I should have done to him. For I had rather have such men as this my friends than mine enemies." Then he embraced Lucilius, and delivered him to one of his friends in custody; and Lucilius ever after served him faithfully, even to his death.

Now, Brutus, having passed a little river environed on either side with high rocks, and shadowed with great trees, went no further, but stayed at the foot of a rock with certain friends that followed him; and, looking up to the firmament that was full of stars, sighing, he rehearsed two verses. Within a little while, naming his friends that had been slain in battle before his eyes, he fetched a greater sigh than before. He thought there were not many of his men slain; and, to know the truth of it, one called Statilius promised to go through the enemies, and, if all were well, to lift up a torch-light in the air, and then return with speed to him. The torch-light was lift up as he had promised. A good while after, Brutus, seeing that he came not, said, — "If Statilius be alive, he will come again." But his evil fortune was such that, as he came back, he fell into the enemies' hands and was slain. Now, the night being far spent, Brutus, as he sat, bowed towards Clitus, one of his men, and told him somewhat in his ear. The other answered not, but fell a-weeping. Thereupon he proved Dardanius

and said somewhat also to him. At last he came to Volumnius and, speaking to him in Greek, prayed him, for the studies' sake which brought them acquainted, that he would help him to put his hand to his sword, to thrust it in him to kill him. Volumnius denied his request, and so did many others; and amongst the rest, one of them said there was no tarrying for them there, but they must needs fly. Then Brutus, rising up, said,—"We must fly indeed, but it must be with our hands, not with our feet." Then, taking every man by the hand, he said,—"It rejoiceth my heart, that not one of my friends hath failed me; and I do not complain of my fortune, but only for my country's sake; for I think myself happier than they that have overcome, considering that I leave a perpetual fame of virtue and honesty." Having so said, he prayed every man to shift for himself, and then went a little aside with two or three only, among the which was Strato, who, at his request, held the sword in his hand, and turned his head aside, and Brutus fell down upon it, and so ran himself through, and presently died.

Messala, that had been Brutus' great friend, was reconciled afterwards to Octavius Cæsar; and shortly after he brought Strato unto him, and, weeping, said,—"Cæsar, behold, here is he that did the last service to my Brutus." Then Cæsar received him; and afterwards he did him as faithful service in all his affairs as any Grecian else he had about him. Now, Antony, having found Brutus' body, caused it to be wrapped up in one of the richest coat-armours he had; and afterwards he sent the ashes of his body unto his mother Servilia. It was said that Antony spake it openly divers times, that the thought that of all them that had slain Cæsar there was none but Brutus that was moved to do it, as thinking the act was commendable of itself; but that all the others did conspire his death for some private malice or envy, that they did bear unto him.

From the foregoing abstract, and from the other passages given in our notes, it will be seen that in all the leading incidents of the play the Poet followed the narrator very closely and minutely; though in a number of cases he worked out those incidents with an amazing wealth of poetry and invention. Perhaps it should be remarked, further, that the time of the play is as follows: In February, the year B. C. 44, the festival called Lupercalia was held in honour of Cæsar, when the crown was offered him by Antony. On the 15th of March following he was slain. In November of the next year the Triumvirs, Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus, met on a small island near Bononia, and there made up their bloody proscription. In the year B. C. 42, the civil war was finished by the defeat of Brutus and Cassius near Philippi. So that the events of the drama cover a period of something over two years.

The title of this play is really a misnomer; for, as was re-

marked long ago by Gildon, and more recently by Schlegel. Brutus is the true hero of the piece, Cæsar being brought forward only just so much and in such a way as might serve to advance and set off that prince of the conspirators. And probably the design of the play required some such sacrifice of the greater to the less. For, had Cæsar been represented any thing like as he really was, the course of Brutus, however justifiable as it stood in his own mind, could not have been made to draw in that current of sympathy which is due alike to his character as a man and to the place assigned him in the drama. Such, at all events, is the best excuse we can think of for the treatment here put upon Cæsar: for "the last infirmity of noble minds" is in truth the only point of his character that is fairly set forth in the play; all those colossal gifts and virtues, which placed him at the summit of heathen antiquity, being withheld from the scene, or at least thrown so far into the back-ground that their proper effect is all but lost. For he is represented as little better than a grand, strutting piece of puff-paste, and made to speak very much in the style of a glorious vapourer and braggart, full of lofty airs and mock thunder; than which nothing could possibly be further from the truth of the man, whose character, even in its faults, was as compact and solid as adamant, and at the same time as ductile and limber as the finest gold. Certain critics have seized and worked upon this, as proving that Shakespeare must have been very green in classical study, or else very careless in the use of his authorities. To our mind, it proves neither the one nor the other; but only that he was somewhat deeper in nature than in Greek and Latin. We have no doubt it was all done in the full knowledge of what great Cæsar really was, "the noblest man that ever lived in the tide of times;" and because, upon the plan of making Brutus a dramatic hero, the laws of artistic propriety required it.

Coleridge has thrown out a very pertinent doubt as to what sort of a character Shakespeare meant his Brutus to be. For it is remarkable that in his thinking aloud, a little after the breaking of the conspiracy to him, he avowedly bottoms his purpose, not at all on any thing Cæsar has done nor on what he is, but simply on what he *may become* when crowned. He has "no personal cause to spurn at" Cæsar; nor has he "known when his affections sway'd more than his reason;" but "he would be crown'd: how that might change his nature, there's the question;" and,

> "Since the quarrel
> Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
> Fashion it thus, — that what he is, augmented,
> Would run to these and these extremities."

So then, according to this, the upshot of the whole seems to be, that Brutus enters into and heads a plot for assassinating the man who, besides being clothed with the awful sanctions of law as the

highest representative of the state, has stood as his personal friend and benefactor, not on any ground of fact, but on a sort of theoretical probability, as he views it, that the wearing a crown will prove in some way a sacrament of evil, and cause him to be quite other than the whole course of his life has shown him to be.

And yet the character of Brutus in the play, as in history, is full of beauty and sweetness; high-minded, generous, brave; in all the relations of life upright, gentle, and pure, his honour as white as new-coined snow; of a sensitiveness and delicacy of principle that cannot bosom the slightest stain; scorning to bind his promise with an oath, as one who will sooner die than swerve a hair from his lightest word; his mind enriched and fortified with the best extractions of philosophy; in his habitual demeanor cheerfully grave and genially severe; clothed with all the virtues which, in public and private, at home and in the circle of friends, win respect and charm the heart; a real patriot, every inch of him, able alike to adorn his country in the Senate and in the field, and willing alike to serve her with his life and with his death.

Now, the practice, too common of late, of strangling the Poet's conceptions under a fine net-work of critical theories, in order to approve his depth of wisdom, is not much to our taste: nevertheless, it appears to us that in this play the leading idea was, to give these two sides, however seemingly incompatible, a dramatic reconcilement, and by so doing to show how they might be and in fact were practically reconciled in the Brutus of history. To do this, was indeed a high task for art, even in the hands of such an artist as Shakespeare; yet he has done it. Herein, we think, lies the chief merit of the performance; and, regarded in this light, it can hardly be overpraised. The delineation of Brutus deserves a place near, if not among, his masterpieces.

Of course, as here represented, Brutus could only be what he was and yet do what he did under some kind of delusion. And so indeed it is. Yet this very delusion may be justly said to have the effect of ennobling and beautifying his character, forasmuch as it takes him and works upon him only through his virtues. A genuine though perhaps too absorbing patriotism is the mainspring of his action. But his patriotism is mainly of a speculative kind, and dwells, where his whole character has been chiefly formed, among the ideals of a sort of philosophical and poetical dreamland. He is an ardent and enthusiastic student of books: Plato has been his favourite teacher, and he has studiously framed his life and tuned his thoughts to the grand and pure conceptions won from that all but divine source: Plato's genius and spirit walk with him in the Senate, sit with him at the fire-side, go with him to the war, and still hover about his tent.

Nevertheless, or perhaps we should rather say *therefore*, he does not really see where he is and what lies about him, has no clear eye for the drift and temper of the times, the circumstances

and aptitudes amidst which he lives. The characters of those who act with him are too far below the region of his principles and habitual thinkings for him to take the true cast of them. Himself incapable of such motives as prompt their action, he therefore cannot understand them: he but projects and suspends his ideals in them, and then misreckons upon them as answering to and realizing the men of his own brain. So, also, he clings to the idea of the great and free republic of his fathers, the old Rome that has ever stood to his feelings touched with the consecrations of time, and glorified by the high virtues that have grown up under her cherishing. But, in the long reign of tearing faction and civil butchery, that which he worships has been substantially changed, the reality lost. Cæsar, already clothed with the title and the power of Imperator for life, would but change the form so as to agree with the substance, the name so as to fit the thing. But the mind of Brutus is so filled with the idea of that which has thus passed away never to return, that he thinks to save or to recover the whole thing by preventing such formal and nominal change.

And so his whole course is that of one acting rather on his own ideas than on the facts that are before and around him. He is content to do that by which he thinks his country *ought to be* benefited; giving the go-by, apparently, to the question whether his country is actually in a state to be benefited thereby. As the killing of Cæsar stands dressed in his purpose, he and his associates are to be "sacrificers, but not butchers:" they are to 'carve him as a dish fit for the gods." But, in order to any such effect as he hopes for, it is necessary that his countrymen generally should regard the act in the same light as he intends it. That they will actually so regard it, is the very thing which he has, *in fact*, no reason or right to conclude: notwithstanding, because it is so *in his idea*, therefore he trusts that, the deed "so appearing in the common eye," they will "be call'd purgers, not murderers." Meanwhile the plain truth is, that if his countrymen had been capable of regarding the deed as a sacrifice, they would not have made or permitted any occasion for the doing of it. It is certain that unless so construed the act must prove fruitful of evil: all Rome is full of things proving that it cannot be so construed; but this is what Brutus has not the practical discernment to see, because his wisdom and virtue, noble and beautiful as they are, were born of the ideal, not of the hard, stern realities about him. So, again, in the deeply characteristic oration, when he undertakes to "show the *reason* of our Cæsar's death:" he speaks, in calm and dispassionate manner, just those things which, according to his idea, ought to set the people right, and himself right in their eyes; practically forgetting, all the while, that such an act cannot but stir up passion, and that passion is a thing that cannot be met by reason, because the two hold no proportion to each other. And

for the same cause he will give no place to the thought of despatching Antony, or of denying him a chance of speaking to the people. To do thus, would be unjust, and so would overthrow the whole nature of the enterprise as it lives in his mind and purpose. If he had conceived the fall of Cæsar as drawing on a necessity of such further acts, he would have had no hand in it. And, because in his idea it ought so to be, he trusts that Antony will make Cæsar's death the occasion of strengthening those who killed him; not perceiving or not heeding the strong likelihood, which so soon passes into a fact, that in cutting off Cæsar they have taken away the only check on Antony's ambition; and that Antony, so far from being drawn to their side when Cæsar is out of the way, will rather seek to work himself into Cæsar's place by ruining them.

And so, because Brutus acts without any right understanding of his whereabout, therefore his action has no effect but to set on foot another civil war, which of course ends, as such wars have always ended, in aggravating the evil he sought to remove. He confides in the goodness of his cause, not seeing or not thinking, that the better the cause, the poorer its chance with bad men. Conscious of being honest himself, he therefore thinks others so; feels safe in putting trust in others, because he knows they can safely put trust in him: the singleness of his own eye makes him believe that others will see as he sees, the purity of his own heart, that others will feel as he feels. Thus he still works with instruments that bear no fitness or proportion to the matter; as if one, because a razor is the keenest of tools, should therefore go to hewing rocks with it.

The characters of Brutus and Cassius, though without any seeming effort or care, are discriminated with great subtlety and depth of art; scarce a word falling from either but what relishes some how of their distinctive qualities. Cassius is much the better conspirator, but much the worse man; and therefore the better conspirator, because the worse man. For Brutus engages in the conspiracy on the grounds of abstract and ideal justice: but Cassius, from his very principles of action, regards it as both a wrong and a blunder to go about such a thing but with strong hopes of success. This, accordingly, is the end for which he plans and works, choosing and shaping his means with a view to compass it, minding little whether, in themselves, they be just or not. Withal he is more impulsive and quick, because less under the self-discipline of moral principle. His motives, too, are of a much more mixed and various quality, because his habits of thinking and acting have grown by the measures of experience: he studies to understand men as they are; Brutus is content to understand them as they ought to be, and must needs act with them as if they were what he would have them. Hence, in every case where Brutus crosses Cassius, he is wrong, and Cassius right; right, that

is, if success be the proper crown of their undertaking. Still Brutus overawes him by his moral energy and elevation of character, and by the open-faced rectitude and nobleness of his principles. It is observable that Cassius catches a sort of inspiration and is raised above himself by contact with Brutus.

It is a note-worthy point, also, that Cassius is too practical, too much of a politician, to see any ghosts. Though acting on far lower principles than his leader, and such as the latter would consider both wicked and base, still he does no violence to his own heart in screwing it up to the sticking-place appointed by his head; on the contrary, his heart is all along the prompter of his head. The mind of Brutus, on the other hand, from the very wrenching that his heart has suffered, still reverts to and dwells upon the moral complexion of his first step. It seems not unlikely that the Poet meant to give the impression that the killing of Cæsar planted in his upright and gentle nature a germ of remorse, which gathering strength from whatever adversities befall him, comes to embody itself in sounds and visions heard and seen by none but himself; the Spirit of Justice, made an ill angel to him by his own sense of wrong, hovering in the back-ground of his after life, and haunting his solitary moments in the shape of Cæsar's ghost.

The delineation of Portia, completed in a few brief but most expressive strokes, is indeed an exquisite piece of workmanship. Once seen, the portrait ever after stands as an old and honoured acquaintance of the reader's heart. Like some women we have known, Portia has strength enough to do and to suffer for others, but very little for herself. As the daughter of Cato and the wife of Brutus, she has set in her eye a pattern how she ought to think and act, being "so father'd and so husbanded;" but still her head floats merged over the ears in her heart; and it is only when affection speaks that her sensibilities are hushed into that listening which she would fain have wait upon the speech of reason. She has a clear idea of the stoical calmness and fortitude which appear so noble and so graceful in her Brutus; it all lies faithfully reproduced in her mind; she knows how to honour and admire it; yet she cannot work it into the texture of her character; she can talk it like a book, but she tries in vain to live it. Plutarch gives one most touchingly-characteristic passage respecting her, which the Poet did not use; though he transfused the sense of it into those which he did. It occurred some time after the death of Cæsar, and while the elements of civil war were gathering to a head: "Brutus, seeing the state of Rome would be utterly overthrown, determined to go out of Italy, and went unto the city of Elea, standing by the sea. There Portia, being ready to depart from her husband and return to Rome, did what she could to dissemble the grief and sorrow she felt. But a certain painted table bewrayed her in the end, although until that time she showed a constant and patient mind. The device of the table was taken

out of the Greek stories, how Andromache accompanied her husband Hector, when he went out of the city of Troy to go to the wars, and how Hector delivered her his little son, and how her eyes were never off him. Portia, seeing this picture, and likening herself to be in the same case, fell a-weeping; and, coming thither oftentimes in a day to see it, she wept still." Even so the self-inflicted wound she takes without flinching and bears without a murmur, to support and comfort her husband, and translates its pains into smiles so long as this purpose gives law to her action, because there her heart perfectly keeps touch with her head. But when this is withdrawn, the weakness (if indeed that be the right word) of her woman's nature rushes full upon her; her feelings rise into an uncontrollable flutter, and run out at every joint and motion of her body; she goes into a spasm of anxiety which nothing can arrest until affection again whispers her into the composure of reason, lest she should spill something that may hurt or endanger one whom she loves. O, noble Portia! Well may Campbell say, — "For the picture of that wedded pair, at once august and tender, human nature and the dignity of conjugal faith are indebted."

As a whole, this play is several degrees inferior to Coriolanus. Admirable as is the characterisation regarded individually, still in respect of dramatic combination the play does not to our mind stand among the Poet's masterpieces. But it abounds in particular scenes and passages fraught with the highest virtue of his genius. Among these may be specially mentioned the second scene in Act i., where Cassius lays the egg of the conspiracy in Brutus' mind, warmed with such a wrappage of instigation that he feels certain it will soon be hatched. Also the first scene in Act ii., unfolding the birth of the conspiracy which has hitherto slept in embryo, and winding up with the interview, so charged with domestic glory, of Brutus and Portia. The oration of Antony in Cæsar's funeral is indeed a wonderful performance; being such an interfusion of artifice and passion, of fact and feeling, as realizes the very perfection of its kind. Adapted at once to the comprehension of the lowest mind and to the delectation of the highest, and running its pathos into the very quick of them that hear it, it tells with terrible effect on the people; and when it is done we feel that Cæsar's blood is mightier than ever his genius and his fortune were. The quarrel of Brutus and Cassius is deservedly celebrated. Dr. Johnson thought it "somewhat cold and unaffecting." Coleridge thought otherwise: "I know," says he, "no part of Shakespeare that more impresses on me the belief of his genius being superhuman, than this scene." We are content to err with Coleridge herein, if it be an error. But there is nothing in the play that seems to us more divinely touched than the brief dialogue of Brutus and his servant Lucius, near the close of Act iv. The gentle and loving nature of Brutus is here out in its noblest and sweetest transpiration.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

JULIUS CÆSAR.
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,
MARCUS ANTONIUS, } Triumvirs, after his Death.
M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS,
CICERO, PUBLIUS, POPILIUS LENA, Senators.
MARCUS BRUTUS,
CASSIUS,
CASCA,
TREBONIUS,
LIGARIUS, } Conspirators against Cæsar.
DECIUS BRUTUS,
METELLUS CIMBER,
CINNA,
FLAVIUS and MARULLUS, Tribunes.
ARTEMIDORUS, a Sophist of Cnidos.
A Soothsayer.
CINNA, a Poet. Another Poet.
LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, young CATO, and VOLUMNIUS, Friends to Brutus and Cassius.
VARRO, CLITUS, CLAUDIUS, STRATO, LUCIUS, DARDANIUS, Servants to Brutus.
PINDARUS, Servant to Cassius.

CALPHURNIA, Wife to Cæsar.
PORTIA, Wife to Brutus.

Senators, Commoners, Plebeians, Guards, Attendants, &c.

SCENE, during a great part of the Play, at Rome; afterwards at Sardis; and near Philippi.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Rome. A Street.

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, *and certain Commoners.*

Flav. HENCE! home, you idle creatures, get you home:
Is this a holiday? What! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon a labouring-day without the sign
Of your profession? — Speak, what trade art thou?

Carp. Why, sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on? —
You, sir; what trade are you?

Cob. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

Cob. A trade, sir, that I hope I may use with a safe conscience; which is indeed sir, a mender of bad soles.

Mar. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

[1] Modern editions, until Knight's, assign this speech to Marullus. We see no cause for departing from the original, but some for adhering to it, as it makes the dialogue more spirited, and represents the two Tribunes as rating the people alternately, and each

Cob. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me: yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What mean'st thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow?

Cob. Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

Cob. Truly, sir, all that I live by is, with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women s matters, but with all.[2] I am indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I re-cover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neat's-leather have gone upon my handy work.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

Cob. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings
he home?
What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless
things!
O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome!
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney tops,

resenting what is said to the other as if it were meant equally for himself. We restore, also, the original stage-directions and the prefixes to certain other speeches in this scene. H.

[2] The original reads, "but *withal*;" which modern editions generally change into "with *awl*." In Shakespeare's quibbles, it is often difficult to tell which word should be used; and, as they were meant rather for the ear than the eye, it makes but little difference. H.

Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tyber trembled underneath her banks,[4]
To hear the replication of your sounds,
Made in her concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way,
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone!
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.[4]

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen; and, for this fault,
Assemble all the poor men of your sort:
Draw them to Tyber banks, and weep your tears

[3] The Tyber being always personified as a god, the feminine gender is here, strictly speaking, improper. Milton says: "The river of bliss rolls o'er Elysian flowers *her* amber streams." But he is speaking of the water, and not of its presiding power or genius. Malone observes that Drayton describes the presiding powers of the rivers of England as females; Spenser more classically represents them as males.

[4] Campbell makes a brief criticism on this passage, so just and so genial, that it ought always to go with the play: "It is evident from the opening scene, that Shakespeare, even in dealing with classical subjects, laughed at the classic fear of putting the ludicrous and sublime into juxtaposition. After the low and farcical jests of the saucy cobbler, the eloquence of Marullus 'springs upwards like a pyramid of fire.' It can be no exaggeration to say that these lines in the speech of Marullus are among the most magnificent in the English language. They roll over my mind's ear like the lordliest notes of a cathedral organ; and yet they succeed immediately to the ludicrous idea of a cobbler leading a parcel of fools about the streets, in order to make them wear out their shoes and get himself into more work." H.

Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.
[*Exeunt Commoners*
See, whe'r their basest metal be not mov'd;
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I. Disrobe the images,
If you do find them deck'd with ceremony.
Mar. May we do so?
You know it is the feast of Lupercal.
Flav. It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies.[6] I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing,
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch;
Who else would soar above the view of men,
And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. The Same. A Public Place.

Enter, in Procession, with Music, CÆSAR; ANTONY, *for the course;* CALPHURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, *and* CASCA; *a great Crowd following, among them a Soothsayer.*

Cæs. Calphurnia,—
Casca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks. [*Music ceases.*
Cæs. Calphurnia,—
Cal. Here, my lord.

[5] *Ceremonies* is here used for ornaments of respect or tokens of honour. H.

[6] A passage in the next scene shows what these *trophies* were Casca there informs Cassius that Marullus and Flavius, for pulling *scarfs* off Cæsar's images, are put to silence.

Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius' way
When he doth run his course. — Antonius, —
Ant. Cæsar, my lord.
Cæs. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calphurnia; for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their sterile curse.[1]
Ant. I shall remember:
When Cæsar says, "Do this," it is perform'd.
Cæs. Set on; and leave no ceremony out.
[*Music.*
Sooth. Cæsar!
Cæs. Ha! who calls?
Casca. Bid every noise be still: — Peace yet again! [*Music ceases.*
Cæs. Who is it in the press that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry, Cæsar! Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.
Sooth. Beware the ides of March.
Cæs. What man is that?
Bru. A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.[2]

[1] This passage is founded on the following from North's Plutarch: "At that time the feast Lupercalia was celebrated, the which in old time, men say, was the feast of shepheards or heardsmen. But, howsoever it is, that day there are divers noblemen's sons which run naked through the city, striking in sport them they mee. in their way, with leather thongs. And many noblewomen and gentlewomen also go of purpose to stand in their way, and put forth their hands to be stricken; perswading themselves that, being with child, they shall have good delivery; and so, being barren, that it will make them to conceive. Cæsar sate to behold that sport upon the pulpit for orations, in a chaine of gold, apparelled in triumphant manner. Antonius, who was Consull at that time, was one of them that ranne this holy course." H.

[2] Coleridge has a remark on this line, which, whether true to the subject or not, is very characteristic of the writer: "If my ear does not deceive me, the metre of this line was meant to express

Cæs. Set him before me; let me see his face.

Cas. Fellow, come from the throng: look upon Cæsar.

Cæs. What say'st thou to me now? Speak once again.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. He is a dreamer; let us leave him: — pass.

[*Sennet. Exeunt all but* BRU. *and* CAS.

Cas. Will you go see the order of the course?

Bru. Not I.

Cas. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not gamesome: I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I'll leave you.

Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. Cassius,
Be not deceiv'd: if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am
Of late with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviours;

that sort of mild philosophic contempt, characterising Brutus even in his first casual speech." — Plutarch's Life of Julius Cæsar furnished the basis of the passage, thus: "There was a certaine Soothsayer that had given Cæsar warning long time afore, to take heed of the Ides of March, which is the fifteenth of the month for on that day he should be in great danger. That day being come, Cæsar, going unto the Senate house, and speaking merily unto the Soothsayer, told him the Ides of March be come. So they be, softly answered the Soothsayer, but yet are they not past."

But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd,
(Among which number, Cassius, be you one,)
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;
By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

Bru. No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection, by some other things.

Cas. 'Tis just:
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
(Except immortal Cæsar,) speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?

Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear:
And, since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laugher, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love[3]

[3] To *stale* is to make common, to prostitute. The word is often used in that sense. Thus in Ben Jonson's Every Man in his

To every new protester; if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them; or if you know
That I profess myself, in banqueting,
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish and Shout.*

Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear, the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cas. Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well.
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye and death i'the other,
And I will look on both indifferently;
For, let the gods so speed me, as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.[4]

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story. —
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.

Humour, Act ii. sc. 1: "Not content to *stale* himself in all societies, he makes my house here common as a mart." See, also, Coriolanus, Act i. sc. 1, note 7. H.

[4] Coleridge makes the following comment on this somewhat obscure passage: "Warburton would read *death* for *both*; but I prefer the old text. There are here three things, the public good, the individual Brutus' honour, and his death. The latter two so balanced each other, that he could decide for the first by equipoise; nay, — the thought growing, — that honour had more weight than death. That Cassius understood it as Warburton, is the beauty of Cassius as contrasted with Brutus." H.

I was born free as Cæsar, so were you;
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he.
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tyber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me, "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?" Upon the word
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow: so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy:
But, ere we could arrive the point propos'd,[5]
Cæsar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink!"
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tyber
Did I the tired Cæsar. And this man
Is now become a god; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him I did mark
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake;
His coward lips did from their colour fly;[6]
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world
Did lose his lustre. I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him and write his speeches in their books,
"Alas!" it cried, "give me some drink, Titinius,"

[5] The verb *arrive*, in its active sense, according to its etymology, was formerly used for *to approach*, or come near. Milton several times uses it thus without the preposition.

[6] This is oddly expressed; but a quibble, alluding to a coward flying from his colours, was intended.

As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper[7] should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone. [*Shout. Flourish*

Bru. Another general shout!
I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world.
Like a Colossus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:—
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,—
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.—
Brutus and Cæsar! What should be in that Cæsar?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with them,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd:
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods.
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walks encompass'd but one man?[8]
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.

[7] Temperament, constitution.

[8] Mr. Collier's second folio changes *walks* of this line into *walls* Considering the aptness of the sense and the easiness of the misprint, the change is certainly plausible. Nevertheless, we stick to the old text, as the sense of this also is apt and clear enough.

O! you and I have heard our fathers say
There was a Brutus once, that would have brook'd
Th' eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,
As easily as a king.

Bru That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim:[9]
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further mov'd. What you have said,
I will consider; what you have to say,
I will with patience hear; and find a time
Both meet to hear and answer such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this:
Brutus had rather be a villager,
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as[10] this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad that my weak words
Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

Bru. The games are done, and Cæsar is returning,

Re-enter CÆSAR, *and his Train.*

Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

Bru. I will do so. — But, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,

[9] That is, guess. So in the Two Gentlemen of Verona: "But fearing lest my jealous *aim* might err."

[10] *As*, according to Tooke, is an article, and means the same as *that*, *which*, or *it*: accordingly we find it often so employed by old writers; and particularly in our version of the Bible. Thus Lord Bacon also in his Apophthegmes: "One of the Romans said to his friend; what think you of such a one, *as* was taken with the manner in adultery?"

And all the rest look like a chidden train:
Calphurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes,
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Cæs. Antonius!

Ant. Cæsar.

Cæs. Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o'nights:
Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.[11]

Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar; he's not dangerous.
He is a noble Roman, and well given.

Cæs. 'Would he were fatter:—But I fear him not:
Yet, if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music;
Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves;
And therefore are they very dangerous.

[11] So in North's Plutarch, Life of Julius Cæsar: "Cæsar had Cassius in jelousie, and suspected him much: whereupon he said on a time to his friends, 'What wil Cassius do, think ye? I like not his pale looks.' Another time, when Cæsars friends complained unto him of Antonius and Dolabella, that they pretended some mischief towards him, he answered them,—'As for those fat men, and smooth combed heads, I never reckon of them; but these pale visaged and carion leane people, I feare the mmost; meaning Bruters and Cassius." H.

I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Than what I fear, for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Exeunt* CÆSAR *and his Train.* CASCA *stays.*

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak: would you speak with me?

Bru. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day, That Cæsar looks so sad.

Casca. Why, you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I should not, then, ask Casca what hath chanc'd.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offer'd him: and, being offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a-shout ing.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting by, mine honest neighbours shouted.[12]

[12] Plutarch's best account of this incident is given in the Life of Antonius: "The Romaines celebrated the feast called Lupercalia, and Cæsar, being apparalled in his triumphing robe, was set in the tribune where they use to make orations to the people, and from thence did behold the sport of the runners. Antonius, being one among the rest that was to run, leaving the old customes of that solemnity, ran to the tribune where Cæsar was set, and caried a laurell crowne in his hand, having a royall band or diademe wreathed about it, which was the ancient marke and token of a king. When he was come to Cæsar, he made his fellow-runners lift him up, and so he put the laurell crowne upon his head, signifying thereby that he deserved to be king But Cæsar,

Cas. Who offer'd him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hang'd, as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery; I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown: — yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets; — and, as I told you, he put it by once; but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again; but, to my thinking, he was very loth to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by; and still as he refus'd it the rabblement shouted, and clapp'd their chopp'd hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath, because Cæsar refus'd the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swooned, and fell down at it. And, for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But, soft! I pray you. What! did Cæsar swoon?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like; he hath the falling-sickness.

making as though he refused it, turned away his head. The people were so rejoiced at it, that they al clapped their hands for joy. Antonius againe did put it on his head; Cæsar againe refused it: and thus they were striving off and on a great while together. As oft as Antonius did put this laurel crown unto him, a few of his followers rejoiced at it; and as oft also as Cæsar refused it, all the people together clapped their hands. And this was a wonderfull thing, that they suffered all things subjects should do by commandment of their kings; and yet they could not abide the name of a king, detesting it as the utter destruction of their liberty." H.

Cas. No, Cæsar hath it not; but you, and I, And honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but I am sure Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him, according as he pleas'd and displeas'd them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What said he, when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refus'd the crown, he pluck'd me ope his doublet, and offer'd them his throat to cut. — An I had been a man of any occupation,[13] if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues: — and so he fell. When he came to himself again he said, if he had done or said any thing amiss, he desir'd their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried, "Alas, good soul!" — and forgave him with all their hearts. But there's no heed to be taken of them: if Cæsar had stabb'd their mothers, they would have done no less.[14]

[13] Men of *occupation* are mechanics or artizans. So in Coriolanus, Act iv. sc. 6: "You have made good work, you and your apron-men; you that stood so much upon the voice of *occupation*, and the breath of garlic-eaters." Casca means, if he had been one of the Plebeians to whom Cæsar offered his throat.

H.

[14] The Poet here borrows an incident that is related by Plutarch as having taken place on another occasion some time before the offering Cæsar the crown in public: "When they had decreed divers honours for him in the Senate, the Consuls and Prætors, accompanied with the whole Senate, went unto him in the market place, where he was set by the pulpit for orations, to tell him what honors they had decreed for him in his absence. But he, sitting still in his majestie, disdaining to rise up unto them, when they came in, as if they had been private men, answered them, that his honors had more need to be cut off than enlarged. This did

Bru. And after that, he came thus sad away?

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did Cicero say any thing?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i'the face again: but those that understood him smil'd at one another, and shook their heads; but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence.[18] Fare you well: There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promis'd forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

not onely offend the Senate but the people also, to see that he should so lightly esteeme of the magistrates; insomuch as every man that might lawfully go his way departed thence very sorowfully. Thereupon also Cæsar rising departed home, and, tearing open his dublet coller, making his necke bare, he cried out aloud to his friends, that his throate was readie to offer to any man that would come and cut it. Notwithstanding, it is reported that afterwards, to excuse his folly, he imputed it to his disease, saying that their wits are not perfit which have this disease of the falling evill, when standing on their feete they speake to the people, but are soone troubled with a trembliug of their bodie, and a sodaine dimnesse and giddinesse." H.

[18] This is related in Plutarch thus: "There were set up images of Cæsar in the city, with diademes upon their heads, like kings. Those the two Tribunes, Flavius and Marullus, went and pulled downe; and furthermore, meeting with them that saluted Cæsar as king, they committed them to prison. The people followed them, rejoicing at it, and called them Brutes, because of Brutus who had in old time driven the kings out of Rome, and brought the kingdome of one person unto the government of the Senate and people. Cæsar was so offended withall, that he deprived Marullus and Flavius of their Tribuneships, and spake also against the people, and called them Bruti and Cumani, to wit, beasts and fooles." H

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

Cas. Good; I will expect you.

Casca. Do so: Farewell, both. [*Exit* CASCA.

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be! He was quick mettle when he went to school.

Cas. So he is now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprise,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave you
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you

Cas. I will do so:—till then, think of the world. [*Exit* BRUTUS.

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is disposed:[16] therefore 'tis meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes;
For who so firm, that cannot be seduc'd?
Cæsar doth bear me hard; but he loves Brutus:
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
He should not humour me.[17] I will this night,

[16] The best *metal* or *temper* may be worked into qualities contrary to its *disposition*, or what it is disposed *to*.

[17] To *humour* a man, as the term is here used, is to turn and wind and work him, by playing on his passions. There is some obscurity in the passage, it being not quite clear whether the last *he* refers to Cassius or to Cæsar. Warburton explains it thus: "If I were Brutus, and Brutus were Cassius, he should not cajole me as I do him." Johnson's explanation runs thus: "Cæsar loves Brutus; but if Brutus and I were to change places, his love should not take hold of my affections, so as to make me forget my principles." It is not easy to say which of these is the better.

In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at:
And, after this, let Cæsar seat him sure;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III. The Same. A Street.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter, from opposite sides. CASCA, *with his Sword drawn, and* CICERO.

Cic. Good even, Casca. Brought you Cæsar home?[1]
Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

The former is favoured by what Cassius has just been saying about Brutus' being seduced from the honourable disposition of his nature. On the other hand, the latter best agrees with what the Poet read in Plutarch's Life of Brutus: "Brutus in many things tasted of the benefite of Cæsars favour in any thing he requested. For, if he had listed, he might have been one of Cæsars chiefest friends, and of greatest authoritie and credite about him. Howbeit, Cassius friends did disswade him, and prayed him to beware of Cæsars sweete enticements and to flie his tyrannicall favors; the which they said Cæsar gave him. not to honour his vertue, but to weaken his constant minde, framing it to the bent of his bow. Now Cæsar did not trust him overmuch, nor was without tales brought unto him against him: howbeit, he feared his great mind, authoritie, and friends. Yet, on the other side, he trusted his good nature and faire conditions. For, when one accused Brutus unto him, and bad him beware of him; 'What,' said he, clapping his hands on his breast, 'thinke ye that Brutus will not tary till this bodie die?' meaning that none but Brutus after him was meete to have such power as he had. But Cassius, being a cholericke man, and hating Cæsar privately more than he did the tyrannie openly, incensed Brutus against him. It is also reported that Brutus could evill away with the tyrannie, and that Cassius hated the tyrant." H.

[1] That is, did you *attend* or *escort* him home? This use of *bring* was common. H.

Casca. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of earth
Shakes, like a thing unfirm? O, Cicero!
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen
Th' ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threatening clouds;
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven,
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

Casca. A common slave (you know him well by sight)
Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn
Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
Besides, (I have not since put up my sword,)
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glar'd upon me, and went surly by,
Without annoying me. And there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformed with their fear; who swore they saw
Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets
And yesterday the bird of night did sit,
Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,
Hooting and shrieking.[2] When these prodigies

[2] Plutarch, in the Life of Julius Cæsar, gives the following account of these wonders: "Touching the fires in the element, and spirits running up and downe in the night, and also the solitary birds to be seene at noon daies sitting in the great market place, are not all these signes perhaps worth the noting in such a wonderfull chance as happened? But Strabo the Philosopher writeth, that divers men were seene going up and downe in fire; and furthermore, that there was a slave of the soldiers, that did cast a

Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
"These are their reasons, — they are natural;"
For I believe they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?

Casca. He doth; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night, then, Casca: this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewell, Cicero. [*Exit* CICERO

Enter CASSIUS.

Cas. Who's there?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this?

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cas. Those that have known the earth so full of faults.

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night;
And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone:[2]
And, when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

marvellous burning flame out of his hand; insomuch as they that saw it thought he had bene burnt, but when the fire was out it was found he had no hurt." H.

[2] What is now called a *thunder-bolt*.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?
It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods by tokens send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, Casca; and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman you do want,
Or else you use not. You look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and case yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens;
But if you would consider the true cause,
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds and beasts, from quality and kind;
Why old men fool, and children calculate;
Why all these things change from their ordinance,
Their natures, and preformed faculties,
To monstrous quality; why, you shall find,
That Heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear and warning
Unto some monstrous state. Now could I, Casca,
Name to thee a man most like this dreadful night;
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol:
A man no mightier than thyself or me
In personal action; yet prodigious grown,
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean; is it not, Cassius?

Cas. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have thewes[5] and limbs like to their ancestors;
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,

[4] That is, why birds and beasts deviate from their condition and nature; why old men, fools, and children foretell or prophesy

[5] That is, sinews, muscular strength.

And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

Casca. Indeed, they say the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king;
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land
In every place, save here in Italy.

Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger, then;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny that I do bear
I can shake off at pleasure. [*Thunder still.*

Casca. So can I:
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

Cas. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant, then?
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep:
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire
Begin it with weak straws: What trash is Rome,
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Cæsar! But, O, grief!
Where hast thou led me? I perhaps speak this
Before a willing bondman: then, I know
My answer must be made; but I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca; and to such a man.

That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold, my hand!
Be factious for redress of all these griefs,[6]
And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes farthest.

Cas. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans,
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honourable-dangerous consequence;
And I do know, by this, they stay for me
In Pompey's porch: for now, this fearful night,
There is no stir or walking in the streets;
And the complexion of the element
In favour's like the work we have in hand,[7]
Most bloody-fiery, and most terrible.

Enter CINNA.

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

Cas. 'Tis Cinna; I do know him by his gait:
He is a friend. — Cinna, where haste you so?

Cin. To find out you. Who's that? Metellus Cimber?

Cas. No, it is Casca; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not staid for, Cinna?

Cin. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this!
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

Cas. Am I not staid for? Tell me.

Cin. Yes,
You are. O, Cassius! if you could but win
The noble Brutus to our party, —

[6] *Factious* seems to be here used in its original sense, and so means to be *doing* or *active*. H.

[7] *Favour* here is put for *appearance, look, countenance:* to *favour* is to *resemble*

Cas. Be you content. Good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this
In at his window; set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus, and Trebonius, there?

Cin. All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.
[*Exit* CINNA.
Come, Casca, you and I will yet, ere day,
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already; and the man entire,
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.

Casca. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts!
And that which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchymy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.

Cas. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight; and, ere day,
We will awake him, and be sure of him. [*Exeunt*

ACT II.

SCENE I. The Same. BRUTUS's Orchard.[1]

Enter BRUTUS.

Bru. What, Lucius! ho!—
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day.—Lucius, I say!—
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—
When, Lucius, when![2] Awake, I say: what, Lucius!

Enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord?

Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius.
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

Bru. It must be by his death; and, for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd:
How that might change his nature, there's the question.
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder,
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—that;
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
Th' abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins

[1] *Orchard* and *garden* appear to have been synonymous with our ancestors. In Romeo and Juliet Capulet's *garden* is twice called *orchard*. The word was anciently written *hort-yard*.

[2] *When!* was sometimes used as an exclamation of impatience See King Richard II., Act i. sc. 1, note 24.

Remorse from power:[3] and, to speak truth of Cæsar,
I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
But, when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend.[4] So Cæsar may:
Then, lest he may, prevent: and, since the quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these and these extremities;
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischievous,
And kill him in the shell.[5]

[3] Shakespeare uses *remorse* for *pity, tenderness of heart.*

[4] *Degrees* is here used in its primitive sense of *steps*, meaning of course the rounds of the ladder. — Daniel, in his Civil Wars, the first four books of which were published in 1595, puts a similar thought into the mouth of Richard when on the point of being deposed by Bolingbroke. It is in Book ii., stanzas 15 and 16:

> "Th' aspirer, once attain'd unto the top,
> Cuts off those means by which himself got up;
> And with a harder hand and straiter rein
> Doth curb that looseness he did find before;
> Doubting th' occasion like might serve again:
> His own example makes him fear the more." H.

[5] The subtle casuistry of Brutus in finding out reasons for his foregone conclusion of patriotism, is thus commented on by Coleridge: "This speech is singular; — at least, I do not at present see into Shakespeare's motive, his *rationale*, or in what point of view he meant Brutus' character to appear. For, surely, nothing can seem more discordant with our historical preconceptions of Brutus, or more lowering to the intellect of the Stoico-Platonic tyrannicide, than the tenets here attributed to him; namely, that he would have no objection to a king, or to Cæsar, a monarch in Rome, would Cæsar but be as good a monarch as he now seems

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper, thus seal'd up; and I am sure
It did not lie there when I went to bed.

Bru. Get you to bed again; it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?

Luc. I know not, sir.

Bru. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, sir. [*Exit.*

Bru. The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
Give so much light, that I may read by them.
[*Opens the Letter, and reads.*
"Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake, and see thyself.
Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress!
Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake!"—
Such instigations have been often dropp'd
Where I have took them up.
"Shall Rome, &c." Thus must I piece it out:
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What! Rome?
My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.
"Speak, strike, redress!"—Am I entreated
To speak and strike? O Rome! I make thee promise,
If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus![6]

disposed to be! How, too, could Brutus say that he found no personal cause, none in Cæsar's past conduct as a man? Had he not passed the Rubicon? Had he not entered Rome as a conqueror? Had he not placed his Gauls in the Senate?—Shakespeare, it may be said, has not brought these things forward. True; and this is just the ground of my perplexity. What character did Shakespeare mean his Brutus to be?" H.

[6] This passage is based upon the following from Plutarch's Life

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.[7]

[*Knocking within.*

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks. [*Exit* LUCIUS

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,
I have not slept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
The genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council; and the state of man,[8]
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.[9]

of Brutus: "But, for Brutus, his friends and countrimen, both by divers procurements and sundry rumours of the city, and by many bils also, did openly call him to do that he did. For under the image of his ancestor, Junius Brutus, that drave the kings out of Rome, they wrote,—'O, that it pleased the gods thou wert now alive, Brutus!' and againe,—'That thou wert here among us now!' His tribunall or chaire, where he gave audience during the time he was Prætor, was full of such bils,—'Brutus, thou art asleep, and art not Brutus indeed!'" H.

[7] The original reads "*fifteen* days." The time of the scene in this place was at the dawn of the *fifteenth;* and hence, no doubt, the Poet's mistake; if indeed it be a mistake; for in such computations of time it was common to reckon in both days. The change was made by Theobald, and has been retained ever since: we therefore keep to it, notwithstanding it savours rather of modernizing the Poet's language. H.

[8] The original reads, "the state of *a* man;" which is retained by Knight, Collier and Verplanck, while all other modern editions leave out the *a*. Mr. Dyce says,—"For my own part, I am convinced that *a* is the barbarous and impertinent addition of a transcriber or printer." It were indeed strange that the Poet should have thrust in an *a* here, to no end, apparently, but to spoil the metre. H.

[9] *Mortal* is assuredly *deadly;* as it is in Macbeth: "Come, you spirits, that tend on *mortal* thoughts." By instruments, I understand our bodily powers, our members: as Othello calls his eyes

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,[10]
Who doth desire to see you.
Bru. Is he alone?
Luc. No, sir; there are more with him.
Bru. Do you know them?
Luc. No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.
Bru. Let them enter. [*Exit* LUCIUS.
They are the faction. O conspiracy!
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O! then, by day,
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles and affability:
For if thou path,[11] thy native semblance on,

and hands his speculative and active instruments. So intending to paint, as he does very finely, the inward conflict which precedes the commission of some dreadful crime; he represents, as I conceive him, the genius, or soul, consulting with the body, and, as it were, questioning the limbs, the instruments which are to perform this deed of death, whether they can undertake to bear her out in the affair, whether they can screw up their courage to do what she shall enjoin them. The tumultuous commotion of opposing sentiments and feelings produced by the firmness of the soul, contending with the secret misgivings of the body, during which the mental faculties are, though not actually dormant, yet in a sort of waking stupor, "crushed by one overwhelming image;" is finely compared to a phantasm or a hideous dream, and by the *state of man* suffering the nature of an insurrection. BLAKEWAY.

[10] Cassius had married Junia, the *sister* of Brutus; hence the former is here spoken of as the latter's *brother*. H.

[11] *Path* has been thought by some, Coleridge among them, to

Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

Enter CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METELLUS CIMBER, *and* TREBONIUS.

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your rest:
Good morrow, Brutus: Do we trouble you?

Bru. I have been up this hour; awake, all night.
Know I these men that come along with you?

Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here,
But honours you: and every one doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself,
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This Decius Brutus.

Bru. He is welcome too.

Cas. This, Casca; this, Cinna;
And this, Metellus Cimber.

Bru. They are all welcome.
What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?

Cas. Shall I entreat a word? [*They whisper.*

Dec. Here lies the east: doth not the day break here?

Casca. No.

Cin. O, pardon! sir, it doth; and yond' gray lines,
That fret the clouds, are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess that you are both deceiv'd.

be a misprint for *put*. But *path* was sometimes used as a verb for *walk*. Thus in Drayton's Epistles:

> "His ghostly counsels only to advise
> The means how Langley's progeny may rise,
> *Pathing* young Henry's unadvised ways." H.

Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence, up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire; and the high east
Stands as the Capitol, directly here.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath: if not the face of men,[12]
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery.[13] But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women; then, countrymen,
What need we any spur but our own cause,
To prick us to redress? what other bond,
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,
And will not palter?[14] and what other oath,
Than honesty to honesty engag'd,
That this shall be or we will fall for it?

[12] Johnson thus explains this passage; in which, with a view perhaps to imitate the abruptness of discourse, Shakespeare has constructed the latter part without regard to the beginning: "The *face of men* is the *countenance*, the *regard*, the *esteem* of the public; in other terms, *honour* and *reputation:* or the *face* of men may mean the dejected look of the people."

[13] Steevens thinks there may be an allusion here to the custom of *decimation*, that is, the selection by *lot* of every tenth soldier in a general mutiny for punishment.

[14] To *palter* is to shuffle or equivocate. So in Macbeth, Act v. 7:

> "And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
> That *palter* with us in a double sense;
> That keep the word of promise to our ear,
> And break it to our hope" H.

Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautelous,[15]
Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs: unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt; but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise,
Nor th' insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
To think that or our cause or our performance
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood,
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy,
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

Cas. But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him? I think he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Met. O, let us have him! for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
It shall be said, his judgment rul'd our hands;
Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. O, name him not! let us not break with him;[16]
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed, he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd, but only Cæsar?

Cas. Decius, well urg'd. — I think it is not meet,
Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,

[15] *Cautelous* seems to be here used in the sense of deceit or fraud; though its original meaning is wary, circumspect. See Coriolanus, Act iv. sc. 1, note 3. H.

[16] That is, not break or open the matter with him.

Should outlive Cæsar: we shall find of him
A shrewd contriver; and, you know, his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far
As to annoy us all; which to prevent,
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs,
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards;[17]
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar;
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas!
Cæsar must bleed for it. And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds:
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make
Our purpose necessary, and not envious;
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm,
When Cæsar's head is off.

Cas. Yet I fear him:
For in th' ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar—

Bru. Alas! good Cassius, do not think of him:
If he love Cæsar, all that he can do

[17] *Envy* here, as almost always by Shakespeare, is used for *malice*.

Is to himself; take thought,[18] and die for Cæsar:
And that were much he should; for he is given
To sports, to wildness, and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not die;
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

[*Clock strikes.*

Bru. Peace! count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath stricken three

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet,
Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no;
For he is superstitious grown of late,
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies.[19]
It may be, these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that: if he be so resolv'd,
I can o'ersway him; for he loves to hear
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,[20]

[18] To *take thought* is *to grieve, to be troubled in mind.* "My bodie surely is well, or in good case; but *I take thought*, or my minde is full of fancies and trouble." — *Baret.*

[19] *Main opinion* is *fixed opinion, general estimation.* *Fantasy* was used for *imagination* or *conceit* in Shakespeare's time. *Ceremonies* means omens or signs deduced from sacrifices and other ceremonial rites.

[20] *Unicorns* are said to have been taken by one who, running behind a tree, eluded the violent push the animal was making at him, so that his horn spent its force on the trunk, and stuck fast, detaining the animal till he was despatched by the hunter. *Bears* are reported to have been surprised by means of a *mirror*, which they would gaze on, affording their pursuers an opportunity of taking the surer aim. *Elephants* were seduced into pitfalls, lightly covered with hurdles and turf, on which a proper bait to tempt them was placed.

Lions with toils, and men with flatterers:
But, when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does; being then most flattered.
Let me work;
For I can give his humour the true bent,
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eighth hour; is that the uttermost?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey:
I wonder none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by him:[21]
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

Cas. The morning comes upon 's: we'll leave you, Brutus.—
And, friends, disperse yourselves; but all remember
What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily:
Let not our looks put on our purposes;
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untir'd spirits and formal constancy.
And so, good-morrow to you every one.

[*Exeunt all but* BRUTUS.

Boy! Lucius!—Fast asleep?—It is no matter;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:[22]
Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

[21] That is, by his house; make that your way home.

[22] The original has "*honey-heavy* dew of slumber." The change is from Mr. Collier's second folio. Mr. Singer says,—"The transposition is judicious, and has also been made by the corrector of my second folio." H.

Enter PORTIA.

Por. Brutus, my lord!

Bru. Portia, what mean you? Wherefore rise you now?
It is not for your health, thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw-cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. You have ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed: And yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across;
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks:
I urg'd you further; then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot:
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not;
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you: So I did;
Fearing to strengthen that impatience,
Which seem'd too much enkindled; and, withal,
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;
And, could it work so much upon your shape,
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,[23]
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wise, and were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, so I do. — Good Portia, go to bed.

Por. Is Brutus sick? and is it physical
To walk unbraced, and suck up the humours

[23] *Condition* is temper, disposition, demeanour.

Of the dank morning? What! is Brutus sick,
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night,
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: and, upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy; and what men to-night
Have had resort to you: for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort or limitation;
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife;
As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I grant I am a woman; but, withal,
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant I am a woman; but, withal,

A woman well reputed, Cato's daughter.
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them:
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh: Can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets?

Bru. O, ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife![24]

[*Knocking within.*

[24] The matter of this noble dialogue is thus delivered in Plutarch's Life of Brutus: "His wife Porcia was the daughter of Cato, whom Brutus maried, being his cousin; not a maiden, but a young widow after the death of her first husband, Bibulus. This ladie, loving her husband well, and being of a noble courage, as she was also wise; because she would not aske her husband what he ayled before she had made some proofe by herselfe; tooke a litle razour, and, causing her women to go out of her chamber, gave herselfe a great gash withall in her thigh; and incontinently after a vehement feaver tooke her, by reason of the paine of her wound. Then, perceiving her husband was marvellously out of quiet, and could take no rest, she spake in this sort unto him: 'I, being, O Brutus! the daughter of Cato, was maried unto thee; not to be thy bed-fellow and companion at board onely, like a harlot, but to be partaker also with thee of thy good and evill fortune. Now, for thyselfe, I can find no cause of fault in thee touching our match; but, for my part, how may I shew my duty towards thee, and how much I would do for thy sake, if I cannot constantly beare a secret mischance or griefe with thee? I confesse that a womans wit commonly is too weake to keepe a secret safely: but yet good education and the company of vertuous men have some power to reforme the defect of nature. And, for myselfe, I have this benefite, moreover, that I am the daughter of Cato, and wife of Brutus. Notwithstanding, I did not trust to any of these things, until now I have found by experience, that no paine or griefe whatsoever can overcome me.' With these words, shee shewed him the wound on her thigh, and told him what she had done to prove herselfe. Brutus was amazed to heare what she sayd unto him; and, lifting up his hands to heaven, he besought the goddes to give him the grace that he might be found a husband worthy of so noble a wife as Porcia: so he then did comfort her the best he could."

H.

Hark, hark! one knocks. Portia, go in awhile;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows.[25]
Leave me with haste. [*Exit* PORTIA

Enter LUCIUS *and* LIGARIUS.

Lucius, who is that knocks?

Luc. Here is a sick man that would speak with you.

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.
Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius! how!

Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief![26] Would you were not sick

Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome!
Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins!
Thou, like an exorcist,[27] hast conjur'd up

[25] *Charactery* is defined "writing by characters or strange marks." Brutus therefore means that he will divulge to her the secret cause of the sadness marked on his countenance.

[26] Shakespeare has given to the Romans the manners of his own time. It was a common practice in England for those who were sick to wear a kerchief on their heads, and still continues among the common people in many places. Thus in Fuller's Worthies of Cheshire, speaking of physicians: "If this county hath bred no writers in that faculty, the wonder is the less, if it be true what I read, that if any there be sick, they make him a posset and *tye a kerchief on his head;* and if that will not mend him, then God be merciful to him."

[27] Shakespeare uses *exorcist* for one who raises spirits, not one

My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible;
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

Bru. A piece of work that will make sick men whole.

Lig. But are not some whole that we must make sick?

Bru. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going,
To whom it must be done.

Lig. Set on your foot,
And with a heart new-fir'd I follow you,
To do I know not what; but it sufficeth,
That Brutus leads me on.

Bru. Follow me, then. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Same. A Room in Cæsar's Palace.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter Cæsar, *in his Night-gown.*

Cæs. Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace to-night:
Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out,
'Help, ho! they murder Cæsar!'—Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord?

Cæs. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.

Serv. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

who lays them. See All's Well that Ends Well, Act v. sc. 3 note 24.

Enter CALPHURNIA.

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar? Think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cæs. Cæsar shall forth: the things that threaten'd me
Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,[1]
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead;
Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,
In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol:
The noise of battle hurtled in the air;[2]

[1] Never paid a regard to prodigies or omens. See note 19, in the preceding scene.

[2] To *hurtle* is to clash, or move with violence and noise. — Plutarch's Life of Julius Cæsar furnished the basis of this dialogue: "Cæsar self also, doing sacrifice unto the gods, found that one of the beasts which was sacrificed had no hart; and that was a strange thing in nature, how a beast could live without a heart. And the very day before, Cæsar, supping with Marcus Lepidus, sealed certaine letters, as he was wont to do, at the board: so, talk falling out amongst them what death was best, he cried out aloud, 'Death unlooked for.' Then, going to bed the same night, as his manner was, and lying with his wife Calpurnia, all the windows and doores of his chamber flying open, the noise awoke him, and made him afraid; but more, when he heard his wife, being fast asleepe, weepe and sigh, and put forth many fumbling lamentable speeches; for she dreamed that Cæsar was slaine, and that she had him in her armes. Cæsar rising in the morning, she prayed him, if it were possible, not to go out of the doores that day, but to adjourne the session of the Senate untill another day: and that, if he made no reckoning of her dreame

Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan;
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Cæs. What can be avoided,
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth; for these predictions
Are to the world in general, as to Cæsar.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets seen
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.[3]

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their deaths,
The valiant never taste of death but once.[4]

yet he would search further of the soothsaiers, to know what should happen him that day. It seemed that Cæsar likewise did feare or suspect somewhat, because his wife Calpurnia until that time was never given to any feare or superstition. When the soothsaiers, having sacrificed many beasts one after another, told him that none did like them; then he determined to send Antonius to adjourne the session of the Senate." H.

[3] This may have been suggested by Suetonius, who relates that a blazing star appeared for seven days together during the celebration of games, instituted by Augustus, in honour of Julius The common people believed that this indicated his reception among the gods: his statues were accordingly ornamented with its figure, and medals struck on which it was represented. Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton, in his Defensative against the Poison of supposed Prophecies, 1583, says: "Next to the shadows and pretences of experience, (which have been met with all at large,) they seem to brag most of the strange events which follow (for the most part) after *blazing starres;* as if they were the summonses of God to call princes to the seat of judgment. The surest way to shake their painted bulwarkes of experience is, by making plaine that neither princes always dye when comets blaze, nor comets always when princes dye." In this work is a curious anecdote of Queen Elizabeth: "being dissuaded from looking on a comet, with a courage equal to the greatness of her state she caused the windowe to be sette open, and said, *Jacta est alea* — the dice are thrown."

[4] So in Plutarch: "When some of his friends did counsell him to have a guard for the safety of his person, and some also did offer themselves to serve him; he would never consent, but said it was better to die once, than alwayes to be afraid of death."

H

Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come, when it will come.

Re-enter a Servant.

What say the augurers?

Serv. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice:
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not: Danger knows full well
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.
We are two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible;
And Cæsar shall go forth.[5]

Cal. Alas, my lord!
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day: call it my fear
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.

[5] Steevens observes, that any speech of Cæsar, throughout this scene, will appear to disadvantage, if compared with the following, put into his mouth by May in the seventh book of his Supplement to Lucan:

"Plus me, Calphurnia, luctus
Et lachrymæ movere tuæ, quam tristia vatum
Responsa, infaustæ volucres, aut ulla dierum
Vana superstitio poterant. Ostenta timere
Si nunc inciperem, quæ non mihi tempora posthac
Anxia transirent? quæ lux jucunda maneret?
Aut quæ libertas? frustra servire timori
(Dum nec luce frui, nec mortem arcere licebit)
Cogar, et huic capiti quod Roma veretur, aruspex
Jus dabit, et vanus semper dominabitur augur"

We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house,
And he shall say you are not well to-day:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæs. Mark Antony shall say I am not well;
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter DECIUS.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Dec. Cæsar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy Cæsar:
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the senators,
And tell them that I will not come to-day:
Cannot, is false; and that I dare not, falser:
I will not come to-day. Tell them so, Decius.

Cal. Say, he is sick.

Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afeard to tell gray-beards the truth?
Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.

Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause
Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.

Cæs. The cause is in my will; I will not come
That is enough to satisfy the senate.
But, for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know:
Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:
She dream'd to-night she saw my statua,[6]

[6] In Shakespeare's time *statue* was pronounced indifferently as a word of two syllables or three. Bacon uses it repeatedly as a trisyllable, and spells it *statua*, as in his Advancement of Learning, 1633: "It is not possible to have the true pictures or *statuaes* of Cyrus, Alexander, Cæsar, no, nor of the kings or great personages of much later years." The measure evidently requires that it be a word of three syllables here, as also in Act iii. sc. 2

Which, like a fountain with a hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.
And these doth she apply for warnings and portents,
And evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted:
It was a vision, fair and fortunate.
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood; and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance.[7]
This by Calphurnia's dream is signified.

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say:
And know it now. The senate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty Cæsar:
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
"Break up the senate till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams."
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
"Lo! Cæsar is afraid?"
Pardon me, Cæsar; for my dear, dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this;
And reason to my love is liable.[8]

"And at the base of Pompey's *statue*." Many editions print *statua* in both places, but without sufficient warrant. See 2 Henry VI., Act iii. sc. 2, note 4; and King Richard III., Act iii. sc 7, note 3. H

[7] At the execution of several of our ancient nobility, martyrs, &c., we are told that handkerchiefs were *tinctured* with their blood, and preserved as affectionate or salutary memorials of the deceased.

[8] That is, propriety of speech stands second, gives way to my

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calphurnia!
I am ashamed I did yield to them.—
Give me my robe, for I will go:—

Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS, CASCA, TREBONIUS, *and* CINNA.

And look, where Publius is come to fetch me.
Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar.
Cæs. Welcome, Publius.—
What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?—
Good morrow, Casca.—Caius Ligarius,
Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy,
As that same ague which hath made you lean.—
What is't o'clock?
Bru. Cæsar, 'tis stricken eight.
Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

love.—This is taken very literally from Plutarch, the passage following immediately upon that quoted in note 2 of this scene: "In the meane time came Decius Brutus, surnamed Albinus, in whom Cæsar put such confidence that in his last will and testament he had appointed him to be his heire; and yet was he of the conspiracie with Brutus and Cassius. He, fearing that if Cæsar did adjourne the session that day the conspiracie would be betrayed, laughed at the Soothsayers, and reproved Cæsar, saying that he gave the Senate occasion to mislike with him, and that they might think he mocked them, considering that by his commandment they were assembled; and that they were ready willingly to grant him all things, and to proclaime him king of all his provinces of the Empire out of Italy, and that he should weare his diademe in all other places both by sea and land. And furthermore, if any man should tel them from him they should depart for that present time, and return againe when Calpurnia should have better dreames, what would his enemies and ill-willers say, and how could they like of his friends words? And who could perswade them otherwise, but that they would think his dominion a slavery unto them, and him tyrannicall in himselfe? And yet, if it be so, said he, that you utterly mislike of this day, it is better that you go yourselfe in person, and, saluting the Senate, dismisse them til another time. Therewithall he took Cæsar by the hand and brought him out of his house." H.

Enter ANTONY.

See! Antony, that revels long o'nights,
Is notwithstanding up.—Good morrow, Antony.
Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.
Cæs. Bid them prepare within:
I am to blame to be thus waited for.—
Now, Cinna:—Now, Metellus:—What, Trebonius!
I have an hour's talk in store for you.
Remember that you call on me to-day:
Be near me, that I may remember you.
Treb Cæsar, I will:—[*Aside.*] and so near will I be,
That your best friends shall wish I had been further.
Cæs. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me,
And we, like friends, will straightway go together.
Bru. That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon!

[*Exeunt*

SCENE III.

The Same. A Street near the Capitol.

Enter ARTEMIDORUS, *reading a Paper.*

Art. Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus loves thee not; thou hast wrong'd Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou be'st not immortal, look about you: security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover, ARTEMIDORUS

Here will I stand, till Cæsar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.

My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.[1]
If thou read this, O Cæsar! thou may'st live;
If not, the fates with traitors do contrive.[2] [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. The Same.

Another Part of the same Street, before the House of BRUTUS.

Enter PORTIA *and* LUCIUS.

Por. I pr'ythee, boy, run to the senate-house.
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.
Why dost thou stay?

Luc. To know my errand, madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou should'st do there.—
O constancy, be strong upon my side!
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!—
Art thou here yet?

[1] *Emulation* is here used in its old sense, of envious, or factious rivalry. See Troilus and Cressida, Act ii. sc. 2, note 17.

[2] The Poet here follows Plutarch very closely: "One Artemidorus, born in the ile of Cnidos, a doctor of rhetorick in the Greeke tongue, who by means of his profession was very familiar with Brutus confederates, and therefore knew the most part of al their practices against Cæsar, came and brought him a litle bill, written with his owne hand, of all that he meant to tel him. He, marking how Cæsar received all the supplications that were offered him, and that he gave them straight to his men that were about him, pressed nearer to him, and said,—'Cæsar, reade this memoriall to yourselfe, and that quickly, for they be matters of great weight, and touch you nearly.' Cæsar took it of him, but could never reade it, though he many times attempted it, for the number of people that did salute him; but, holding it still in his hand keeping it to himselfe, went on withall into the Senate-house."

Luc. Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else,
And so return to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes; bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,
For he went sickly forth: And take good note
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy! what noise is that?

Luc. I hear none, madam.

Por. Pr'ythee, listen well
I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter the Soothsayer.

Por. Come hither, fellow.
Which way hast thou been?

Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.

Por. What is't o'clock?

Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.

Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?

Sooth. Madam, not yet: I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?

Sooth. That I have, lady: if it will please Cæsar
To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

Por. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended towards him?

Sooth. None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance.
Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors

Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [*Exit.*

Por. I must go in. — Ah me! how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O Brutus!
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!
Sure, the boy heard me: — Brutus hath a suit,[1]
That Cæsar will not grant. — O! I grow faint. —
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;
Say, I am merry: come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.[2]
[*Exeunt*

[1] These words Portia addresses to Lucius, to deceive him, by assigning a false cause for her present perturbation.

[2] In Plutarch's Life of Brutus the incident of this scene is related as follows: "In the meane time, there came one of Brutus men post hast unto him, and told him his wife was dying. For Porcia, being very carefull and pensive for that which was to come, and being too weake to away with so great and inward griefe of mind, could hardly keepe within, but was frighted with every little noyse and crie she heard; asking every man that came from the market place what Brutus did, and sending messenger after messenger, to know what newes. At length, Cæsars comming being prolonged, Porciaes weaknesse was not able to hold out any longer; and thereupon shee sodainly swounded, that she had no leysure to go to her chamber, but was taken in the middest of her house. Howbeit, she soone came to herselfe againe, and so was layd in her bed, and attended by her women. When Brutus heard these newes, it grieved him; yet he left not off the care of his countrie, neither went to his house for any newes he heard."

ACT III.

SCENE I. The Same.

The Capitol; the Senate sitting.

A Crowd of People in the Street leading to the Capitol; among them ARTEMIDORUS, *and the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter* CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS. *and Others.*

Cæs. The ides of March are come.

Sooth. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.

Art. Hail, Cæsar! Read this schedule.

Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

Art. O, Cæsar! read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer: Read it, great Cæsar.

Cæs. What touches us ourself shall be last serv'd.[1]

Art. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

Cæs. What! is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirrah, give place.

Cæs. What! urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

CÆSAR *enters the Capitol, the rest following. All the Senators rise.*

Pop. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.

Cas. What enterprise, Popilius?

[1] Mr. Collier's second folio offers a shrewd change in this line, thus: "*That* touches us? Ourself shall be last serv'd." Nevertheless we are not prepared to adopt it; the text making good enough sense as it stands.

Pop. Fare you well.

Bru. What said Popilius Lena?

Cas. He wish'd to-day our enterprise might thrive. I fear our purpose is discovered.

Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar: Mark him

Cas. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention —
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.

Bru. Cassius, be constant:
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

Cas. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY *and* TREBONIUS. CÆSAR *and the Senators take their seats.*

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

Bru. He is address'd:[2] press near, and second him.

Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand

Casca. Are we all ready?[3]

Cæs. What is now amiss,
That Cæsar and his senate must redress?

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart: — [*Kneeling*

[2] That is, he is *ready*.

[3] In the original these words begin the following speech of Cæsar. Ritson first suggested that they properly belonged to one of the conspirators; and the suggestion has been approved, though not adopted, by several editors. The change is made in Collier's second folio, assigning the words to Casca; which is probably right, as he was to lead off in the enterprise of stabbing

Cæs. I must prevent thee, Cimber.
These couchings[4] and these lowly courtesies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turn pre-ordinance and first decree
Into the law of children. Be not fond,
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood,
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,
Low-crooked courtesies, and base spaniel fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banished:
If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong; nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.[5]

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,

[4] Mr. Collier's second folio changes *couchings* into *crouchings*, and *low-crooked*, some lines below, into *low-crouched*. This seems an inadmissible modernizing of the Poet's language. Among the proper senses of to *couch*, Richardson gives "to lower, to stoop, to bend down;" and he says that "to *couch* and to *lower* have similar applications, and probably the same origin." An apt instance occurs in Chapman's Homer, Iliad, book xiii.: "As through fallow fields blake oxen draw a well-joynd plough, all heads *coucht* so close to earth they plow the fallow with their hornes." — In the fourth line below, the original has "*lane* of children." *Lawe*, as the word was then written, might easily be mistaken for *lane*. H.

[5] Some question has been made whether this passage have reached us the same as originally written; and the doubt has grown from a remark in Ben Jonson's Discoveries, 1640: Speaking of Shakespeare, he says, — "Many times he fell into those things could not escape laughter: as when he said in the person of Cæsar, one speaking to him, 'Cæsar, thou dost me wrong;' he replied, 'Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause:' and such like, which were ridiculous." We agree with Mr. Collier that Jonson was speaking only from memory, which, as himself confesses, was "shaken with age now, and sloth;" and so misquoted the Poet. Still it is not impossible that he may have quoted rightly from the play as he had heard it on the stage, and that Shakespeare may have afterwards corrected the passage. H

To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear,
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar;
Desiring thee, that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæs. What, Brutus!

Cas. Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Cæs. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you.
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality,
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
They are all fire, and every one doth shine;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place:
So, in the world: 'tis furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;[6]
Yet in the number I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshak'd of motion; and, that I am he,
Let me a little show it even in this,—
That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O Cæsar!—

Cæs. Hence! Wilt thou lift up Olympus

Dec. Great Cæsar,—

Cæs. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me.

[CASCA *stabs* CÆSAR *in the Neck.* CÆSAR *catches hold of his Arm. He is then stabbed by several other Conspirators, and at last by* MARCUS BRUTUS.[7]

[6] That is, intelligent, capable of apprehending.

[7] The original stage direction is merely this,—"They stab

Cæs. Et tu, Brute?[8] — Then, fall, Cæsar.

[*Dies. The Senators and People retire in confusion.*

Cin. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead! — Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cas. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out, 'Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!"

Bru. People, and senators! be not affrighted; Fly not; stand still: — ambition's debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Dec. And Cassius too.

Bru. Where's Publius?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's Should chance —

Bru. Talk not of standing: — Publius, good cheer There is no harm intended to your person, Nor to no Roman else; so tell them, Publius.

Cas. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people, Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

Bru. Do so; — and let no man abide this deed, But we the doers.

Re-enter TREBONIUS.

Cas. Where's Antony?

Cæsar." That in our text was formed by Malone and others from Plutarch and Suetonius, and has grown to be universally received. H.

[8] These words, so awkwardly introduced, are not to be found in any of the classical authorities from which the Poet drew for this play. They occur in "The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York," thus: "*Et tu, Brute?* Wilt thou stab Cæsar too?" The same words are also met with in a poem called "Acolastus his Afterwit," 1600. Whence the Poet may have derived them, is uncertain; perhaps from some earlier play on the subject H

Tre. Fled to his house amaz'd
Men, wives, and children, stare, cry out, and run,
As it were doomsday.

Bru. Fates, we will know your pleasures: —
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Casca. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.[9]

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death. — Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords;
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place,
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, Peace! Freedom! and Liberty!

Cas. Stoop, then, and wash. How many ages hence,
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over.
In states unborn, and accents yet unknown!

Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies along,
No worthier than the dust!

Cas. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty.[10]

[9] This is the last speech we have from Casca, and even this has unaccountably been taken from him by modern editors, and transferred to Cassius. The sentiment is in strict keeping with what Casca says in Act i. sc. 3: "Every bondman in his own hand bears the power to cancel his captivity." Steevens justly remarks, upon the dismissal of Casca, that the Poet knew he had a sufficient number of heroes on his hands, and was glad to lose an individual in the crowd; and that Casca's singularity of manners would have appeared to little advantage amid the succeeding war and tumult. H.

[10] There is nothing in the play more puzzling to us than this

Dec. What! shall we forth?

Cas. Ay, every man away:
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft! who comes here? A friend of Antony's.

Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:
Say, I love Brutus, and I honour him;
Say, I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd him
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state,
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.

Serv. I'll fetch him presently. [*Exit.*

and the two preceding speeches. It seems to us that the Poet either committed a great oversight in making his heroes talk thus, or else meant it as a very significant and characteristic passage. Did he mean to indicate a sort of sentimental hanging and brooding over their own virtue, to suck thereout self-solacement and self-assurance of fame, such as might naturally grow from making patriotism the special purpose and profession of their lives?

H.

Bru. I know that we shall have him well to friend.

Cas. I wish we may; but yet have I a mind
That fears him much, and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Bru. But here comes Antony. — Welcome, Mark Antony.

Ant. O, mighty Cæsar! Dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? — Fare thee well. —
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:[11]
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour; nor no instrument
Of half that worth, as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech you, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die:
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony! beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands and this our present act,
You see we do; yet see you but our hands,
And this the bleeding business they have done.

[11] Johnson explains this: "Who else may be supposed to have *overtopped* his equals, and *grown too high* for the public safety." So in the speech of Oliver in As You Like It, Act i. sc. 1, when incensed at the high bearing of Orlando: "Is it even so! begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your *rankness*."

Our hearts you see not: they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome
(As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity)
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony,
Our arms no strength of malice;[12] and our hearts,
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's,
In the disposing of new dignities.[13]

Bru. Only be patient, till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom
Let each man render me his bloody hand:
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;—
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;—
Now, Decius Brutus, yours;—now yours, Metellus;
Yours, Cinna;—and, my valiant Casca, yours;—
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.

[12] In the old copies, this clause is disjoined from the preceding part of the sentence, linked to the following, and printed thus: "Our arms *in* strength of malice, and our hearts of brothers' temper, do receive you in," &c. It seems hardly possible to squeeze any consistent meaning out of the words, "our arms *in* strength of malice," as thus ordered. The changing of *in* into *no* was proposed by Steevens, approved by Singer, and seems required by the rest of the sentence. Mr. Collier's second folio reads, "Our arms, in strength of *welcome*." H.

[13] Mr. Blakeway observes, that Shakespeare has maintained the consistency of Cassius's character, who, being selfish and greedy himself, endeavours to influence Antony by similar motives. Brutus, on the other hand, is invariably represented as disinterested and generous, and is adorned by the Poet with so many good qualities, that we are almost tempted to forget that he was an assassin.

Gentlemen all, — alas! what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer. —
That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true!
If, then, thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better, than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart;
Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe.[14]
O world! thou wast the forest to this hart;
And this indeed, O world! the heart of thee.[15]
How like a deer, stricken by many princes,
Dost thou here lie!

Cas. Mark Antony, —

[14] *Lethe* is used by many old writers for *death*.

[15] Coleridge gives out a strong opinion that these two lines were interpolated by some actor, and that we have but to read the passage without them, to see that they never were in it. He adds the following: "I venture to say there is no instance in Shakespeare fairly like this. Conceits he has; but they not only rise out of some word in the lines before, but also lead on to the thought in the lines following. Here the conceit is a mere alien: Antony forgets an image, when he is even touching it, and then recollects it, when the thought last in his mind must have led him away from it." We willingly give the Poet the benefit of this most subtle criticism, and should rejoice to be assured that Coleridge's opinion is right; for the lines are certainly a foul blemish in the passage: but, alas! to our thinking, they have too many brothers and sisters to admit of their being criticised out of the family.

Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius:
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;
Then, in a friend it is cold modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so,
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends;
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands; but was indeed
Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Cæsar.
Friends am I with you all, and love you all;
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons,
Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.

Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle.
Our reasons are so full of good regard,
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.

Ant. That's all I seek:
And am, moreover, suitor, that I may
Produce his body to the market-place;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cas. Brutus, a word with you.—
You know not what you do: do not consent
That Antony speak in his funeral.
Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter?

Bru. By your pardon;
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death:
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission;
And that we are contented Cæsar shall

Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

Cas. I know not what may fall: I like it not.

Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar;
And say you do't by our permission,
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral; and you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so;
I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body, then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt all but* ANTONY

Ant. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wound, now do I prophesy,—
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue,—
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;[16]
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile, when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war,
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds;

[16] By *men* Antony means not mankind in general. The scope of the curse is limited by the subsequent words, "the parts of Italy," and "in these confines."

And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Até by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry "Havoc!" and let slip the dogs of war;[17]
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial. —

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

Ant. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming;
And bid me say to you by word of mouth, —
O Cæsar! — [*Seeing the Body.*

Ant. Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep.
Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Begin to water. Is thy master coming?

Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanc'd.
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome[18] of safety for Octavius yet:

[17] *Haroc* was the word by which declaration was made, in the military operations of old, that no quarter should be given. See Coriolanus, Act iii. sc. 1, note 17. — To *let slip* a dog was the technical phrase in hunting the hart, for releasing the hounds from the leash or *slip* of leather by which they were held in hand until it was judged proper to let them pursue the animal chased. Steele, in the Tattler, No. 137, and some others after him, think that, by the *dogs of war*, *fire*, *sword*, and *famine* are typified. So in the Chorus to Act i. of King Henry V.: "At his heels, *leash'd* in like *hounds*, should *famine*, *sword*, and *fire*, crouch for employment."

[18] A play is here intended on the words *Rome* and *room*, which seem to have been formerly pronounced alike. So in Act i. sc. 2: "Now is it *Rome* indeed, and *room* enough."

Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay a while;
Thou shalt not back, till I have borne this corse
Into the market-place: there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men;
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand.

[*Exeunt, with* CÆSAR'S *Body.*

SCENE II. The Same. The Forum.

Enter BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS, *with the Plebeians.*[1]

Pleb. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.—
Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.—
Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.

1 *Pleb.* I will hear Brutus speak.

2 *Pleb.* I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,
When severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit* CASSIUS, *with some of the Plebeians*

BRUTUS *goes into the Rostrum.*

3 *Pleb.* The noble Brutus is ascended: Silence

Bru. Be patient till the last.

[1] In this scene we restore the stage-directions and the prefixes to the speeches, as they are in the original. Modern editions change *Plebeians* into *Citizens;* which latter term does not so clearly indicate what sort or class of people is meant. H.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If, then, that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer,—Not that I lov'd Cæsar less, but that I lov'd Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar lov'd me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honour for his valour, and death for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

All. None, Brutus, none.

Bru. Then, none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar, than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enroll'd in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforc'd, for which he suffered death.

Enter ANTONY *and Others, with* CÆSAR'S *Body.*

Here comes his body, mourn'd by Mark Antony; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall

receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth: as which of you shall not? With this I depart: That, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.[2]

All. Live, Brutus! live! live!

1 *Pleb.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2 *Pleb.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3 *Pleb.* Let him be Cæsar.

4 *Pleb.* Cæsar's better parts
Shall now be crown'd in Brutus.

1 *Pleb.* We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

Bru. My countrymen, —

2 *Pleb.* Peace! silence! Brutus speaks.

[2] In this celebrated speech, which, to our taste, is far from being a model of style either for oratory or any thing else, the Poet seems to have aimed at imitating the manner actually ascribed to Brutus. We quote from North's Plutarch: "They do note that, in some of his Epistles, he counterfeited that briefe compendious maner of speech of the Lacedæmonians. As, when the war was begun, he wrot to the Pergamenians in this sort: 'I understand you have given Dolabella money: if you have done it willingly, you confesse you have offended me; if against your wils, shew it by giving me willingly.' Another time unto the Samians: 'Your counsels be long, your doings be slow; consider the end.' And in another Epistle he wrote unto the Patareians: 'The Xanthians, despising my good wil, have made their country a grave of despaire; and the Patareians, that put themselves into my protection, have lost no jot of their liberty: and therefore, whilest you have liberty, either chuse the judgment of the Patareians or the fortune of the Xanthians.' These were Brutus maner of letters, which were honoured for their briefnesse." And Shakespeare's idea, as followed out in this speech, is sustained also by the *Dialogus de Oratoribus*, ascribed to Tacitus; wherein it is said that Brutus' style of eloquence was censured as *otiosum et disjunctum*. For, as Mr. Verplanck remarks, "the *disjunctum*, the broken-up style, without oratorical continuity, is precisely that assumed by the dramatist." H.

1 *Plcb.* Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone;
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allow'd to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*

1 *Pleb.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3 *Pleb.* Let him go up into the public chair:
We'll hear him. — Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.

4 *Pleb.* What does he say of Brutus?

3 *Pleb.* He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholding to us all.

4 *Pleb.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

1 *Pleb.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3 *Pleb.* Nay, that's certain:
We are bless'd, that Rome is rid of him.

2 *Pleb.* Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans, —

All. Peace, ho! let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears:
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,
(For Brutus is an honourable man,
So are they all, all honourable men,)

Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see, that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause:
What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him?
O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

1 *Pleb.* Methinks, there is much reason in his sayings.

2 *Pleb.* If thou consider rightly of the matter, Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 *Pleb.* Has he, masters?
I fear there will a worse come in his place.

4 *Pleb.* Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown:
Therefore, 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

1 *Pleb.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it

2 *Pleb.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping

3 *Pleb.* There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

4 *Pleb.* Now mark him; he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men.
I will not do them wrong: I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will:
Let but the commons hear his testament,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

4 *Pleb.* We'll hear the will. Read it, Mark Antony.

All. The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends; I must not read it:
It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should, O, what would come of it!

4 *Pleb.* Read the will! we will hear it, Antony; You shall read us the will: Cæsar's will!

Ant. Will you be patient? will you stay awhile? I have o'ershot myself, to tell you of it. I fear I wrong the honourable men, Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar: I do fear it.

4 *Pleb.* They were traitors: Honourable men!

All. The will! the testament!

2 *Pleb.* They were villains, murderers. The will read the will!

Ant. You will compel me, then, to read the will? Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar, And let me show you him that made the will. Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

All. Come down.

2 *Pleb.* Descend. [*He comes down.*

3 *Pleb.* You shall have leave.

4 *Pleb.* A ring! stand round.

1 *Pleb.* Stand from the hearse; stand from the body!

2 *Pleb.* Room for Antony!—most noble Antony!

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

All. Stand back! room! bear back!

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now You all do know this mantle: I remember The first time ever Cæsar put it on; 'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent, That day he overcame the Nervii. Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through: See! what a rent the envious Casca made: Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd; And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away, Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it; As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;

For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel :[3]
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all ;
For, when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him : then burst his mighty heart ;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statua,
Which all the while ran blood,[5] great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O! now you weep ; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity : these are gracious drops.
Kind souls! what! weep you, when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

1 *Pleb.* O piteous spectacle!

2 *Pleb.* O noble Cæsar!

3 *Pleb.* O woful day!

4 *Pleb.* O traitors, villains!

1 *Pleb.* O most bloody sight!

2 *Pleb.* We will be reveng'd : revenge! about, — seek, — burn, — fire, — kill, — slay! — let not a traitor live.

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

1 *Pleb.* Peace there! hear the noble Antony.

2 *Pleb.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

[3] That is, his guardian angel, or the being in whom he put most trust.

[4] *Statue* is here a word of three syllables. See Act ii. sc. 2, note 6. H.

[5] The image seems to be that the blood flowing from Cæsar's wounds appeared to run from the statue. The words are from North's Plutarch : "Against the very base whereon Pompey's image stood, which ran all a gore of blood, till he was slain."

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honourable:
What private griefs they have,[6] alas! I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise and honourable.
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit,[7] nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

All. We'll mutiny.

1 *Pleb.* We'll burn the house of Brutus.

3 *Pleb.* Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

All Peace, ho! hear Antony; most noble Antony.

[6] The Poet sometimes uses *grief* for *grievance*.

[7] *Wit* formerly meant *understanding*, and is so used by all the writers of Shakespeare's time. The first folio has *writ* in this place, which was changed to *wit* in the second. Modern editors are somewhat divided between the two words, some taking *writ* for a *written speech*; a most unlikely meaning for the place, as it seems to us.

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what.
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves?
Alas! you know not:—I must tell you, then.
You have forgot the will I told you of.

All. Most true;—the will!—let's stay, and hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.[8]

2 *Pleb.* Most noble Cæsar!—we'll revenge his death.

3 *Pleb.* O, royal Cæsar!

Ant. Hear me with patience.

All. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tyber:[9] he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?

1 *Pleb.* Never, never!—Come, away, away!
We'll burn his body in the holy place,

[8] A *drachma* was a Greek coin, the same as the Roman *denier*, of the value of 7*d*.

[9] "This scene," says Theobald, "lies in the Forum, near the Capitol, and in the most frequented part of the city; but Cæsar's gardens were very remote from that quarter: '*Trans Tiberim* longe cubat is, prope *Cæsaris hortos*.' says Horace; and both the Naumachia and gardens of Cæsar were separated from the main city by the river, and lay out wide on a line with Mount Janiculum." He would therefore read "on *that* side Tyber." But Dr. Farmer has shown that Shakespeare's *study* lay in the old translation of Plutarch: "He bequeathed unto every citizen of Rome 75 drachmaes a man, and left his gardens and arbors unto the people, which he had on *this* side of the river Tyber."

And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.[10]
Take up the body.

2 *Pleb.* Go, fetch fire.

3 *Pleb.* Pluck down benches.

4 *Pleb.* Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt Plebeians, with the Body*

Ant. Now let it work: Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt! — How now, fellow!

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he?

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him:
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.

Serv. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike, they had some notice of the people,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. The Same. A Street.

Enter CINNA, *the Poet.*

Cin. I dreamt, to-night, that I did feast with Cæsar,
And things unlucky charge my fantasy.[1]

[10] The second folio reads "fire *all* the traitors' houses." The Poet often uses *fire* as two syllables, which dispenses with *all*. H.

[1] That is, "things of ill omen oppress me." Steevens tells of having read in an old treatise on Fortune-Telling, that "to dream of being at banquets betokeneth misfortune." The old copies read *unluckily*, which is changed to *unlikely* in Mr. Collier's second folio; a very unlikely reading. The emendation we have adopted

I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter the Plebeians.

1 *Pleb.* What is your name?

2 *Pleb.* Whither are you going?

3 *Pleb.* Where do you dwell?

4 *Pleb.* Are you a married man, or a bachelor?

2 *Pleb.* Answer every man directly.

1 *Pleb.* Ay, and briefly.

4 *Pleb.* Ay, and wisely.

3 *Pleb.* Ay, and truly; you were best.

Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a bachelor? Then, to answer every man directly, and briefly, wisely, and truly. Wisely I say I am a bachelor.

2 *Pleb.* That's as much as to say they are fools that marry:—you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

1 *Pleb.* As a friend, or an enemy?

is from Singer.—The matter of this scene is taken from Plutarch's Life of Brutus: "There was a poet called Cinna, who had been no partaker of the conspiracy, but was alway one of Cæsars chiefest friends. He dreamed, the night before, that Cæsar had him to supper with him, and that, he refusing to goe, Cæsar was very importunate with him, and compelled him, so that at length he led him by the hand into a great darke place, where, being marvellously affraid, he was driven to follow him in spite of his heart. This dreame put him all night into a feaver, and yet, the next morning, when he heard that they caried Cæsars body to burial, and being ashamed not to accompany his funerals, he went out of his house, and thrust himselfe into the prease of the common people, that were in a great uprore. And because some one called him by his name Cinna, the people, thinking he had been that Cinna who, in an oration he made, had spoken very evill of Cæsar, falling upon him in their rage, slue him outright in the market place."

Cin. As a friend.

2 *Pleb.* That matter is answered directly.

4 *Pleb.* For your dwelling,—briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 *Pleb.* Your name, sir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.

1 *Pleb.* Tear him to pieces! he's a conspirator.

Cin. I am Cinna the poet; I am Cinna the poet.

4 *Pleb.* Tear him for his bad verses; tear him for his bad verses.

Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.[2]

2 *Pleb.* It is no matter; his name's Cinna: pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3 *Pleb.* Tear him, tear him! Come: brands, ho! firebrands! To Brutus! to Cassius! burn all. Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius': away! go! [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. The Same.

A Room in ANTONY'S House.[1]

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, *and* LEPIDUS, *seated at a Table.*

Ant. These many, then, shall die; their names are prick'd.

[2] This speech has been lost out of all modern editions until Knight's. H.

[1] The place of this scene is not marked in the original; but is shown to be at Rome, by Lepidus being sent to Cæsar's house, and told that he will find his confederates 'or here, or at the Cap-

Oct. Your brother, too, must die: consent you, Lepidus?

Lep. I do consent.

Oct. Prick him down, Antony.

Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live,[2]
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

Ant. He shall not live: look, with a spot I damn him.
But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we will determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What, shall I find you here?

Oct. Or here, or at the Capitol.

[*Exit* LEPIDUS.

Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands: is it fit,
The threefold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

Oct. So you thought him:
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,
In our black sentence and proscription.

Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you:
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,

itol." In fact, however, the triumvirs did not meet at Rome to settle the proscription, but on a little island near Mutina. The Poet most likely knew this, as he must have read in Plutarch how "all three met together in an island environed round about with a little river." H.

[2] Either the Poet or the printer fell into an error here; the true name of this person being not *Publius* but *Lucius*. Thus in Plutarch's Life of Antonius: "Cæsar left Cicero to Antonius will; Antonius also forsooke *Lucius* Cæsar, who was his uncle by his mother; and both of them together suffered Lepidus to kill his own brother Paulus." H.

Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in commons.

Oct. You may do your will;
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

Ant. So is my horse, Octavius; and for that
I do appoint him store of provender.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on;
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth:
A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds
On objects, arts, and imitations,
Which, out of use and stal'd by other men,
Begin his fashion.[3] Do not talk of him,
But as a property. And now, Octavius,
Listen great things. Brutus and Cassius
Are levying powers: we must straight make head,
Therefore, let our alliance be combin'd,
Our best friends made, and our best means stretch'd out;[4]

[3] So in Falstaff's account of Justice Shallow, when the latter was at Clement's-inn: "He came ever in the rear-ward of the fashion; and sung those tunes to the overscutch'd huswives that he heard the carmen whistle, and swore they were his fancies, or his good-nights." The passage in the text has commonly been printed with a (;) after *imitations;* which gives a wrong sense, as if objects, arts, and imitations in general were meant; whereas it is only of those particular objects, arts, and imitations, which others have worn out and thrown aside. Theobald, not understanding this, proposed to read *abject orts;* and Steevens, with equal perspicacity, maintains that objects and arts are unworthy things for a man to feed upon, because the one means speculative, the other mechanical knowledge. H

[4] The first folio gives this line imperfectly: "Our best friends

And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
And open perils surest answered.

Oct. Let us do so; for we are at the stake,
And bay'd about with many enemies;[6]
And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischiefs. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II.

Before BRUTUS' Tent, in the Camp near Sardis.

Drum. *Enter* BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, *and Soldiers:* TITINIUS *and* PINDARUS *meeting them.*

Bru. Stand, ho!

Luc. Give the word, ho! and stand.

Bru. What now, Lucilius! is Cassius near?

Luc. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.

[PINDARUS *gives a Letter to* BRUTUS.

Bru. He greets me well.—Your master, Pindarus,
In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone; but, if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt,
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.

made, our means stretch'd." The reading of the text is that of the second folio.

[6] An allusion to bear-baiting. Thus in Macbeth, Act v. sc. 7:

"They have tied me to a *stake:* I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course"

Bru. He is not doubted. — A word, Lucilius:
How he receiv'd you let me be resolv'd.

Luc. With courtesy, and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath us'd of old.

Bru. Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling: Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith:
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle:
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

Luc. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd:
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius. [*March within.*

Bru. Hark! he is arriv'd —
March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS *and Soldiers.*

Cas. Stand, ho!

Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

Within. Stand.

Within. Stand.

Within Stand.

Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

Bru. Judge me, you gods! Wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs;
And when you do them —

Bru. Cassius, be content,
Speak your griefs softly;[6] I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle: bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

Cas. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.

Bru. Lucius, do you the like; and let no man
Come to our tent, till we have done our conference.
Lucilius and Titinius, guard our door. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Within the Tent of BRUTUS.

LUCILIUS *and* TITINIUS *at some distance from it.*

Enter BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this:
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself, to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence[1] should bear his comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;

[6] *Griefs* for *grievances.* See Act iii. sc. 2, note 6.

[1] That is, *petty, trifling* offence. Nice was often so used in the Poet's time. "*His* comment," *its* comment. H.

To sell and mart your offices for gold.
To undeservers.
Cas. I an itching palm?
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.
Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.
Cas. Chastisement!
Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember!
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice?[2] What! shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers, — shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honours,
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.
Cas. Brutus, bait[3] not me,
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in;[4] I am a soldier, I,

[2] This question is far from implying that any of those who touched Cæsar's body were villains. On the contrary, it is an indirect way of asserting that there was not one man among them who was base enough to stab him for any cause but that of justice.

[3] So in all the old copies; but commonly changed to *bay* in modern editions, the repeating of the word being thought to add spirit to the dialogue. We think otherwise. To *bait* is to worry or harass with violent attacks. Richardson says it is formed regularly from *bay*, to bark at, thus, — *bayed*, *bay'd*, *bayt*. *bait*. In The Winter's Tale, Act ii. sc. 3, Leontes says of Paulina, — "A callat, of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her husband, and now *baits* me!" H

[4] That is, to limit my authority by your direction or censure.

Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.[5]

Bru. Go to; you are not, Cassius

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself:
Have mind upon your health; tempt me no further

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted, when a madman stares?

Cas. O ye gods! ye gods! Must I endure all this?

Bru. All this? ay, more: Fret, till your proud heart break;
Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for from this day forth
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way, you wrong me, Brutus;
I said an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say, better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

[5] To know on what terms it is fit to confer the offices at my disposal

Cas. When Cæsar liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd me.

Bru. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas. I durst not?

Bru. No.

Cas. What! durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love; I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;—
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By Heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me: Was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not: he was but a fool
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath riv'd my heart:
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.
Cas. You love me not.
Bru. I do not like your faults.
Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.
Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.
Cas. Come, Antony and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world:
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother,
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes! — There is my dagger
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart.
Strike as thou didst at Cæsar; for I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.
Bru. Sheath your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius! you are yoked with a lamb
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.
Cas. Hath Cassius liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him?
Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus!—

Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius; and from henceforth,
When you are over earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

[*Noise within.*

Poet. [*Within.*] Let me go in to see the generals:
There is some grudge between them; 'tis not meet
They be alone.

Luc. [*Within.*] You shall not come to them.

Poet. [*Within.*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet.

Cas. How now! What's the matter?

Poet. For shame, you generals! what do you mean?
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;
For I have seen more years, I am sure, than ye.

Cas. Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!

Bru. Get you hence, sirrah! saucy fellow, hence!

Cas. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.

Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows his time.
What should the wars do with these jigging fools?[6]
Companion, hence!

Cas. Away, away! be gone.[7] [*Exit Poet.*

[6] That is, these silly poets. A *jig* signified a ballad or ditty, as well as a dance. *Companion* is here a term of contempt, as we now use *fellow*.

[7] This incident of the Poet is from North's Plutarch, Life of

Enter LUCILIUS *and* TITINIUS.

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you
Immediately to us. [*Exeunt* LUCIL. *and* TITIN.

Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine.

Cas. I did not think you could have been so angry.

Bru. O Cassius! I am sick of many griefs.

Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears sorrow better: — Portia is dead.

Cas. Ha! Portia?

Bru. She is dead.

Brutus, though the intruder is not there a poet. After narrating the bickering of the two generals, the story goes on thus: "One Marcus Phaonius, that had beene a friend and follower of Cato, and tooke upon him to counterfeit a philosopher, not with wisdome and discretion, but with a certaine bedlem and franticke motion, would needs come into the chamber, though the men offered to keepe him out. But it was no boote to let Phaonius, when a mad moode or toy tooke him in the head; for he was a hote hastie man, and sudden in all his doings, and cared for never a senator of them all. Now, though he used this bold manner of speech after the profession of the Cynicke philosophers, yet his boldnesse did no hurt many times, because they did but laugh at him to see him so mad. This Phaonius at that time, in despite of the doore-keepers, came into the chamber, and with a certaine scoffing and mocking gesture, which he counterfeited of purpose, rehearsed the verses which old Nestor said in Homer:

> 'My Lords, I pray you hearken both to me,
> For I have seene moe yeares then suchie three.'

Cassius fell a-laughing at him; but Brutus thrust him out of the chamber, and called him dogge and counterfeit Cynicke. Howbeit, his coming in brake their strife at that time, and so they left each other."

Cas. How scap'd I killing, when I cross'd you so?—
O, insupportable and touching loss!--
Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence,
And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong;—for with her death
That tidings came;—with this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.[8]

Cas. And died so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O, ye immortal gods!

Enter LUCIUS, *with Wine and Tapers.*

Bru. Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of wine:—
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [*Drinks.*

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.—
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. [*Drinks.*

Re-enter TITINIUS, *with* MESSALA.

Bru. Come in, Titinius:—Welcome, good Messala.—
Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.

[8] So in North's Plutarch: "And for Porcia, Brutus wife, Nicolaus the philosopher and Valerius Maximus do write that she, determining to kill herselfe, (her parents and friends carefully looking to keepe her from it,) tooke hote burning coles and cast them into her mouth, and kept her mouth so close that she choked herselfe. There was a letter of Brutus found, written to his friends, complaining of their negligence, that, his wife being sicke, they wold not helpe her, but suffered her to kill herself, chusing to die rather then to languish in paine."

Cas. Portia, art thou gone?

Bru. No more, I pray you.—
Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius and Mark Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

Mes. Myself have letters of the selfsame tenour.

Bru. With what addition?

Mes. That, by proscription and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death an hundred senators.

Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree:
Mine speak of seventy senators that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

Cas. Cicero one?

Mes. Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription.—
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

Bru. No, Messala.

Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

Bru. Nothing, Messala.

Mes. That, methinks, is strange.

Bru. Why ask you? Hear you aught of her in yours?

Mes. No, my lord.

Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru. Why, farewell, Portia.—We must die Messala:
With meditating that she must die once,[9]
I have the patience to endure it now.

Mes. Even so great men great losses should endure.

[9] That is, at some time or other.

Cas. I have as much of this in art[10] as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.
Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently?
Cas. I do not think it good.
Bru. Your reason?
Cas. This it is:
'Tis better that the enemy seek us:
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.
Bru. Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.
The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground
Do stand but in a forc'd affection;
For they have grudg'd us contribution:
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new-aided,[11] and encourag'd,
From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.
Cas. Hear me, good brother.
Bru. Under your pardon.—You must note, beside,
That we have tried the utmost of our friends:
Our legions are brimfull, our cause is ripe;
The enemy increaseth every day;
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life

[10] That is, in *theory*.

[11] The old copies have *new added*. Mr. Dyce and Mr. Singer agree that *new-aided* is unquestionably the right reading. H.

Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

Cas. Then, with your will, go on:
We will along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity;
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say?

Cas. No more. Good night:
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

Bru. Lucius, my gown. — [*Exit* LUCIUS.] Farewell, good Messala: —
Good night, Titinius: — Noble, noble Cassius!
Good night, and good repose.

Cas. O, my dear brother!
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Never come such division 'tween our souls!
Let it not, Brutus.

Bru. Every thing is well.

Cas. Good night, my lord.

Bru. Good night, good brother.

Tit. Mes. Good night, lord Brutus.

Bru. Farewell, every one

[*Exeunt* CAS. TIT. *and* MES.

Re-enter LUCIUS, *with the Gown.*

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

Luc. Here in the tent.

Bru. What! thou speak'st drowsily!
Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-watch'd
Call Claudius and some other of my men;
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Luc. Varro, and Claudius!

Enter VARRO *and* CLAUDIUS.

Var. Calls my lord?

Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent, and sleep:
It may be, I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.

Var. So please you, we will stand, and watch your pleasure.

Bru. I will not have it so; lie down, good sirs:
It may be, I shall otherwise bethink me.
Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so;
I put it in the pocket of my gown.[12]

[*Servants lie down.*

Luc. I was sure, your lordship did not give it me

Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much for getful.
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

Luc. Ay, my lord, an't please you.

[12] This characteristic little incident of the book was suggested by a passage in Plutarch's life of Brutus. It makes a part of the account there given of the apparition: "As they prepared to passe over out of Asia into Europe, there went a rumour that there appeared a wonderfull signe unto him. Brutus was a carefull man, and slept very little, both for that his diet was moderate, as also because he was continually occupied. He never slept in the day time, and in the night no longer then the time he was driven to be alone, and when every body else tooke their rest But now whilest he was in the warre, and his head over-busily occupied to thinke of his affaires and what would happen, having slumbered a little after supper, he spent all the rest of the night in dispatching of his weightiest causes; and, after he had taken order for them, if he had any leisure left him, he would read some booke till the third watch of the night, at what time the captains and colonels did use to come to him." The passage then goes on with the story, now, "casting his eye towards the doore of his tent, he saw a wonderfull strange and monstrous shape of a bodie coming towards him;" substantially the same as the account given in the next note but one. H.

Bru. It does, my boy
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty, sir.

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might
I know, young bloods look for a time of rest.

Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.

Bru. It is well done; and thou shalt sleep again;
I will not hold thee long: if I do live,
I will be good to thee. [*Music, and a Song.*
This is a sleepy tune. — O, murderous slumber!
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace[13] upon my boy,
That plays thee music? — Gentle knave, good night!
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument:
I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.
Let me see, let me see: is not the leaf turn'd down,
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.
[*He sits down.*

Enter the Ghost of CÆSAR.[14]

How ill this taper burns! — Ha! who comes here?

[13] A *mace* is the ancient term for a *sceptre*. Shakespeare probably remembered Spenser in his Faerie Queene:

> "When as *Morpheus* had with *leaden mace*
> Arrested all that courtly company."

[14] In Plutarch's Life of Brutus this apparition is not spoken of as the *ghost* of Cæsar, but only as "a wonderfull strange and monstrous shape of a bodie coming towards him." The point is of little moment, save as showing the Poet's care to make the most out of his materials. In the Life of Julius Cæsar, he had the following: "Above all, the *ghost* that appeared unto Brutus shewed plainly that the gods were offended with the murther of Cæsar. The vision was thus: Brutus, being ready to passe over his armie from the city, slept every night in his tent; and, being yet awake, thinking of his affaires, he thought he heard a noise at his tent-doore, and, looking towards the lamp that waxed very dim, he saw a horrible vision of a man, of a wonderfull greatnesse and dreadful looke, which at the first made him marvellously afraid

I think it is the weakness of mine eyes,
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me. — Art thou any thing?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?
Speak to me what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why com'st thou?

Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi

Bru. Well; then I shall see thee again?

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi. [*Vanishes.*

Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi, then. —
Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest:
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee. —
Boy! Lucius! — Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake! —
Claudius!

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks he still is at his instrument. —
Lucius, awake!

Luc. My lord.

Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst out?

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didst. Didst thou see any thing?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius. — Sirrah, Claudius!
Fellow thou! awake!

But, when he saw that it did him no hurt, but stood by his bedside and said nothing, at length he asked him what he was. The image answered him, 'I am thy ill angell, Brutus, and thou shall see me by the city of Phillippes.' Then Brutus replied, 'Well I shall see thee then.' Therewithall the spirit presently vanished After that time, Brutus being neare unto the city of Phillippes, this spirit appeared againe unto him, but spake never a word. Thereupon Brutus, knowing that he should die, did put himselfe to all hazard in battel, but yet, fighting, could not be slaine."

H.

Var. My lord.
Clau. My lord.
Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?
Var. Clau. Did we, my lord?
Bru. Ay: Saw you any thing?
Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.
Clau. Nor I, my lord
Bru. Go, and commend me to my brother Cassius:
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.
Var. Clau. It shall be done, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. The Plains of Philippi.

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, *and their Army.*

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered.
You said the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions:
It proves not so: their battles are at hand;
They mean to warn[1] us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.
Ant. Tut! I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could be content
To visit other places; and come down

[1] To *warn* is to summon. So in King John: "Who is it that hath *warn'd* us to the walls?" And in King Richard III.: "And sent to *warn* them to his royal presence." And so in some parts of our own country it is still common to speak of *warning* people to trainings and town-meetings.

With fearful bravery,[2] thinking by this face
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger

Mess. Prepare you, generals:
The enemy comes on in gallant show;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.

Oct. Upon the right hand I; keep thou the left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?

Oct. I do not cross you; but I will do so.

[*March.*

Drum. *Enter* BRUTUS, CASSIUS, *and their Army;* LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, *and Others.*

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

Cas. Stand fast, Titinius: we must out and talk.

Oct Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

Ant. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.
Make forth; the generals would have some words.

Oct. Stir not until the signal.

Bru. Words before blows: is it so, countrymen?

Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words:

[2] Though *fearful* is often used by Shakespeare and his contemporaries in an active sense, for *producing fear*, or *terrible*, it may in this instance bear its usual acceptation of *timorous*, or, as it was sometimes expressed, *false-hearted*. Thus in Sidney's Arcadia: "Her horse faire and lustie; which she rid so as might show a *fearefull boldness*, daring to do that which she knew that she knew not how to doe."

Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying, "Long live! hail, Cæsar!"

Cas. Antony,
The posture of your blows are yet unknown;[3]
But, for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.

Ant. Not stingless, too.

Bru. O, yes! and soundless, too;
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And, very wisely, threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains! you did not so, when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar:
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind,
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O, you flatterers!

Cas. Flatterers!—Now, Brutus, thank yourself:
This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have rul'd.

Oct. Come, come; the cause: If arguing make us sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look! I draw a sword against conspirators:
When think you that the sword goes up again?—
Never, till Cæsar's three-and-thirty wounds[4]

[3] It should be "*is* yet unknown." More correct writers than Shakespeare have committed this error, where a plural noun immediately precedes the verb, although such noun be not the subject of the verb.

[4] So in all the old copies; but commonly changed to "three-and-twenty" in modern editions, this being the number stated by Plutarch and Suetonius. But the poets in such cases were not very scrupulous of historical accuracy. Beaumont and Fletcher, in The Two Noble Gentlemen, speak of Cæsar's "*two-and-thirty* wounds." B.

Be well aveng'd; or till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.[b]

Bru. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Oct. So I hope:
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Bru. O! if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou could'st not die more honourable.

Cas. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honour,
Join'd with a masker and a reveller.

Ant. Old Cassius still!

Oct. Come, Antony; away!—
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth:
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;
If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt* OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, *and their Army*

Cas. Why, now, blow, wind; swell, billow; and swim, bark!
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Bru. Ho! Lucilius; hark, a word with you.

Luc. My lord. [BRUT. *and* LUCIL. *talk apart.*

Cas. Messala,—

Mes. What says my general?

Cas. Messala,
This is my birth-day; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:
Be thou my witness that against my will,
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.
You know that I held Epicurus strong,

[b] That is, "till you, traitors as you are, have added the slaughtering of me, another Cæsar, to that of Julius." There were no need of saying this, but that Mr. Collier, on the strength of his second folio, would read, "to the *word* of traitors." H

And his opinion: now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from Sardis, on our former[6] ensign
Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;
Who to Philippi here consorted us:
This morning are they fled away and gone,
And in their steads do ravens, crows, and kites
Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey: their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

Mes. Believe not so.

Cas. I but believe it partly;
For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd
To meet all perils very constantly.

Bru. Even so, Lucilius.

Cas. Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
But, since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together:
What are you then determined to do?

Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy,
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself; — I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent[7]

[6] *Former* for *first* or *foremost*. The usage is not peculiar to Shakespeare. H.

[7] *Prevent* is here used in the sense of *anticipate*, as in the English Bible and Prayer-Book. By *time* is meant the full time, the natural period. — To the understanding of this speech, it must be

The time of life; — arming myself with patience,
To stay the providence of some high powers,
That govern us below.

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Through the streets of Rome?

Bru. No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind.[8] But this same day
Must end that work the ides of March began;
And whether we shall meet again I know not.
Therefore, our everlasting farewell take: —
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why, then this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true this parting was well made.

observed, that the *sense* of the words, "arming myself," &c., follows next after the words, "which he did give himself." H.

[8] It has been said that there is an apparent contradiction between the sentiments Brutus expresses in this and in his former speech; but there is no real one. Brutus had laid down to himself as a principle, to abide every chance and extremity of war; but when Cassius reminds him of the disgrace of being led in triumph through the streets of Rome, he acknowledges that to be a trial which he could not endure. The passage seems designed to indicate a struggle between the speculative and the practical in the mind of Brutus. Experience is at length growing too strong for his philosophy; and he here wavers between his cherished ideal of right and the suggestions of a pressing exigency. But what shall we say of the remark with which he closes his oration "showing the reason of our Cæsar's death?" He there says, — "I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death." Were these discrepances or variations of temper and purpose intended by the Poet as a part of Brutus' character? Or were they mere slips of memory in the Poet, like that seeming oversight in the case of Shylock? Compare his two speeches, Act i. sc. 3, — "Yes, to smell pork," &c., and Act ii. sc. 5, — "I am bid forth to supper," &c. H

Bru. Why, then, lead on.—O, that a man might know
The end of this day's business, ere it come!
But it sufficeth that the day will end,
And then the end is known.—Come, ho! away!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. The Same. The Field of Battle.

Alarum. *Enter* BRUTUS *and* MESSALA.

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills
Unto the legions on the other side. [*Loud Alarum*
Let them set on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala: let them all come down.
[*Exeunt*

SCENE III.

The Same. Another Part of the Field.

Alarum. *Enter* CASSIUS *and* TITINIUS.

Cas. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy:
This ensign here of mine was turning back;
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

Tit. O Cassius! Brutus gave the word too early;
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly: his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

Enter PINDARUS.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;

Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord!
Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

Cas. This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius;
Are those my tents, where I perceive the fire?

Tit. They are, my lord.

Cas. Titinius, if thou lov'st me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again; that I may rest assur'd,
Whether yond' troops are friend or enemy.

Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought.
[*Exit.*

Cas. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill:[1]
My sight was ever thick: regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.—
[*Exit* PINDARUS.
This day I breathed first: time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end;
My life is run his compass.—Sirrah, what news?

Pin. [*Above.*] O, my lord!

Cas. What news?

Pin. Titinius is enclosed round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur;—
Yet he spurs on:—now they are almost on him.
Now, Titinius!—now some 'light:—O! he 'lights too:—
He's ta'en: [*Shout.*] and, hark! they shout for joy.

Cas. Come down; behold no more.—
O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

[1] Cassius is now on a hill: ne therefore means a hill somewhat *higher* than that he is on.

Enter PINDARUS.

Come hither, sirrah. —
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou should'st attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath:
Now be a freeman; and with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom
Stand not to answer: here, take thou the hilts;
And, when my face is cover'd as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword. — Cæsar, thou art reveng'd,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [*Dies.*

Pin. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. O, Cassius!
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him. [*Exit*

Re-enter TITINIUS, *with* MESSALA.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Mes. Where did you leave him?

Tit. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

Mes. Is not that he that lies upon the ground?

Tit. He lies not like the living. O, my heart!

Mes. Is not that he?

Tit. No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more. — O, setting sun!
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;

The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done.
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.

O, hateful error, melancholy's child!
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O, error! soon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

Tit. What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pindarus?

Mes. Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears: I may say, thrusting it;
For piercing steel and darts envenomed
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus,
As tidings of this sight.

Tit. Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while.

[*Exit* MESSALA.

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their shouts?
Alas! thou hast misconstrued every thing.
But hold thee; take this garland on thy brow:
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding.—Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.—
By your leave, gods:—This is a Roman's part:
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.

[*Dies.*

Alarum. Re-enter MESSALA, *with* BRUTUS, *young* CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, *and* LUCILIUS.

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?
Mes. Lo, yonder! and Titinius mourning it.
Bru. Titinius' face is upward.
Cato. He is slain.
Bru. O, Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails. [*Low Alarums.*
Cato. Brave Titinius!
Look, whe'r he have not crown'd dead Cassius!
Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these?—
The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
It is impossible that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man, than you shall see me pay.—
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—
Come, therefore, and to Thassos send his body:
His funeral shall not be in our camp,
Lest it discomfort us.—Lucilius, come;—
And come, young Cato; let us to the field.—
Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on:—
'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. Another Part of the Field.

Alarum. Enter, fighting, Soldiers of both Armies; then BRUTUS, CATO, LUCILIUS, *and Others.*

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads!
Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?
I will proclaim my name about the field.—
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend:
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

[*Charges the Enemy.*

Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I!
Brutus, my country's friend: know me for Brutus.

[*Exit, charging the Enemy.* CATO *is overpowered, and falls.*

Luc. O, young and noble Cato! art thou down?
Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius;
And may'st be honour'd being Cato's son.

1 *Sold.* Yield, or thou diest.

Luc. Only I yield to die:
There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight.

[*Offering Money*

Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

1 *Sold.* We must not.—A noble prisoner!

2 *Sold.* Room, ho! Tell Antony Brutus is ta'en.

1 *Sold.* I'll tell the news.—Here comes the general.—

Enter ANTONY.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

Ant. Where is he?

Luc. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough:
I dare assure thee that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:
The gods defend him from so great a shame!
When you do find him, or alive or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Ant. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you,
A prize no less in worth. Keep this man safe,
Give him all kindness: I had rather have
Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,
And see whe'r Brutus be alive or dead;
And bring us word unto Octavius' tent,
How every thing is chanc'd [*Exeunt*

SCENE V. Another Part of the Field.

Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, *and* VOLUMNIUS.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

Cli. Statilius show'd the torch-light; but, my lord, He came not back: he is or ta'en or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus: Slaying is the word; It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus. — [*Whispering.*

Cli. What! I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

Bru. Peace, then! no words.

Cli. I'll rather kill myself.

Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius! [*Whispers him.*

Dar. Shall I do such a deed?

Cli. O, Dardanius!

Dar. O, Clitus!

Cli. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

Dar. To kill him, Clitus: Look, he meditates.

Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of grief, That it runs over even at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius: list a word

Vol. What says my lord?

Bru. Why, this, Volumnius The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me Two several times by night: at Sardis once; And, this last night, here in Philippi fields. I know my hour is come.

Vol. Not so, my lord.

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius. Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes; Our enemies have beat us to the pit: It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,

Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st that we two went to school together;
Even for that our love of old, I pray thee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.

Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.

[*Alarum still.*

Cli. Fly, fly, my lord! there is no tarrying here.

Bru. Farewell to you;—and you;—and you, Volumnius.—
Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
Farewell to thee too, Strato.—Countrymen,
My heart doth joy, that yet in all my life
I found no man, but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day,
More than Octavius and Mark Antony
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So, fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history:
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

[*Alarum. Cry within, Fly, fly, fly!*

Cli. Fly, my lord, fly!

Bru. Hence! I will follow.

[*Exeunt* CLIT. DARDAN. *and* VOLUM.

I pr'ythee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord.
Thou art a fellow of a good respect;
Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it:
Hold, then, my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

Stra. Give me your hand first: Fare you well, my lord.

Bru. Farewell, good Strato.—Cæsar, now be still:
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

[*He runs on his Sword and dies.*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA, LUCILIUS, *and their Army.*

Oct. What man is that?

Mes. My master's man. — Strato, where is thy master?

Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala:
The conquerors can but make a fire of him;
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honour by his death.

Luc. So Brutus should be found. — I thank thee Brutus,
That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.

Oct. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain them.[1]
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Stra. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.[2]

Oct. Do so, good Messala.

Mes. How died my master, Strato?

Strat. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He, only, in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them
His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

[1] That is, receive them into my service.

[2] To *prefer* seems to have been the general term for *recommending* a servant. Thus in The Merchant of Venice, Act iii sc. 2

"Shylock thy master spoke with me this day,
And hath *preferr'd* thee."

Oct. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably. —
So, call the field to rest; and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day. [*Exeunt.*

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